

YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
STORY OF  
ART  
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JEAN ERNEST MEISSONIER

“FRIEDLAND, 1807.” FROM THE PAINTING IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

# Young People's Story of Art

By

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Young People's Story of Music"

"Young People's Story of American Literature"

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## FOREWORD

"PICTURE study," a wise man has well said, "is one of the most powerful methods of instruction known." And in this book, young people will find illustrated short stories about Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting.

But you ask: "Shall we learn which are the most wonderful buildings, the most famous statues, and the best pictures?"

That question we may not answer conclusively, for even the most competent critics cannot agree. Nevertheless, through picture study all may become familiar with the masterpieces into which the men of genius have embodied their beautiful thoughts; learn to recognise what is really great in art; and decide what we most enjoy.

Hence, we will begin our art story, by taking a brief glimpse at the massive stone monuments of ancient Egypt, climbing the "Storied Hill" of Greece, and wandering among the ruins of Rome.

Then, at the coming of the Christ-Child, we will see the temple give way before the church, the heathen god before the Christian saint; and we will glance at the pictures of different masters who have revealed to us their ideals of the Madonna and Child.

Several churches will be described to illustrate the

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true forms of Christian art; and turning over another page, we will see the marvellous architecture given to the world by the followers of the warlike prophet, Mohammed—its mosques and minarets, its forests of pillars, its network of arabesques, and dazzling gleam of crystal.

A few groups chiselled by the world's famed sculptors, as well as the patient carvings of the busy craftsmen of the Middle Ages, will make their appeal for sculpture.

For the rest, there are mythological, historical, and religious scenes, portraits, and romantic pictures from the world's great galleries, and landscapes, too, which nature-loving artists have given us from many different points of view; and we may wonder if the right way to paint a landscape has yet been discovered.

But we pause now—face to face with modern art. For whereas in the earlier day the masters were few, and upon their works the judgment of centuries has been passed, to-day there are hosts of painters, myriad forms of modern art and sculpture, and it is too soon yet to determine which are the typical ones.

At the present time, an important question is being asked: Which is the greater, ancient or modern art? Who can decide?

Art is a difficult subject, for even in the case of one picture, there are many ways of looking at it. However, of one thing we may be sure—that precisely as it is through our researches into the ancient and mediæval periods that we lead up to the history and literature of to-day, so it is through our knowledge



## FOREWORD

of the development of art in the past that we appreciate the art of the present.

One word more: When you take up these stories, read them carefully and with emphasis—then, lest you forget, tell what you have learned to someone else. A little added study of legend and mythology as you read, and sometimes a visit to an art museum, will soon bring the subject clearly before you, and the wider your knowledge becomes, the greater will grow your interest. If you like the quotations, commit them to memory—then they will always be your own.

This book makes no claim of being an exhaustive treatment; rather, the effort has been to bring the young reader into closer friendship with a few leading masters, and to a study of their influence.

If the book proves a sesame in unlocking the larger gallery which belongs to the school of modern art, its aim will be fulfilled.

“Never lose an opportunity to see anything  
beautiful. Beauty is God’s handwriting.”

—*Charles Kingsley.*

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## Egyptian Art





# I

## A GLIMPSE INTO EGYPTIAN ART

FOR the beginning of our story of art we must, in imagination, go back thousands of years, to far-away Egypt in northern Africa. There, beside the river Nile, we find the most colossal tombs, palaces, and temples in the world.

Memphis and Thebes, the two famous cities of ancient Egypt, were built on the banks of this sacred river, and in or near these cities, the ruins of many wonderful monuments now stand.

Near Memphis, on the edge of the desert, is Cheops's gigantic pyramid. How much of the world's history must have passed before it, as it has looked out for thousands of years over the river and the great desert!

You know the picture of the immense triangle of stone, rising 480 feet, and covering thirteen acres of land. It towers far above the other pyramids and the sphinxes that are near it.

Shadowy Cheops, one of the earliest kings of Egypt, is said to have built it. Perhaps he used it for his observatory, but we know that he designed it for his tomb.

To build it he must have employed one hundred thousand men for thirty years. They worked under cruel task-masters, beneath a burning sun, hauling gigantic blocks of stone from distant quarries to put,

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

into it, and all they had to eat was garlic and radishes.

When the pyramid was finished, the ambition of mighty Cheops was satisfied; for he believed he should have the largest tomb in the world.

His people thought differently. They were angered by his oppression, and punished the proud monarch in the way that would most have humiliated him; for at his death, they buried him elsewhere.

So one who climbs Cheops's pyramid, enters its narrow winding passages, and approaches the little sacred chamber in the centre, knows that it is only an empty tomb.

On the outside, the gigantic blocks of polished stone with which the pyramid was at first encased have been torn away to be used for building in Cairo. By more than two hundred steps, one may climb to the top and rest on the platform there, and look out over the Nile and the wonderful desert.

The Sphinx below it is very curious—an animal shall we call it? with its lion's body and human head. It is a monolith—that is, it is cut from one great stone, and it is 142 feet long and 65 feet high. This huge creature is a symbol of some religious power, but of what? That is the Sphinx's riddle! It is always spoken of as *the* Sphinx, though there are in Egypt rows and rows of ruined sphinxes, always lining the avenues leading up to the temples.

Some of the rocks on the banks of the Nile between Memphis and Thebes are perfectly honey-combed with tombs. For like Cheops and other famous Egyptian kings, the people of ancient Egypt

## EGYPTIAN ART

spent their lives in making their tombs ready to receive their mummies when they died.

These tombs are cut out of the solid rock. The mummy is buried in the lower part; and above, the tomb is like a little dwelling, sometimes containing several rooms. The walls are painted over with the stories of the lives of those who are buried beneath them. Different occupations are pictured here; the sowing of seed, the gathering of harvests of figs and grapes, and the making of cloth or brick. Wagons and trading-vessels are seen, and the games and feasts of the people.

Although the old Egyptians spent so much time on their tombs, these pictures show that they must have been a gay and merry people; yet a people, too, with great knowledge of arts and sciences.

In all pictures, a king is depicted as very much larger than his subjects. The artists had no idea of perspective; that is, of showing the various figures in the same picture as if they were seen at different distances. For example, in a procession, one file of men is frequently represented as marching directly over the heads of another.

What the artist tried to do was to tell very simply and plainly a story in picture; and he succeeded, and the colours he used are still fresh and bright.

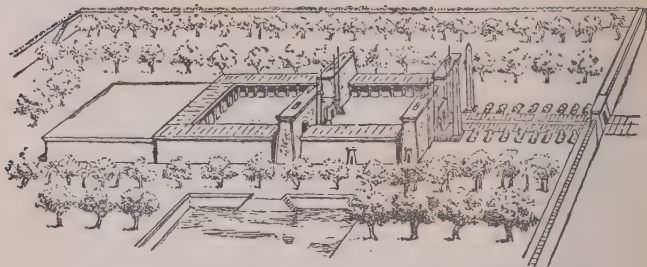
About these stories, are traced hieroglyphics, or picture-writings. These were supposed to explain the story; but the priests kept to themselves the secret of their meaning. It was only in the eighteenth century that a stone was found that enabled scholars to decipher the strange writing. So that if the pictures had

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

not told their own stories so clearly, there would have been, through all the past ages, very little knowledge of life in ancient Egypt.

Leaving the pyramids near the site of old Memphis, and following up the Nile, past its rock-cut tombs, the ruins of "Hundred-gated Thebes" are finally reached.

Thebes was the most splendid capital of ancient



RESTORED VIEW OF AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE

Egypt; and the temples in and near it are magnificent, even in their decay.

An Egyptian temple was unlike any other. It was usually approached by an avenue of sphinxes. Before its entrance gates were frequently placed one or two obelisks. These obelisks were monoliths, like the Sphinx, but shaped like the pyramids, from which they differed in being very tall and slender. Their form was symbolic of the sun's rays.

Upon each obelisk was traced in hieroglyphics an ascription of praise from a king to the god, in whose honour the temple was built.

Many of these obelisks have been brought from Egypt to European cities; and one of them stands in



EGYPT  
SPHINX, WITH GREAT AND SECOND PYRAMIDS





THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

## EGYPTIAN ART

Central Park, New York. Perhaps you have seen it there, and have tried to read the hieroglyphic inscriptions traced upon it. Passing by the sphinxes and obelisks, the old Egyptian entered his temple through a strangely-shaped gateway called a *pylon*.

The temple consisted of courts and pillared halls, and dwellings for the priests. At its further end, was a little dark enclosure called the *cella*. This was the holiest place of all; for here the image of the god was kept, for whom the temple was built. Though it was perhaps only an ape or a cow, an ibis or a crocodile, it was guarded with the greatest care, and decked with beautiful jewels. Only the priests could enter the *cella*; the people always worshipped without in the courts.

Karnak, at Thebes, and Luxor, two miles away, are most wonderful ruined temples. The hypostyle or pillared hall of Karnak is the largest hall in the world. It is so immense that if it were empty several churches might be placed within it. But originally it must have been a perfect forest of huge columns, one hundred of which still remain. The twelve central ones are 60 feet high and 30 feet around, and the others are nearly as large.

The capitals as the tops of the columns are called are decorated with the lotus, a flower resembling the water-lily. It was considered a sacred flower, because it grew beside the sacred river Nile; and, therefore, its buds and blossoms were copied to decorate the columns of the temples. The shafts of these columns and the temple walls were covered with brightly-painted hieroglyphics and figures.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

Even in its ruin, the hall of Karnak is a most impressive sight.

Think of the numbers of ancient Egyptians, who, thousands of years ago, worshipped in this hall!

In and near Thebes, are many other wonderful courts, built by famous kings. The temples were all surrounded by high walls, and in war-time, they became grim fortresses.

The statues in Egypt are not nearly so life-like as the paintings. They are often placed close to temple walls, the figures seated stiffly with their feet together, and their arms either pressed to their sides, or folded upon their breasts; or again they are standing; but so rigid that they look as if nothing could move them. The faces always wear a stony set expression. Often, as gods, they are given human bodies and animal heads.

Among these statues are two great figures seated on the plain near Thebes. They have a solitary look, for the temple to which they once belonged was destroyed ages ago.

The larger, which is 70 feet high, is the "Vocal Memnon." It is called "vocal," because the Egyptians used to think that it sang when struck by the rays of the rising sun. The music was probably made by a priest, who concealed himself within the statue and beat upon a stone.

Egypt had many mighty rulers, and many mighty builders, in its "Golden Age." The most arrogant of all was Rameses II. the Great; who, after his plundering campaigns, devoted his life to erecting

## EGYPTIAN ART

colossal monuments, covered with flattering inscriptions—not to the gods, but to himself.

In front of the Rameseum, his splendid Theban palace, stood a great monolithic statue of this proud monarch seated upon his throne. It weighs 900 tons. Alas! his pride has had a fall! for to-day his statue lies in stupendous fragments!

Farther up the Nile, among the rock-cut tombs of Nubia, there are four stony-faced statues of him, each 70 feet high.

Like Cheops, Rameses II. wished to be remembered forever; and he has succeeded in one way which he little anticipated—for in 1881, his mummy was discovered!

So, now, when we visit Egypt, we see not only his halls and palaces and stony face, but in the museum at Cairo, we may gaze at Rameses himself!

Egypt has many pyramids, temples, and rock-cut tombs, and it is easy to-day to see this land of wonders. We land at Alexandria, go to Cairo, and from there, by trolley-car, we visit the great pyramid and the sphinx. Then sailing up the Nile, we reach the wonderful ruins in and around Thebes, and linger in the hall of Karnak.

The names of the architects who built, and of the sculptors who carved these pyramids and temples, and of the painters who told upon them the stories of Egyptian life are all forgotten. But their monuments will stand for centuries to come as the most colossal art wonders of the world.

“Men die and are forgotten, but the great world of art still lives.”





## Grecian Art



## II

### A STORIED HILL

GREEK art in the "Golden Age" of Pericles! How different from the solemn and massive Egyptian art, in the time of shadowy Cheops and of Rameses the Great!

The Greeks lived in the open air. They loved nature and peopled the earth and sea and sky with gods and goddesses. Besides these they had heroes who did such wonderful deeds that they almost became gods.

There were Greek poets, always ready to sing the praises of gods and heroes; and Greek sculptors and architects ready to carve their statues and build temples in their honour.

There are, to-day, only fragments of their work remaining. But after looking at these fragments, the wisest critics agree in thinking that there has *never* existed an art more beautiful. Would that we might have seen it, in the olden day, when all the statues were perfect and the temples were always open so that the people, coming in and out, could join in the hymns and dances which were their simple form of worship.

There are so many gods and heroes in Greece that we might easily fill our book with legends of them. But we will, instead, just withdraw Minerva from this group, because she was the patron goddess of

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

Athens, the centre of Greek art. First we must read her interesting story, and then examine some of the monuments raised in her honour. The gods and goddesses were supposed to live on Mt. Olympus, in northern Greece. Jupiter was the king, and Juno, the haughty queen. Every day all assembled in Jupiter's palace to feast, and to consult about the affairs of Greece; and when they descended to earth, they came through gates of clouds.

One day, while they were all feasting together, Jupiter complained of a terrible pain in his head. It was so severe that he finally commanded Vulcan, the lame blacksmith god, to strike his forehead to give him relief. Vulcan obeyed, and behold from his head out sprang the goddess Minerva, fully armed, brandishing her sword, and shouting her war-cry!

All Olympus trembled as she appeared! She was, at once, admitted to the assembly in Jupiter's palace; and she was so wise that her influence among the gods almost equalled that of Jupiter, her father.

Minerva's favourite bird was the owl, and her favourite tree was the olive.

Shortly after her sudden appearance on Mt. Olympus, there was a contest among the gods, about naming a city in Greece. Neptune and Minerva both wished the honour. Their rivalry became so great that it was necessary to call a council of the gods to decide the matter. After much consultation, it was determined that the privilege should be given to whichever could produce the most useful thing.

Neptune quickly struck the ground with his trident; and, at once, a strong and beautiful horse

## GRECIAN ART

sprang forth! The gods all applauded. A horse was so useful that they were *sure* that Neptune must win!

Then Minerva touched the earth with her distaff and brought forth an olive-tree; telling the gods in eloquent words that from it oil and food, clothing and shelter might be obtained.

With their wisdom the gods knew that an olive-tree was really more useful to man than a horse; so Minerva was chosen to name the city.

All Greek gods and goddesses have two names—a Greek and a Latin one. Minerva is her Latin name, and means “wisdom.” Her Greek name is Athene; and from this, the city is called Athens.

Greek cities were usually built around a fortified hill or Acropolis. On this hill, was a shrine to the guardian deity of the city, and here the people would flee for protection in time of danger. On the Acropolis of Athens was placed a small shrine, holding a little olive-wood statue of Minerva. This was especially sacred, because it was fabled to have fallen from heaven. It was washed and dressed and cared for most tenderly every day.

Minerva proved a splendid guardian for Athens. She taught the maidens to spin and to weave, and the youth the art of war.

When the Trojan War was fought, through Minerva's wise intercession, the Greeks were victorious. Then, after a few centuries, the Medo-Persian War took place; and little Greece won the famous battles of Marathon and Thermopylæ from her haughty Persian rival.



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

And nearly always Athens seemed foremost in the triumphs; and the Athenians felt that their warrior-goddess had inspired them. They were very grateful to Minerva, for leading them on to such glorious victories; and they determined to show their gratitude by making her shrine on the Acropolis the most beautiful one in the world. It was easy to do this; for the city had become very rich with the great spoils taken in the Persian War.

Besides, it was now governed by Pericles, one of the wisest and most noted statesmen of the time into whose hands the Athenians entrusted their project.

Pericles called to his aid Ictinus, the architect, and Phidias, the most famous sculptor in the world; and Phidias gathered artists to assist him from all over Greece.

Our picture shows the Acropolis, after Phidias and his pupils had completed their work.

We can see at a glance that this Greek temple was very unlike those of Egypt. It was much smaller; it was built of white marble and some parts of it were brightly coloured; it had a pointed roof, the gable ends of which were called pediments.

It was upheld by beautiful columns. Two kinds of those used on the Acropolis were the low Doric, with a flat capital, and the taller and more slender Ionic, with a scroll-like capital which resembled rams' horns. The interior was lighted only from above, and the *cella* or shrine held the statue of the god or goddess to whom the temple was dedicated.

Do you like a hill with a story? Let us approach the Acropolis, and see how Minerva's story is traced



THE ACROPOLIS  
VIEW FROM THE MUSEUM HILL



MINERVA  
IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES

## GRECIAN ART

all over it. The two broad flights of marble steps lead up the steep rock, which rises 150 feet above the city. The road between was for beasts and chariots. The gateway or propylæum in front is not like the massive pylon of the Egyptian, but instead a colonnade in the form of a graceful temple surrounded by Doric columns.

The modest little temple to the right, upheld by Ionic columns, was dedicated to Minerva, and called the "Temple of the Wingless Victory."

Passing through the propylæum or gateway, and up the hill, a colossal bronze statue confronts us.

This is the warrior-goddess Minerva, whom Phidias named "The Champion." Here she stands 70 feet high, fully armed with spear and shield, in the attitude of battle.

She overtopped the temples about her, and the golden plume of her helmet could be seen far out at sea. For she was so placed that "she would terrify a coming foe, and give the first welcome to the exile or mariner, when, after long absence, he appeared in sight of his beautiful home."

Far back to the left in the picture we see an irregular-shaped temple. This was named for Erectheus, a legendary king of Athens, and so called the Erechtheum. It had replaced the earlier shrine, and so it held the little olive-wood statue and some other sacred emblems. It had a charming porch at the side, and this was upheld by statues of maidens instead of pillars.

The most famous building on the Acropolis was the Parthenon. The word "Parthenon" means

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

"Home of the Virgin," and this Parthenon was the shrine of the most wondrous statue of Minerva ever wrought. It was made by Phidias of wood, overlaid with ivory and gold, and it was 37 feet in height. The head, hands and feet were of ivory, the eyes of precious stones, and the tunic of gold.

Minerva, in her golden *peplos*, stood erect, and wore a helmet upon her head. Her *aegis* or breast-plate was studded with precious stones, and bore upon it a copy of the gorgon's head which she had won as a trophy. Her ornamented shield rested at her side, and a little figure of victory perched upon her outstretched hand.

People came from all over Greece to see this wondrous statue. To-day we know it from the descriptions of Greek writers. Besides, we may see a picture of a little statuette which has been lately found, and which many think is a copy of *the* Minerva.

On the outside, the Parthenon was upheld by rows of Doric columns, and it was beautifully decorated in honour of Minerva.

The sculptures on the two pediments were full of grace and motion. On one side, Minerva was seen, springing fully armed from Jupiter's head; on the other, was represented her contest with Neptune in naming Athens. Back of the columns ran a band of sculpture all around the Parthenon, and this was called a frieze.

This frieze represented scenes from the Panathenaic procession. This was such a glorious festival that we must pause to describe it. From time to time, in Athens, it was the custom for the noble

## GRECIAN ART

maidens to weave a new *peplos* or veil, for the little olive-wood statue of Minerva, in the Erechtheum. After it was finished, it was suspended from the masts of a kind of ship, and then it was borne up the hill by a long procession, and placed over the olive-wood goddess in the Erechtheum.

The sacred procession consisted of heralds, warriors, and musicians, of old men bearing sacred olive branches, of noble youths, holding or mounting prancing horses.

There were heroes in chariots—there were graceful maidens, some with parasols, others bearing baskets upon their heads. Indeed, one might see, in this procession, Athenians in every attitude and costume.

The sculptor Phidias and his pupils probably watched the procession wind up the hill; and they caught the very life and action of it all, and then sculptured it upon the long lane-like frieze.

To-day this frieze is in fragments; but even these yet reveal to us the graceful, joyous life of the old Greeks.

Is not the Acropolis indeed a "Storied Hill"?

If Minerva could only have been a real queen, instead of being wrought in bronze and wood and ivory and gold, how she would have enjoyed all the honour given her on the Acropolis! first as the champion-goddess—next as a little olive-wood goddess—and then as a magnificent gold-and-ivory goddess, symbolic both of victory and wisdom.

The streets of Athens in this "Golden Age" were full of statues and temples; and the Acropolis, towering above the city, was like a gorgeous museum.



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

And when its white and glowing marbles, its gems and bronzes and gildings were glittering in the sunlight, it was in its dazzling beauty the crowning glory of Greek art!

And what of this treasure-hill to-day? for we have been reading of a "Golden Age" that existed over two thousand years ago.

Greece was conquered again and again, and many of its works of art were buried, or taken to other countries. The Parthenon was later used, in turn, as a Christian church, a Turkish mosque, and a powder-magazine; other buildings on the Acropolis were ruined by the ravages of time and war.

For many centuries the Parthenon retained its beauty; but in the year 1687, its destruction came very suddenly. In that year, there was a war between the Turks and the Venetians. The latter threw a bomb upon the marble roof of the Parthenon, and the wondrous structure was blown to pieces.

Our last picture shows our "Storied Hill" as it looks to-day; and it stands out in strange distinctness in the transparent air of Greece. But the picture cannot reproduce the mellow tint which the ages have given to the marble—a bloom and a glow which time and war can never efface!

One has beautifully said, "Visit the Acropolis by moonlight; then the ruins disappear, and, in imagination, the hill is again covered with the statues and the buildings that adorned it in the 'Golden Age' of Pericles."

## GRECIAN ART

“Minerva, goddess azure-eyed,  
Rose to Olympus, the reputed seat  
Eternal of the gods, which never storms  
Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm  
The expanse, and cloudless shines with purest day.  
There the inhabitants divine rejoice forever.”

—HOMER.

### THE JUPITER OLYMPUS

PERICLES had made Phidias master of the art-works in Athens, but the Athenians were a fickle people. After the Parthenon was finished, they did something that made the great sculptor indignant, and he determined to be avenged. He decided to leave Athens and go to some other city. There he would make a more wonderful statue than the Minerva and then perhaps the proud Athenians would be sorry for what they had done.

After thinking for some time over his plan, Phidias decided to go to Olympia, in western Greece, where the Olympic Games were held. So he travelled to Olympia, and the people there felt greatly honoured at his coming, and received him joyfully.

Soon a whole army of architects, sculptors, and gold-beaters, followed their famous master.

At Olympia, Phidias wrought his statue of Jupiter Olympus, which was so famous that it became one of the “Seven Wonders of the World.”

Let us try to imagine how it looked; for from what the ancient writers have told us, and a copy of the statue found on an old coin, we may form some idea of it. Like the Minerva, its foundation was of wood,

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

and it was overlaid with gold and ivory. Its height was forty feet. Jupiter was represented as seated on a magnificent throne. A green enamelled wreath crowned his golden locks. In one hand he held a sceptre or thunderbolt, tipped with his favourite eagle; a statue of victory rested upon the other hand.

Phidias's aim was to carry out the poet Homer's sublime description of Jupiter; and it is said that he represented the king of the gods with such grace and



COIN OF ELLIS, FROM OVERBECK

majesty that the Greeks thought the hand of Jupiter himself must have guided the chisel.

The temple in which the statue was placed was of great height; and yet had Jupiter risen from his throne, he would have carried away the roof!

All Greece was enchanted. Crowds from every direction made pilgrimages to the shrine; for the people firmly believed that, if they could see the god face to face, all their care and suffering would be forgotten; and that if they did *not* behold him, they would be unhappy when they died.



VENUS DI MILO  
IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS



VENUS DE' MEDICI  
IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

## GRECIAN ART

There is a pretty legend that fitly ends the story: After the Jupiter Olympus was finished, Phidias gazed long upon it. Then raising his hands in prayer, he begged Jupiter that if he was satisfied, to reveal himself by some sign.

At once, as if in response to the sculptor's prayer, a stroke of lightning illumined the statue. Phidias was avenged! The Athenians begged him to return, but he refused.

So, while Minerva presided over Athens, Jupiter Olympus presided over all Greece.

"He spake, and awful bends his sable brow,  
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God."

—HOMER.

### A LITTLE SCULPTURE GALLERY

THE Greeks loved to carve the figures of the gods and goddesses in pure white marble. Think of the exquisite skill that could chisel rough stone into a statue, that should be for centuries one of the art wonders of the world.

Let us now make a little imaginary sculpture gallery, putting into it a few of the most famous of these statues; then when we see pictures of them, it will always be easy to recognise them.

We choose first the "Venus of Milo," because it has been said that if this alone of all ancient statues had been preserved, it would have proved the Greek art to be the *finest* art in the world.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

Venus, you know, was the goddess of love and beauty. So, naturally, she has always been a favourite among artists.

Her story is, that she rose from the sea-foam, and then was wafted by gentle breezes to Mt. Olympus. All the gods there were charmed by her beauty, and as they were in the habit of falling in love, Venus had many suitors; but she haughtily rejected them all. Then Jupiter, the king, to punish her for her pride, obliged her to marry Vulcan, the lame and repulsive blacksmith.

The statue of Venus which we have selected for our gallery is called the Venus of Milo, because its home was on the Island of Melos, for perhaps two thousand years. Over a hundred years ago a peasant found it there. It was concealed in the niche of the wall of an ancient theatre buried beneath the rubbish of ages. It was discovered to be in two great pieces.

The peasant rescued it from its rocky hiding-place. It was restored and later sold to Louis XVIII, the king of France. Now the home of the Venus of Milo is in the Louvre in Paris.

The French value this statue very highly. During the Franco-Prussian War, fearing that the Prussians might carry it away, they put it into a great metal box and buried it.

See what a lovely face Venus has! Our print, however, cannot reveal one of her greatest charms—that is the tint of the marble, which has an appearance of velvet softness quite unlike the cold polish of other statues. Probably she is called "Venus," be-



## GRECIAN ART

cause of her beautiful face and the graceful pose of her head. If her broken arm formerly carried a shield as many think that it did, she would really be a statue of victory.

The "Venus de' Medici" is also so famous that she, too, must go into our gallery. Her face is not attractive; indeed, it seems almost without expression when compared with that of the Venus of Milo. Her charm is in her perfectly-formed figure. This statue also, was buried for ages. But in the seventeenth century it was dug out of a Roman portico and restored.

Then it rested for a time in the Medici Palace, from which it took its name. Now we may see it in a little room in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, surrounded by other noted statues and pictures.

We will next add two statues that were found at Olympia. This you remember was where Phidias wrought his Jupiter Olympus. These statues were also excavated from the ruins that the centuries had wrought. They were found in the year 1875, and they are noted for two things. They are of wondrous grace and beauty, and upon the pedestal of each is carved the name of its maker.

One is a statue of "Victory" and it bears the name of Paeonius.

The Greeks were so successful in war that perhaps the thing that they most loved to look upon was a statue of "Victory." Usually she was represented wearing a garland of laurel. She carried a palm-branch or a shield, and sometimes she had wings.

Alas for Paeonius's "Victory"—it is both headless and armless! But the body that is left shows such

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life-like grace and motion, and the flowing drapery is so natural, that this "Victory," with neither head nor arms, is world-famed.

The other is a Hermes or Mercury, and it was carved by Praxiteles, a renowned Greek sculptor. Hermes was a messenger among the gods; and he was a great favourite, because he was so swift and so cunning.

In this statue, Hermes leans against a tree-trunk, across which he has carelessly flung his cloak. He holds the infant Bacchus in his arms. Probably he is carrying him to the nymphs; for they were to take charge of the education of this little god of wine and song.

Hermes's face expresses a very loving interest in the child. This is conceded by many to be the most beautiful of all Greek statues. What do you think?

Next to the Hermes, we must place the "Apollo Belvedere," which is also justly celebrated. There are few stories so rich in legend as that of Apollo. He was the sun-god and the divine archer, the god of music and poetry, and of youth and beauty. So, in art, he is represented in a great variety of ways.

The "Apollo Belvedere" was found in the fifteenth century, among the ruins of an old Italian city, and it took its name from the Belvedere Gallery of the Vatican, in Rome, where it now stands.

How youthful and full of life Apollo seems! What beauty and strength is in his figure! How finely he carries his magnificent head! His mantle falls very easily into its folds.

What do you think of his expression? Is it just

## GRECIAN ART

an eager look? or is it one of pride or disdain? We might decide, if we only knew what story the artist was telling when he designed this Apollo. But, unluckily, whatever the god held in his hand is lost! It was, for several centuries, supposed that he had just sent a shaft from his bow, and was watching it in its flight.

But about a hundred years ago, a little bronze statuette was found that seemed to be a copy of the "Apollo Belvedere." This statuette held a part of an *aegis* or goat-skin shield.

Now this *aegis* always bore in its centre a terrible gorgon's head that possessed a charm; for whenever it was shaken in the face of an enemy, it turned him to stone.

Perhaps Apollo held in his hand an *aegis* which he had just shaken in the face of a foe, and was watching the effect. Who can tell?

At Apollo's side, we place his graceful twin-sister Diana. Diana was queen of the night, and also a famous huntress. She was the moon-god as Apollo was the sun-god; for in southern countries, where the sun's heat is fierce, the people call the sun a god, and the mild and beautiful moon a goddess.

In October, when the harvest moon appeared, she always left her chariot of polished silver, and seizing her bow and arrows, gathered her maidens about her to join in the chase.

Our statue is called "Diana with the Stag," and like the Venus of Milo, it is in the Louvre. Here Diana is seen in her hunting-habit and with buskins on her feet. She has flung over her shoulders a

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quiver full of arrows; her stag, famed for lightness and swiftness, runs at her side. With one hand, she grasps her stag by the horn; while with the other, she reaches back to draw an arrow from her quiver.

Running and wrestling developed such splendid forms that the Greeks loved to carve athletes. There are many of these. We have chosen the "Discobolus," or discus-thrower, carved by the sculptor Myron.

Just see how every part of his body is in motion, as he bends forward to gain more force in throwing the discus! How Myron must have caught, in a flash of time, a memory picture of the swaying motion of the discus-thrower! How wonderfully he has shown it in marble. If we compare this with an Egyptian statue, we shall see at once the great contrast between Egyptian and Grecian sculptures.

Our gallery has yet a little more space, so we add to it the statues described in the previous chapters. Now let us in imagination pass before each one and try to recall it:

Minerva.

Section of the Parthenon Frieze.

Jupiter Olympus.

Venus of Milo.

Venus de' Medici.

Victory.

Hermes.

Apollo Belvedere.

Diana with the Stag.

The Discobolus.

## GRECIAN ART

It is a very small gallery; but it is large enough to give a little glimpse of the grace and perfection, to which the Greeks raised the art of sculpture.

### STORIES OF GREEK PAINTERS

THERE are to-day very few remains of Greek painting, because the colours used will in time always fade and decay. But there have come down to us some curious and interesting stories of the old Greek masters.

How little they could have imagined that over two thousand years after their death, the boys and girls in America would be speaking of what they did! But so it is, and the old Greeks never even heard of America. These stories have been told so many times, in all the centuries, that they are probably a little exaggerated; but perhaps this makes them still more interesting.

The first Greek painter used but one colour, then others used two; one showed but one figure, and later two were seen side by side.

The drapery was, at first, very stiff; but, in time, it was full of graceful folds. One pretty legend in early Greek art concerns a potter's daughter: One night she was surprised to see the shadow of her lover's head, cast by a lamp upon the wall. She drew the outline of the shadow, and then she filled it in with a dark colour. This was said to be the origin of light and shade in painting.

The painter Polygnotus was called "The Admiration of the Athenians." This was because he deco-

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

rated the porticoes of Athens with stories from Greek history.

The grateful people offered him, in return, large sums of money, but Polygnotus refused, telling them that he wished only their applause. Then the Athenians gave him a beautiful palace, in which to live. He was never taxed, and whenever he travelled he was magnificently entertained. "For," said the decree, "the chiefs of the state reign by force, but the artist reigns by his talent."

Zeuxis was one of the first of Greek painters. He worked very slowly. "I work for immortality," he said.

People so much admired his pictures that sometimes when they bought them, they would pay by covering them with gold pieces. Finally, Zeuxis became so wealthy and arrogant that he declared his pictures beyond price, and said that if he wished to dispose of them, he would give them to his friends. He dressed very richly, and often appeared in public in a robe, on which was embroidered in letters of gold the word "Zeuxis."

At the same time, there lived in Athens another very arrogant painter. He, too, dressed magnificently and had many admirers.

His name was Parrhasius, and naturally Zeuxis and Parrhasius were bitter rivals. Finally, they felt that they must know which of the two the Greeks more honoured. Each one, of course, felt himself the greater, but in order to decide, each determined to paint a picture. These pictures should be exhibited in public, and a jury should decide between them.



HERMES  
BY PRAXITELES. AT OLYMPIA, GREECE





APOLLO BELVEDERE -  
IN THE BELVEDERE OF THE VATICAN

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Zeuxis selected for his subject a child carrying upon its head a basket of grapes. And do you know, the grapes were so natural that when the picture was displayed, birds came to peck at them.

The multitude applauded. Zeuxis was *sure* that he would win. All this time, Parrhasius stood silently near his picture; and the judges waited impatiently for him to draw aside a curtain of light and silky stuff which seemed to cover it.

Finally, Zeuxis, annoyed at the delay, approached Parrhasius, and exclaimed angrily, "Why do you thus delay—draw the curtain!"

"The curtain is my picture," quietly replied Parrhasius.

Zeuxis could not believe it, and so put out his hand to push aside the curtain.

"I am conquered," he cried. "I deceived only *birds*, but *Parrhasius* has deceived *me*."

One more story about Zeuxis: It is said that he made a very funny picture of an old woman, and when he looked at it he was so amused, that he laughed himself to death.

Protogenes was also a very careful painter. He went over his pictures so many times that it was said of him that he never knew when to stop working.

He made a picture of a hunter and his dog, and he worked upon it for seven years.

While he painted, he lived only upon vegetables and water; for he was afraid that if he ate meat and drank wine, his mind would be weakened and his hand rendered unsteady.

People admired his picture, but Protogenes was

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not satisfied, for the dog would not foam at the mouth. One day, utterly discouraged and in a fit of vexation, he threw his wet sponge at the dog's mouth, and lo! the foam was perfect; the painter was overjoyed.

Protogenes lived in the island of Rhodes. This island was attacked by an enemy, but the artist would not stop painting. For he said, "The enemy makes war against the Rhodians, not against the arts."

After a little, the siege was raised, just that his picture might not be harmed.

Apelles was the most famous of all Greek painters, and he must have been both wise and good. He and Protogenes lived in the fourth century B. C. He loved art, even when he was a little boy. His father was delighted at this, and gave him the best teachers.

Apelles learned very quickly, not only because he had genius, but also because he never wasted his time. His motto is an excellent one, for any who wish to accomplish good work. It was, "No day without a line."

All his pictures were graceful, and his portraits were considered perfect likenesses.

He was not foolishly vain like Zeuxis and Parrhasius; but instead, he was always glad to accept wise advice.

Often when he finished a picture he placed it on exhibition, and then concealed himself behind a curtain to hear the criticisms of those that went by.

One day a cobbler, in passing, paused to look at one of Apelles's pictures. He discovered that something was wanting in one of the sandals.

## GRECIAN ART

Apelles, feeling that a cobbler was naturally a better judge of a sandal than a painter, corrected the fault. The next day when the cobbler passed again, he was very proud to see that the great artist had heard and accepted his suggestion.

So he determined to try once more. This time he criticised the leg to which the sandal belonged. This was too much for Apelles! Coming forward, he struck the cobbler on the shoulder, exclaiming, "A cobbler must stick to his last!"

Apelles visited Protogenes in Rhodes. Protogenes was not at home. So Apelles drew a straight line on a tablet, and left it for him. Protogenes found it on his return. It was drawn with such evenness that he exclaimed, "Apelles has been here." Just the line revealed the master!

Protogenes split this line by tracing through it one of a different colour. When Apelles again called, he divided this by a third one.

Then Protogenes declared that Apelles was the greatest artist in the world. Ever after there existed, between the two, a rare and loving friendship.

Apelles was court painter to Alexander the Great, the king of Macedon. He made several portraits of the monarch. In one of them, he represented him as grasping a thunder-bolt.

Alexander was delighted, for he loved to think of himself as Jupiter; and you may be sure that he paid Apelles richly for the portrait.

When, however, Apelles painted the monarch with his favourite horse Bucephalus, Alexander was not satisfied, and he told Apelles that his horse was not

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true to life. The story goes that as they talked together, a passing horse stopped, looked at the picture, and began to neigh!

Then Apelles, turning to Alexander, said, "Shall this animal be a better judge of painting than the king of Macedon?" Alexander acknowledged his mistake by offering his hand to Apelles.

The most noted painting by Apelles was one representing Venus as rising from the sea, and pressing with her hands her dripping hair.

Hundreds of years later, the Roman Emperor Augustus carried this picture to Rome; and he placed upon it such a high value, that he lowered the taxes of the town to which it had originally belonged.

From these stories and from others of the same kind, we learn the honour in which painters were held in Greece; and pictures were so much valued that sometimes they were paid for with their weight in gold.

"Love the beautiful,  
Seek out the true,  
Wish for the good,  
And the best do."

—MENDELSSOHN.

## **Roman Art**





### III

#### MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT ROME

BEAUTIFUL Greece was conquered! When its conquerors, the Romans, marched, plundering through the country, they were greatly attracted by the many works of art which they saw. They wished that they might take whole temples to Rome.

Indeed, if it had been possible to transport it, the "Storied Hill" itself would have been carried away. The Romans loaded wagons with pillars and statues; and many of these works of art were placed in their temples as trophies of victory.

Then the Romans tried to imitate the Greeks, by carving statues themselves. But they found that though they could build splendid roads and bridges, they could not make life-like statues. So they determined that the Greek sculptors must come to Rome, bringing their chisels with them; and many of the finest statues in that city were carved by these Greek sculptors.

But as we have said, the Romans *were* splendid builders. We find in Italy to-day ruins of roads and bridges and aqueducts and temples that were made in the days of its old rulers.

When we visit a modern city, we are shown its newest buildings and its latest pictures. But when we travel far over the sea to sunny Italy and visit ancient Rome, the things we go to see are these

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monuments, some of them over two thousand years old.

Under the blue Italian sky, among these ruins, dark-eyed children have played for many centuries. They do not think them wonderful, for they are so used to them. But how marvellous they seem to us when compared with our modern buildings.

Truly, work must have been well done in those olden days, for every stone was sound, every building made to last.

Rome is very full of these monuments. The Romans liked to make their famous buildings round and with a dome, and they also used the arch.

Besides, they copied Greek temple forms, and their buildings were often upheld by stolen Greek columns. Of these columns, the Corinthian was a favourite in Rome; for the Romans loved ornament, and this column was more ornamental than the Doric or Ionic.

There is a pretty legend about its origin: A young girl died at Corinth. Her nurse had laid upon her grave a basket of fruit, and some acanthus leaves had twined about it. A sculptor, in passing the grave, was attracted by the beauty of the twining leaves, and in imitation he carved the Corinthian column.

The Pantheon is the most remarkable ancient temple now in Rome. It is round, it has a dome, and, also, Corinthian columns.

Probably it was originally the hall of a Roman bath—now it is a Christian church. It was built by the Emperor Augustus, nearly two thousand years

## ROMAN ART

ago, when Christ was upon earth. Imagine a church in America two thousand years old!

Although the Pantheon is round, its front, or *façade*, as it is called, is like that of a Greek temple. Within, it is one great circular cell, upheld by Corinthian columns. Its dome is immense, and far, far away, as you will feel when you stand under it, and gaze up into the small round opening in its centre. Small? it is twenty-six feet across, but you would never think it.

There are no side windows, for they might suggest earthly things; only the light from the heavens above streams down in a circle upon the pavement.

In contrast to the great Pantheon, is the beautiful little round Temple of Vesta. This, also, is very ancient, and its roof is upheld by Corinthian columns.

Vesta was the goddess of the hearth; and this temple was the hearthstone of all Rome.

Here the Vestal Virgins kept the sacred fire glowing. They were very much honoured while they kept it bright; but if they ever let it go out, much trouble came to them and to their families.

Among the most picturesque ruins are the arches of the ancient aqueducts that brought water from distant hills to Rome.

Great quantities of water were needed to supply the baths, some of which accommodated thousands of bathers at once.

There were separate marble halls for cold, tepid and hot baths, for rubbing and drying, and for games.

Then there were the gymnasia and race-courses, and halls for pictures and statues. The walls of

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

the baths were ornamented; and beautiful mosaic pavements were made from bits of varicoloured stone, glass and marble, fitted together to represent a picture or design.

When the old Romans were not gaining victories, they must have spent much of their time at their baths. Those of Caracalla are the most marvellous, with their marble halls and mosaic floors. Through the centuries many people have found pleasure in wandering among their glades and trees and fountains, and their arches overgrown with vines. But in exploring them, wonderful groups of ancient sculpture have been discovered hidden away among their ruins; and in order that these might be brought to light, it was necessary that the ruins should all be laid bare, and so we see them to-day.

The favourite amusements of the Romans were chariot-races and gladiatorial shows, and for these they built great round or oval-shaped amphitheatres with an arena in the centre. The Coliseum is the most striking of these; it is, indeed, a "Colossus." Here, on the outside, it is upheld by the three forms of Greek columns: Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.

At the top of the walls, there are sockets that formerly held poles, over which an immense canvas covering could be spread to protect the audience from either sun or rain.

Look at the picture and see the seats rising tier above tier. Imagine the emperor and senators and Vestal Virgins and eighty thousand Roman citizens gathered here in holiday dress to witness a chariot-race or a gladiatorial combat!



THE COLISEUM, ROME



POMPEII

"HOUSE OF THE FAUN," WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE



## ROMAN ART

Nothing gave the Romans more pleasure than these shows; and the more brutal they were, the greater was the applause. No festival was complete without such an exhibition.

Think how the gladiators fought! Think how Christian martyrs, and among them beautiful maidens, were thrown as a prey to the wild beasts, which were goaded on to fury, only "to make a Roman holiday!"

For the past centuries, the Coliseum has served as a stone-quarry for palaces and churches in Rome. But Victor Emanuel, in the nineteenth century, stopped this pillage.

The poet Longfellow, after looking at the great structure, wrote the following lines:

"Its mossy sheath half rent away and sold,  
To ornament our palaces and churches."

The Romans greatly honoured their victorious generals. When they heard that one was returning, after making a glorious conquest, they would sometimes raise in his honour an arch as a symbol of victory.

Then the victor led his army through the gaily-decorated city and under the triumphal arch, amid the applause of the multitude.

Of all the arches remaining in Rome, the Arch of Titus is perhaps the most interesting. Titus conquered Jerusalem, the Holy City of the Jews, and brought its treasures to Rome. The most valued of these were the sacred things which had been used



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

in the Temple services in Jerusalem, and the most precious of all was the seven-branched candle-stick.

This was of solid gold and had been fashioned in the time of Moses.

After seeing it, the artist sculptured it, with other interesting things relating to the conquest, on the inside of the Arch of Titus.

Later the candle-stick was lost. Perhaps the Romans threw it into their sacred river, "Holy Father Tiber," to save it from being carried away by the Goths when they invaded Rome; for these barbarians were famous robbers, and when they left the "Eternal City," they took much plunder with them. In recent years, old "Father Tiber" has been made to give up some of its buried treasure; what if the golden candle-stick should some day be found beneath its waters!

But we must return to the monuments that are still standing.

Trajan's Column is another memorial of victory. The Emperor Trajan made many conquests over the Dacians. This column was raised in honour of these conquests. It is a shaft one hundred and six feet in height. A figure of Trajan formerly stood on top, but now St. Peter has taken his place. Winding around the column are sculptured reliefs, which are said to represent one hundred different scenes in the war. There are, in these, over two thousand soldiers and horses and forts and fights.

But it is so high that it is very difficult to stand beneath it and, looking upward, catch the action of the different groups.

## ROMAN ART

Very famous are the ruins of the Roman Forum, or market-place. This was really the centre of the old city. In and around the buildings here, the people assembled to transact their daily affairs.

We have described only a few of the most interesting monuments of ancient Rome. With each of them is associated some important historic event. Yet there, to-day, we find but fragments of temples and broken columns.

When the Empire was at the height of its power, and some of the rulers became so arrogant that they thought themselves gods, it was the custom to carve portrait-statues in their honour. Some of these, especially that of Julius Cæsar, are very spirited and life-like.

But many of the later emperors reveal such weak and wicked faces that we are not surprised to know that the great Empire over which they ruled grew less and less powerful, and that it was finally conquered by barbarians from the North.

“The sun had set, the city gates were passed.

The dream of childhood had come true at last,

We were in Rome!”

—MARIA W. LOWELL.

### PAINTINGS FOUND IN A BURIED CITY

ROMAN villas were usually built around a central court. The Romans cared little how these looked on the outside, but the interiors were very luxurious. There were libraries and picture-galleries and foun-

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

tains and roof-gardens. The walls were lined with brilliant paintings, and the floors were inlaid with mosaic-work.

A Roman palace was like a small city; it included a villa and temple and courts and baths and lovely gardens, for the Romans were devoted to gardening. Painters and decorators were always busy in Rome, ornamenting the walls of villas and palaces. To-day these paintings are all faded.

There is, in Italy, a city that has been buried for many centuries, but has now come to light; and in looking at the pictures upon its walls, we may imagine how the villas and palaces of ancient Rome were decorated.

It must have been at the time when Pompeii was at the height of its glory and wealth that Mt. Vesuvius, the famous volcano of southern Italy, lighted its smoking torch. In its terrible eruption it sent out such quantities of lava that three cities were overwhelmed.

Pompeii was one of these cities. Its lava covering preserved its decorations from the ruin that time and barbaric invasion brought to Rome.

Centuries passed; and men seemed to forget the buried cities. But *now*, Pompeii is uncovered—an ancient city revealed to the modern world. The paintings, on the walls of its theatres and porticoes and villas, are as bright and soft as in the ages long ago, when the inhabitants were obliged to flee so suddenly from their beautiful homes to escape the fire and the lava.

There are pictures of all kinds with borders,

## ROMAN ART

and backgrounds of brilliant reds and soft yellows. There are landscapes and myths; there are exquisite dancing-girls in colouring as intense, and with filmy drapery as graceful as if they had not been painted so long ago. Indeed, they seem to be *dancing* still!

So, in this twentieth century, we may visit Pompeii, and imagine it a kind of miniature Rome.

Rome itself is a city full of art history and of art treasures. We might live there for a whole lifetime, and still we would always be finding something new to study.

A story is told of a traveller who spent five days in Rome, and then thought that he had seen everything. A friend advised him, however, to remain five weeks. Then, to his surprise, he found that there was still more to see: so he determined to wait five months. At the end of the five months, he was becoming so interested that he thought he would stay five years.

When these years had passed, he felt that he had seen so little that he resolved to stay in Rome for the rest of his life. He is *still there*—and constantly discovering something *new*!

“The world of Art is an ideal world,  
The world I love, and that I fain would live in;  
So speak to me of artists and of art,  
Of all the painters, sculptors, and museums  
That now illustrate Rome.”

—LONGFELLOW.



## Early Christian Art





## IV

### THE FIRST CHURCH

IN the first century, the city of Rome was called "The Mistress of the World." Its emperor, Augustus Cæsar, adorned it with so many buildings and statues that he boasted that he had found Rome a city of brick, and would leave it a city of marble. Just at this time, when many beautiful statues of heathen gods were being chiselled, and many temples were being built in their honour, a strange thing happened.

Far away toward the East, in the little town of Bethlehem, the Christ-Child was born. His coming into the world was soon to change the subject of art from *heathen* to *Christian*. Instead of the temple, holding its statue of Jupiter or Minerva, the Christian church was to appear, decorated with statues and pictures, representing the Madonna and Child, the saints and angels, and holy men and women. The change could not be accomplished all at once—it really took centuries. For after Christ was crucified, His followers who were called Christians were cruelly persecuted by the heathen Roman emperors.

These men considered themselves gods, and wished to be worshipped; so they did not welcome Christianity with its teachings of humility and patience.

So the poor Christians, in fear and distress, went down into the stone-quarries under the city of Rome.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

There they hewed out for themselves living rooms and little chapels, where they dwelt and worshipped, and died and were buried.

In these dark Catacombs, as they were called, we find the beginnings of Christian art. It is not much to see—just a carving, or a faded picture here and there upon the walls—Moses striking the rock, or Daniel in the Lion's Den, or Jonah and the Whale. Christ is portrayed as the Good Shepherd, carrying upon his arm a lost lamb. Sometimes there are symbols, a cross perhaps, to represent Christ's suffering; or a vine and its branches, for Christ and his Church; a palm carried by the martyr as an emblem of victory; or a dove to signify the Holy Spirit.

After hundreds of years of persecution had passed, a strange thing happened. One day one of the greatest of the Roman emperors, Constantine, was in a battle. As he fought, there suddenly appeared to him in the sky a brilliant light. To Constantine, it took the form of a luminous cross, and under it he read, "With this sign, you will conquer."

Constantine at once embraced Christianity; and carrying a cross at their head, his legions ever after marched to conquest.

Now the joyful Christians came forth from their gloomy hiding-place. Now they might worship as they chose—but where?

When Christ was upon the earth, they had met in an "Upper Room"; but now that would be too small, and they would not use a heathen temple.

There were in Rome buildings called Basilicas. These were named for an old Greek ruler called

## EARLY CHRISTIAN ART

Basileus. In Rome, a Basilica meant a "Royal House."

The Romans were using their Basilicas as gathering places for merchants and as halls of justice. The Christians liked to worship in these Basilicas, and the Romans allowed them to use them for their services. They had flat roofs and long, wide halls. These halls were separated into aisles by rows of pillars. The middle aisle was called the nave.

At one end, there was a little half-circular shaped place raised above the rest, and this was called an apse. The clergy were upon the apse, and the worshippers sat or stood in the long, wide hall before them. When Christians began to build churches for themselves, they made them in the form of these Basilicas. In some of these churches, a bishop's chair or "cathedra," as it was called, was placed in the apse; and a church holding such a chair became a cathedral.

Churches were dedicated to saints as heathen temples had, in the earlier ages, been dedicated to gods.

And the churches soon became very popular, and so much money was given to them that they also became very rich. Then they were more and more decorated on the inside. A high altar upon the apse was made magnificent; also seats for the bishop and clergy, pulpit and choir and chapels were added.

The best artists were employed to paint upon the walls incidents in the lives of the saints to whom the church was dedicated.

This was done to make the story of the saint

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

familiar to those who were not able to read it for themselves.

Since those earliest days of church-building, there have been many different forms of architecture. But in them all, in your church and in mine, we find to-day traces of the very first church. It was just a flat-roofed and very plain building on the outside; and on the inside it was separated into nave, side-aisles, and apse.

Such was the old Roman Basilica. Such was the first Christian church.

It was the calm and silent night:  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was queen of land and sea.  
No sound was heard of clashing wars,  
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain,  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars  
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
In the solemn midnight, centuries ago.

It is the calm and silent night,  
Ten thousand bells ring out and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad,  
And smite the darkness charmed and holy now.  
The night that erst no name had worn,  
To it a happy name is given,  
For in that stable lay new-born  
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,  
In the solemn midnight, centuries ago.

—DOMMETT.

## EARLY CHRISTIAN ART

### ST. SOPHIA AND ST. MARK'S

WE remember that there were no churches until after Christ came into the world. Since then architects have been kept very busy designing them. Those of the Middle Ages were under the control of monks and priests. It took centuries to build them, and so they have remained for us to admire to-day.

They were in different forms—Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance—but whatever their form, they were always built for the worship and glory of God.

St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was a Byzantine church built by the Emperor Justinian. He thought that an angel appeared to him in a dream and told him to build. He followed the angel's direction, and called the church St. Sophia, or "heavenly wisdom," because its design was planned in heaven. He was himself its architect. He daily put on a linen tunic, and directed the work of ten thousand labourers, and every night they were paid for their toil.

The outside of the church was plain, but the inside was gorgeous; for it was intended to surpass in glory the splendid temple of Solomon at Jerusalem.

There was a great central dome, and about this were half-domes and arches; the walls were decorated with mosaic pictures, taken from Bible history and from the lives of the saints.

In mosaic-work, the figures are always stiff; for it is not easy with bits of stone and glass to copy a picture with its delicate outline and light and shade.

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But all was done upon a gold background, so the whole effect was brilliant and glittering.

Such pictures patiently wrought have lasted through the ages. Truly has it been said, "Mosaic-work is a painting for eternity."

Heathen temples were robbed to decorate St. Sophia. There were marble columns of every hue; there were pulpits and shrines; and doors of amber, ivory, and cedar. The golden altar was inlaid with onyx, pearls, sapphires, and diamonds; and the church was crowned with a cross of pure gold. On Christmas Eve, in the year 548, St. Sophia was dedicated.

On that occasion, Justinian drove his chariot to the entrance, and ran with outstretched arms from the door to the altar, exclaiming, "God be praised! Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

St. Sophia was, for centuries, the most beautiful church in Byzantine art; but in the year 1453, the Turks conquered Constantinople. These Turks were followers of the warrior-prophet Mohammed, and St. Sophia must now be given to his worship. They cleansed it with rose-water. Saintly mosaic pictures were whitewashed over; and above them were placed shields, bearing texts from the Koran, Mohammed's Bible. The massive golden cross was taken from the top, and the crescent, symbol of Mohammed, was put in its place. So, to-day, St. Sophia is a Mohammedan mosque.

St. Mark's, in Venice, is another example of Byzantine architecture; or rather it seems a combination of different forms that belong to it alone in all the

## EARLY CHRISTIAN ART

world. How did St. Mark, to whom the church is dedicated, become the patron saint of Venice?

His story runs as follows: Once in coming over from Egypt where he had been preaching, he was caught in a storm on the Mediterranean Sea, and forced to land on an island. As he stepped on shore, an angel accosted him, saying, "Peace to thee, Marco, my evangelist!" And then the angel told him that one day he should be worshipped in Venice.

So, after his death, the Venetians stole his body and placed it in a basket; and then fastening this to the mast-head of their ship, they started for their city. A dreadful gale arose and the ship was driven upon the rocks. Then St. Mark revealed himself to the sailors, and brought them safe to land.

Both clergy and Doge welcomed the body with great honour, and thus St. Mark became the patron saint of Venice. His emblem is a winged lion.

Venice was the home of merchant princes who had brought to it the spoils of many conquered lands, and their St. Mark must have a magnificent shrine. They determined to build it in the form of a splendid church, in which they could make a display of their great wealth.

The history of its building reads like a fairy tale. For centuries, Venetian galleys brought to it from all parts of the earth all kinds of precious stones and beautiful marbles. The façade is a grand mosaic-screen! The arches are inlaid with mosaic pictures. Above the façade rise slender turrets, holding statues of saints, and domes tipped with square Greek crosses.



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

Below the great window, stand four bronze horses, each weighing nearly two tons; but heavy as they are, they have been great travellers. Probably they were first brought from Egypt to Rome, where they adorned more than one triumphal arch. Later, Constantine the Great took them to Constantinople; then the Crusaders brought them to Venice. Later, Napoleon Bonaparte stole them and carried them to Paris, where they were placed on his triumphal arch. When he fell, the horses were again restored to Venice, and placed on the church of St. Mark's, where they are to be seen now. As Venetian carriages are gondolas, we may imagine how much the people must prize these trophies, even though they are very curiously-shaped animals.

Entering the church, we find beautiful columns of marble, jasper, and agate. The walls are covered with mosaic pictures of doges, saints and angels and Bible scenes.

St. Mark's is, indeed, a veritable mosaic-museum. The fourteen marble statues which separate the choir from the nave represent the Mother of Christ, St. Mark, and the Twelve Apostles. In the arch above the altar, is a colossal statue of Christ, in the act of blessing the people. The tomb of the Saint under the high altar is adorned with gold and jewels, and rich alabaster columns.

On the square or "piazza" in front of the church there formerly stood a graceful Campanile, or bell-tower. It was three hundred feet high, and decorated by Sansovino, a famous Italian sculptor. In the summer of 1902, the Campanile fell! And when



VENICE  
ST. MARKS



MILAN  
THE CATHEDRAL

## EARLY CHRISTIAN ART

the news was flashed abroad, not only Venice but the whole art world mourned.

The "piazza" has been, for a thousand years, the pleasure-ground of doves and people. Here many famous events have taken place, and here sailors have gathered from every part of the earth to show their treasures, and to tell their tales of adventure. When you leave your gondola to stand on this old historic "piazza," and gaze up at the great mosaic church—St. Mark's—you will feel that it possesses a charm and beauty all its own. It stands as the crowning glory of "The Island City."

"Enter when the glory of the setting sun sifts in, and falls in shattered shafts of light on altar, roof, and wall."

VENICE.

"Where Venice sate in state, throned  
on her thousand isles."

—BYRON.

## TWO GOTHIC CATHEDRALS

BYZANTINE churches with their great central domes were used very much in the Eastern countries; but in Italy, Germany, France, and England, many Romanesque and Gothic churches were built.

The word "Romanesque" means "like the Romans"; and Romanesque churches somewhat resemble Basilicas, but they are larger and higher and more massive.

The Campanile, or bell-tower, had been placed at the side of the Basilica; but Romanesque churches

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were surmounted by one or two square towers. These were for the chimes. They were used also in times of war as watch-towers, and as places of refuge for the timid.

These cathedrals were much ornamented on the outside, especially about the doors and windows; and their gutter-spouts were carved with heads of curious animals. Within the church, heavy arches were upheld by stout piers, instead of columns; and there was a cross aisle called a transept, which gave to the church the form of a Latin cross.

This architecture became more and more pointed, until it rose into the Gothic—the noblest form of all.

There are many beautiful Gothic cathedrals, two of the largest being at Milan and Cologne.

The cathedral of Milan in northern Italy is built in the square, or Italian Gothic form. It is covered with pure white marble. The quarry from which this marble was brought belongs to the cathedral.

When sculptors have wished to buy a block of marble from this quarry for their own use, they have paid for it by making a statue for the cathedral. So the church has many statues, ready to greet the worshipper as he approaches. The poet Wordsworth calls it an

“Aërial host of figures human and divine.”

See, on the outside, the many slender spires, tapering heavenward with airy lightness. See the carved stone piers or buttresses built against the wall, to strengthen it, and to add to its beauty. Climb the

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staircase to the roof, and go through a perfect gallery of sculpture; mount yet higher and pass through a second and a third.

And then, climbing to the very top, and forgetting all these works of human hands, look out over one of the most charming landscapes to be found in all Italy!

It is said that Milan Cathedral holds over seven thousand statues; and that fifteen hundred different kinds of flowers are carved into its delicate tracery.

The interior of a Gothic church is upheld, not by heavy piers but by tall clustered columns. Those bordering the nave of Milan Cathedral are seventy-two feet high.

Each capital has eight different figures upon it, and the figures upon each capital are different. The arches overhead are moulded in delicate lacework. Much of the tracery is too high for us to admire; but that mattered not to the sculptor, for was not the cathedral built for the glory of God? What a grand lesson this teaches!

In Gothic cathedrals, saintly stories are painted over the windows, instead of being laid in mosaics upon the walls; and the gorgeous colouring of these windows gives to the interior a glow of warmth and richness which is most beautiful, even in the twilight.

Milan Cathedral in its pure whiteness is dazzling in the sunshine; and very fairy-like when the Italian moonlight glints its towers and pinnacles.

The city of Cologne, far away to the north among the vine-clad hills of the Rhine, is built around its pointed Gothic cathedral. See how tall the building



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

looks in the picture! See the beautiful tracery covering its exterior—showing an endless variety of flowers and scroll-work and vegetables and grotesque animal forms, and of statues and hovering angels.

Indeed, every grace of ornament that can be made in stone is found here—and each one points heavenward!

The spires, rising five hundred and thirteen feet, seem, also, to be covered with lacework of stone.

Let us enter. Why, the roof seems almost in cloud-land! How tiny we are! The arches meet overhead like the interlacing of trees in a forest. As the sunlight glints through the trees in the woods, so here floods of light of every brilliant hue stream through the stained-glass windows.

The holy characters painted on the glass are irradiated. The great circular rose-windows, with petals of every colour, are splendid in the twilight glow.

This cathedral is full of treasures. The one that has made its fortune is something contained in a richly-studded, gilded shrine, kept in a treasure-room back of the high altar. We enter this little room. Let us see what this one box holds.

A bit of the lid is raised, and we look upon three skulls with their jewelled crowns. These are said to be the skulls of the "Wise Men" of the East, who came bringing gifts to the Christ-Child. We recall the story—how in their far-away homes they had heard that Christ was to come—and how they saw the star and followed it, until it "stood over the place where the young Child lay."



## EARLY CHRISTIAN ART

Then they presented to Him their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. This is the Bible story; but to it is added a beautiful tradition that the Christ-Child, in return for their gifts, gave them faith and meekness and charity.

Again the star guided the "Wise Men" back to their distant homes.

They had been kings before; but now they put off their royal robes, and went about doing good and preaching the Gospel to the poor.

It is said that, long after death, their skulls were found and removed, in turn, to Constantinople, Milan, and then to Cologne, where they now rest in their costly shrine.

There are many interesting legends connected with Cologne Cathedral. It was begun in the thirteenth century; but it was not until October the fifteenth, 1880, that the grand old German Emperor placed upon it the last stone, and announced to the nation that it was completed.

We recall St. Sophia, with its gorgeous interior; St. Mark's, with its treasures in marble, mosaics, and gems; Milan Cathedral with its seven thousand statues; and Cologne—most lofty and solemn and impressive of all.

From Catacomb to Gothic spire—what an uplift!

"O peerless church of old Milan,  
How brightly thou com'st back to me,  
With all thy minarets and towers,  
And sculptured marbles fair to see!

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With all thy airy pinnacles  
So white against the cloudless blue;  
With all thy richly storied panes,  
And mellowed sunlight streaming through."

—HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

"Oft have I seen at some cathedral door  
A labourer, pausing in the dust and heat,  
Lay down his burden and with reverent feet  
Enter and cross himself, and on the floor  
Kneel to repeat his pater-noster o'er;  
Far off the noises of the world retreat,  
The loud vociferations of the street  
Become an indistinguishable roar."

—LONGFELLOW.

## Italian Art



## V

### PISA AND PISANO'S PULPIT

GOthic architecture was the last pure form. Churches which are not modelled after the Greek temple, or after the Basilica, the Byzantine, the Romanesque, or Gothic form, are usually built by combining some of these, and they are said to be in the Renaissance style.

We may see in the churches about us combinations of these various forms. Apart from church-building, the art story was not very interesting in the first centuries that followed the coming of the Christ-Child.

There were, it is true, rare and costly things such as crucifixes, small ivory carvings, and brilliantly illuminated missals, or mass-books. There were, also, statues of Christ and of the Virgin and saints; but all were very stiff and awkward, in strong contrast to the earlier and life-like Greek statues.

But in the thirteenth century, there was a revival of beautiful art in the city of Pisa, in the western part of Italy. Every Italian city has its own distinct charm; and Pisa is always recognised by its four famous buildings—the Campo Santo, Cathedral, Leaning Tower, and Baptistery.

“Campo Santo” means “holy ground.” The Campo Santo of Pisa was covered with earth brought from the Holy City of Jerusalem.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

It was surrounded by cloisters, adorned with quaint frescoes and sculptures, and it was used by the Pisans as their burial-ground.

The cathedral, wrought in variegated marble, is one of the most beautiful in all Italy; and its form illustrates what has been said about church architecture. There is a Basilica apse, projecting at the back. There are Roman arches, a Byzantine dome, and the building is cross-shaped, like a Romanesque or Gothic cathedral.

The Campanile, or "Leaning Tower," which we see in the picture is one of the wonders of the world, because it leans over thirteen feet. It is of white marble, airy and beautiful, and very graceful as seen against the blue Italian sky.

This tower is eight stories in height, and each story is surrounded by a gallery enclosed by arches. By a winding staircase of three hundred and thirty steps, we mount to the top, and it is not exactly a pleasant place to stand.

Its ancient bells have summoned the Pisans for many centuries to join in the cathedral service. They are so hung as to counterbalance, by their weight, the leaning of the tower.

This Tower was built about eight hundred years ago. The story generally given is, that its architects—for it had two—discovered "the lean" as they were working; and that when they found one side lower than the other, they tried to design the upper stories so as to make the tower level.

This seems very unlike the careful work of other famous architects of the Middle Ages.



DUOMO, LEANING TOWER, BAPTISTERY AND CAMPO SANTO, PISA





LORENZO Ghiberti  
BRONZE DOORS. IN THE BAPTISTRY, FLORENCE

## ITALIAN ART

The design of the circular Baptistery was taken from one of the rooms of a Roman bath. The outside is covered with exquisite Gothic tracery; and the Baptistery is surmounted by a statue of John the Baptist, for all Baptisteries are dedicated to him. In the interior is a carved marble font. To this, through many centuries, the little Pisans have been brought for baptism.

There also hangs here a bronze lamp which is famous, because its swinging suggested to the astronomer Galileo the idea of the pendulum.

There is, besides, a wonderful echo; and one seldom hears such rich and harmonious blending of sweet sounds.

We admire the font—we look at the lamp—and we listen to the echo; but we linger before a pulpit placed near the wall. For this pulpit, carved all over with bas-reliefs, was the first work that showed the change in art, from stiff and awkward figures to graceful and life-like ones.

The man who carved this pulpit, in the thirteenth century, was named Pisano, because he was born in Pisa. He was full of holy thoughts, and, like many other sculptors, took for his subjects favourite scenes from the life of Christ.

The pulpit is upheld by Corinthian columns, some of which are placed upon lions—these being symbols of the watchfulness of the priests. The eagle above, supporting the lectern or reading-desk, typifies the lofty flights of inspiration.

There are five groups of bas-reliefs on the sides of the pulpit. The one which is perhaps the most ad-

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mired represents the visit of the "Wise Men" to the Christ-Child. Study this one especially when you see the pulpit. The Mother is seated, holding the Child upon her lap. The Baby leans forward toward the "Wise Men," who are approaching, and He holds up two of His little fingers in the act of blessing, as He takes the gifts which they have brought. In the background are seen Saint Joseph and an angel, while at the left are some spirited horses. As the scene of the Adoration of the Magi is laid in a stable, horses and oxen are usually introduced.

Pisano was greatly honoured, both as an architect and a sculptor; and he was called to different cities in Italy to design pulpits, altar-pieces, and churches; but the pulpit at Pisa is his master-piece.

In the Middle Ages, Pisa was rich and powerful; but to-day her wealth and influence and commerce are gone. But her four famous buildings still recall the busy craftsmen of the Middle Ages, who, with sturdy activity, worked under renowned princes and patrons of art.

### A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FLORENCE—GIOTTO'S TOWER

AMONG the charms that belong alone to Italy are its many artistic capital cities. Let us take a bird's-eye view of Florence, the most enchanting of all. In the Middle Ages, it was called "The Lily of the Arno," "The City of Flowers," "The Home of the Renaissance," and "The Art Centre of the World."

## ITALIAN ART

The legend is that Florence arose originally right out of a field of lilies, and so the city took the lily for its shield; and it was said that if the heart of a Florentine were cut open, a lily of perfect form would be found therein.

So Florence is, indeed "The Lily of the Arno," and it is just as truly "The City of Flowers." Flowers are everywhere in profusion; and the silver foliage of the olive orchards gives added beauty to the landscape.

There are also flowers in painting and mosaic, and those on the bronze gates of its Baptistery are among the most exquisite of all flowers moulded by the hand of the sculptor.

We shall take a bird's-eye view of the city, and read the stories that cluster about three of its most interesting buildings. First, we glance at that tall, square tower in the picture. It rises above a building that looks like a fortress, but instead it was one of the palaces of the powerful Medici family that ruled Florence in the Middle Ages.

The strong, warlike-looking tower recalls many party struggles of the fiery Florentines. Within the tower was a hoarse old bell called "the vacca," or "cow," and too often its angry clanging was a summons to the Florentines to come out and fight.

The workman carving on the cathedral would often make his chisel fly fast in the morning, that so he might finish his day's work early and join in the afternoon fray.

Glance again at the other tower nearer the Cathedral. This is carved in white marble, and it, also,

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

is as solid as a fortress, but at the same time as light as an air-castle. This is the famous Campanile, or bell-tower, carved by the painter Giotto.

In the fourteenth century, when the cathedral was being built, Giotto determined that, like other cathedrals, it should have its own bell, and not be dependent on the old "vacca."

Giotto had been a painter all his life, and was now fifty-eight years old; and it is remarkable how easily he turned from painting to make his most charming work in architecture and sculpture. He began to build, and soon his graceful marble bell-tower rose into the air; and then, assisted by his pupils, he carved exquisite figures all over it in bas-relief.

The Florentines are very proud of Giotto's tower, and they have an expression—"as beautiful as the Campanile."

So, while the old "vacca" has ever given out its grim summons to war, Giotto's bell-tower has rung out through all the centuries a peal of praise and good-will.

Charles V. said on seeing it that it ought to be placed in a glass case and exhibited only on fête days.

A story is told of Ruskin, the famous nineteenth century art critic. One day, when he was lecturing to some boys, he showed to them the photograph of a dog, taken from one of the groups on Giotto's tower. The boys raised a shout of applause as they recognised in Giotto's dog of the fourteenth century a strong likeness to the English dog of the nineteenth.

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‘The brightness of the world, O thou once free,  
And always fair, rare land of courtesy!  
O Florence, with the Tuscan fields and hills,  
And famous Arno, fed with all their rills;  
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy.”

—COLERIDGE.

“In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto’s tower,  
The Lily of Florence blossoming in stone,  
A vision, a delight, and a desire.”

### GHIBERTI’S GATES OF PARADISE

NEAR Giotto’s tower stands the quaint eight-sided Baptistery. In the fifteenth century, a terrible plague raged in Florence; and the people to show their gratitude for deliverance from it determined to make a thank-offering to heaven—in the form of two sets of bronze gates for this Baptistery.

From different parts of Italy artists were summoned to compete for the honour of making these gates.

Ghiberti, a young Florentine, had been working for a goldsmith there, but had wandered away to other cities; perhaps paying his way by casting little bronze figures, which were then very much in vogue. One day he received a letter from his step-father, telling him that there was a contest for the building of the gates, and urging him to return at once.

Ghiberti was so excited at the news “that it seemed to him a thousand years before he could get to Florence.”

He finally reached the city, and sent in his draw-



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

ings with the others, and they were accepted. He made the two sets of bronze gates, and it took him nearly fifty years to complete them.

The first pair were covered with bas-reliefs, representing scenes from the New Testament; while the second pair represented scenes from the Old Testament; and these have always been considered the more beautiful. Michael Angelo said that they were "worthy to be the gates of Paradise."

The figures in the scenes pictured on these gates were not all in low-relief. Some stood out in half-relief, others projected so far that they were in high-relief, and Ghiberti combined the three kinds very skilfully. The scenes are so striking that they appear almost like paintings.

You will like to know the subjects of the ten panels; then when you see the gates, you can interpret them for yourself, if you are familiar with Bible stories.

They are as follows:

1. Creation of Adam and Eve.
2. Cain and Abel.
3. Noah.
4. Abraham and Isaac.
5. Jacob and Esau.
6. Joseph and his Brethren.
7. Moses on Mount Sinai.
8. Joshua before Jericho.
9. David and Goliath.
10. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

The borders are adorned with statuettes and fruits and animals.



## ITALIAN ART

Ghiberti lived to be an old man, and when he died he left wealth, and grandsons to bear his name. But as Longfellow says:

“Ghiberti left behind him wealth and children,  
But who to-day would know that he had lived,  
If he had never made those gates of bronze  
In the old Baptistery,—those gates of bronze,  
Worthy to be the gates of Paradise,  
His wealth is scattered to the winds; his children  
Are long since dead; but those celestial gates  
Survive, and keep his name and memory green.”

### BRUNELLESCHI'S DOME

IN our bird's-eye view, we find beyond the “vacca” and Giotto's tower a great dome. See how it springs with perfect grace right up into the sky! There are domes and domes all over the world to-day, but this is one of the largest and most beautiful. It is called Brunelleschi's dome.

Let us, in thought, detach the cathedral from the group of buildings, and weave about it the story of Brunelleschi's life. He was a Florentine boy—small, plain-featured, and a great talker. Perhaps his best trait was, that he always persevered in any task that he began until it was accomplished.

Like many other boys of the time, Brunelleschi loved art. He became a goldsmith; and the work that he most enjoyed was casting little figures in bronze.

From being a goldsmith, he began to draw designs for buildings.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

The great cathedral in Florence had been begun many years before this time. After its architect had finished its sides with their shining marble walls, and had planned the dome—he died.

The building stood for years without a roof. All Florence wondered who could plan a cupola large enough to cover such a great cathedral.

As Brunelleschi walked the streets, he often looked up at the massive, unfinished building. One day the thought came to him that *he* would *crown* it!

Then, full of hope and energy, and taking with him his dear friend Donatello, he went to study in Rome. There he frequently stood for hours, gazing at the Pantheon, his one thought being how he could make *his* dome higher and more graceful!

Then he would dig among the ruins of Rome, trying to find there something to help him; for Rome, you know, had been more than once sacked by barbarians, and many of its priceless works of art had been buried. The Romans, supposing that Brunelleschi was looking for hidden treasures, nicknamed him "the treasure-hunter." But the treasure which Brunelleschi was seeking was only an *idea*!

As you may imagine, he met with many discouragements, for others besides himself were planning to complete the dome. After he had worked for many years, the Florentines finally declared that the cathedral must be finished at once.

In 1420, a public proclamation was made that fair payment would be given for the best design.

The competitors met and gave in their plans, some of which were very absurd. One was to make a great

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central pillar in the cathedral to uphold the dome built over it.

Another was to fill the cathedral with soil, into which some coins were thrown. This would uphold the roof while it was being built; and then the people would remove the soil without pay, in the chance of securing the coins.

Brunelleschi's design was offered with the others and was accepted. The "treasure-hunter" had indeed found his long-sought treasure!

Then he selected his workmen, and began his great task. Sometimes his men would refuse to work; but this master knew how to end a strike quickly—for there were no labour-unions in those days.

Brunelleschi's whole heart was in his project, and day after day the great dome grew—rising gradually into the blue sky. As the Florentines watched it, they were very proud, for nothing like it had ever been seen before!

It was so perfect in shape that some thought that the master was trying to imitate the vault of the heavens above.

Brunelleschi died before the cathedral was finished; but his superb dome has ever been the crowning glory of beautiful Florence.

To-day, Brunelleschi "sits in stone" before the cathedral. He holds in his lap his architectural plan and gazes up at his grand work.

Giotto—Ghiberti—Brunelleschi—each one brings to us from the long ago a lesson of patient, persevering effort.

# YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

## BRUNELLESCHI'S DOME

"In the busiest haunts of Florence,  
In the centre of the mart,  
Worn as rarest of her jewels,  
Closest to her throbbing heart.

The cathedral stands and o'er it,  
Springs its light ærial dome,  
As the sod breaks into blossom,  
Or the wave climbs into foam.

So the mighty master planned it,  
But his life's declining sun  
Set, and saw it still unfinished,  
Saw his glory still unwon.

Yet to-day in the broad Plaza,  
Brunelleschi, carved in stone,  
Sits before the great Duomo  
Keeping watch upon its own.

Dead, he speaks through all the ages,  
Speaks as Moses spake of old,  
From the mighty marble tablets,  
To an age of faith grown cold!

Planned in doubt and reared in darkness  
Is thy soul's cathedral here,  
Left unfinished every fresco,  
Left unfinished every pier.

Yet, in the Eternal Florence,  
City of the spirit's home,  
Shall thy life's full rounded purpose,  
Rise like Brunelleschi's dome."

—MAUD WILDER GOODWIN.

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### LUCA DELLA ROBBIA AND DONATELLO

HAVING taken our bird's-eye view of Florence, we will now descend into the city and study some of its art works.

The fifteenth century was the beginning of the "Golden Age" of Italian sculpture. It was then that Ghiberti made his gates, and there were other noted sculptors—among them, Luca della Robbia. He was, at first, a goldsmith, but he was specially fond of moulding figures in clay. He had one trouble, however, and that was that he could never make the parts of his figures stick together; but he resolved to discover some way to do this.

So he worked all day and all night, until sometimes his feet were nearly frozen. Finally, he succeeded in producing a kind of glaze which held the clay together, and the material which he thus produced became famous as "terra-cotta," or "Robbia ware."

An old writer speaking of Luca della Robbia, says something worth remembering: "No one ever became excellent in anything whatever who did not from a child learn to put up with heat and cold, hunger and thirst."

Luca della Robbia made bas-reliefs in his ware. These were often in pure white with a background of blue. Then, again, he would introduce a more varied colouring.

His children are very fascinating. He caught their half-humorous, half-serious beauty as perfectly as a

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

painter. The expressions of their sweet, bright faces are so natural, and their motions are so full of vivacity that they seem like real children.

They are represented as dancing, or singing, or playing on musical instruments. Sometimes it seems as if we might almost tell in which note each boy is singing or playing. Such children had never before been seen in art, and Luca della Robbia became very renowned.

His brothers and sons helped him in his work. His studio came to be a manufactory, in which hundreds of pieces of "Robbia ware" were made, many of them being used as wall decorations. These were sent to different parts of Europe and it was difficult to work fast enough to fill all the orders.

Luca della Robbia kept the secret of the ware in his own family; so when they all died, there could never be another piece made. To-day a group in "Robbia ware" is much more precious than it was five hundred years ago.

Another sculptor who helped to make the "Golden Age" of Italian sculpture was Donatello. We seem to know him more intimately than other masters of the time; and the better we know him, the more we admire his frank and kindly character.

He, too, made charming reliefs of children, but not in "Robbia ware," for that you remember was a secret. His works were usually chiselled in marble, or moulded in bronze.

Donatello and Brunelleschi worked together as lads in Florence, and always were devoted friends. When Donatello carved his first wooden crucifix, he

## ITALIAN ART

was very proud, and showed it to Brunelleschi, asking what he thought of it.

Brunelleschi, who always spoke bluntly, hurt Donatello's feelings, by telling him that it looked more like a day-labourer than a figure of Christ on the cross.

Donatello was very angry at this and exclaimed: "If it is so easy as you think, take wood and make one yourself!"

At once Brunelleschi went to work, and after months of labor finished his crucifix; then, placing it where Donatello would see it as he entered the house, he invited him to dine. The two friends went together to the market, and bought eggs and bread and fruit for the frugal meal, and Donatello carried them in his apron.

Donatello entered the workshop first, and was so overpowered by the beauty of the wonderful crucifix that, forgetting the dinner which he was carrying, he threw up both arms in surprise. Everything fell from his apron.

Brunelleschi following, saw what had happened and exclaimed, "What do we now, Donatello, how shall we dine—you have spoiled everything!"

"I have had dinner enough!" replied Donatello. "To thee it is given to make the Christ, to me the day-labourer."

Although, in this instance, Donatello so gracefully acknowledged Brunelleschi's superiority, as he grew older he was usually very well satisfied with his own work, and he deserved to be. He understood perspective and foreshortening so much better than other



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

sculptors of his time that his figures are very truthful to life.

It is said that he was so delighted with the life-like expression of one of his statues that he had just finished, called "David" or "Zuccone," that he struck it a blow, bidding it speak.

He was greatly honoured and he received many orders.

Once a rich merchant of Genoa begged Donatello to make for him a portrait bust of himself. When finished, it was placed on a balcony for exhibition. The merchant admired it, but objected to paying Donatello's price. "I know how to destroy the result of the study of years in the twinkling of an eye," said Donatello; and with this, he threw the bust from the balcony to the street below, breaking it into bits. Then the merchant, ashamed and disappointed, begged Donatello to make it again, promising him twice the money; but no entreaty could move the sculptor.

He did not care for wealth; for he always kept his money in a basket that was hung on a beam in his house, and whenever they chose, his friends and workmen were allowed to help themselves; but Donatello had a strong sense of justice.

We add one military saint to our sculpture-gallery—Donatello's "Saint George," the patron of chivalry. Saint George, clad in complete armour and bearing the shield of a crusader, adorns the exterior of a Florentine church.

He stands firmly on both legs as if no power could move him.

## ITALIAN ART

Michael Angelo was so struck with his life-like expression that, recalling Donatello's command to his "David," he ordered Saint George "to march."

"No man is born into the world whose work  
Is not born with him; there is always work  
And tools to work withal, for those who will;  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil."

—LOWELL.

### MICHAEL ANGELO

ON a rocky ledge overlooking Caprese, in northern Italy, there stands to-day a ruined castle. On a tablet in one of the rooms we read that, in the year 1475, Michael Angelo was born here. How little the parents could have known that their baby was destined to become famous!

Now over four hundred years have passed, and we look back to Michael Angelo as a great master—world-renowned as an architect, sculptor, and painter—all three!

His father had held some office in Caprese, and when his work there was accomplished, the family returned to their Florentine home. The child, however, was left with his nurse, who was the wife of a stone-mason. As soon as the little fellow was old enough he played in the quarries, watching the stone-cutters with their chisels; for he loved both the sight and the sound.

A little later he was taken back to Florence to be educated, and he went most unwillingly; but he must

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

have masters now and study from books. He did not enjoy his lessons, however, and hurried through his daily task so that he might have time to draw and to chisel. He had a boy friend Granacci, who helped him by lending him brushes and paints; for Granacci was studying art, in the workshop of the fine painter Ghirlandajo.

One happy day which Michael Angelo always loved to remember, Granacci took him to the workshop, and showed his work to Ghirlandajo. The master was much interested and said to Michael Angelo, "You must give up your other studies and become my pupil."

The father did not easily consent, but at last he was forced to yield; for Michael Angelo was now a very determined boy of thirteen years. He was clever in the workshop, making original designs that none of the other boys dared attempt. One day Ghirlandajo said, "The boy understands more art than I do!" and he actually became jealous of his young pupil.

At this time, Italian cities were governed by wealthy families. The most powerful family that ever governed any city was the Medici, and it devoted great wealth to the giving of beautiful works of art to Florence.

Lorenzo de' Medici was the most art-loving of these princes. One day he sent to Ghirlandajo, inviting him to send two of his best pupils to study in his gardens, which were full of old Greek statues.

Michael Angelo and Granacci were chosen to accept the invitation.

## ITALIAN ART

How delighted Michael Angelo was to see the wonderful sculptures! Really, as he walked through the garden, a whole world of art opened before him! Rough marble was there, too, that with their chisels the lads might copy anything they chose.

A story is told of Michael Angelo that one day he was intently working upon his first sculpture—the head of an old faun. The great Lorenzo, walking through the garden, paused to watch the boy at work, and finally said to him, “You have made your faun old, yet you have left all the teeth; at such an age, generally teeth are wanting.”

Michael Angelo made no reply and Lorenzo passed on. The next time he came that way he looked again at the faun, and discovered that one tooth had been carefully broken off. Lorenzo was pleased that the boy had taken his advice, and besides he had heard many good things about him. So what did the great prince do but invite him to come and live in his palace. The father objected. He thought that art was only for peasants, and his son was of noble birth. Besides he had a large family and little money; and he wished his son to be a silk- and woollen-merchant and to bring home his earnings. But the prince insisted, and for the second time, the father had to consent.

Now we find the young sculptor living in a palace and dressed in fine clothes, sitting daily at the table with princes, and enjoying a monthly allowance. Here he remained for several years, and then his noble patron died.

Michael Angelo was very grateful and very full

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

of grief, as he returned to his father's house and arranged his studio there.

Pietro de' Medici succeeded Lorenzo, but he was weak and silly. The only thing which he ever ordered Michael Angelo to make for him was a great snow-image, which melted in a single night.

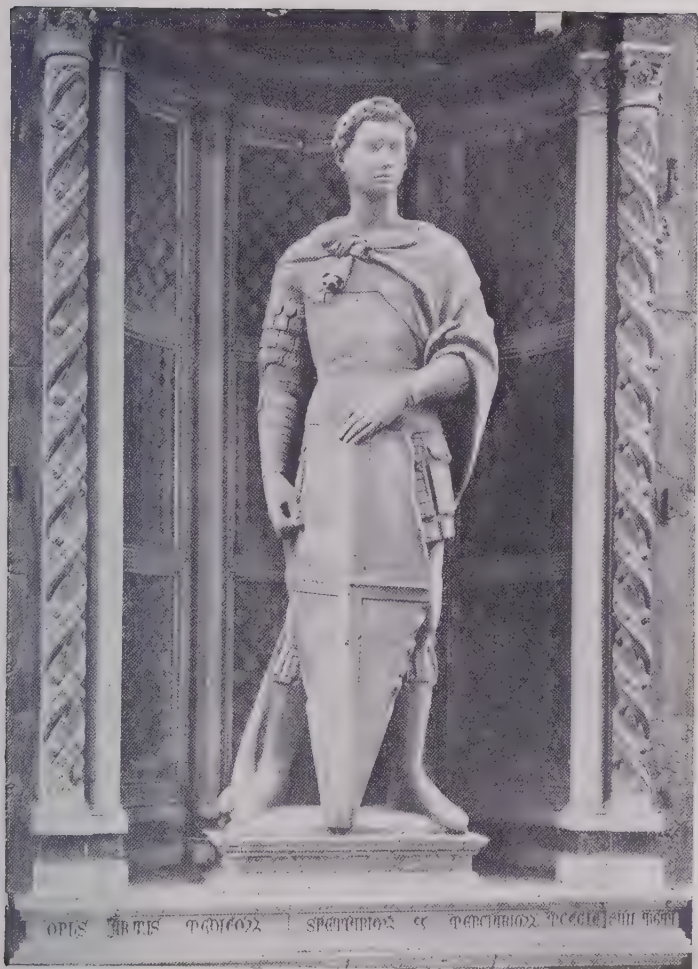
In our brief story of Michael Angelo's life, we may not follow him from city to city, or describe many of the things which he did; but only speak briefly of some of his principal works. For he was always working and usually either in Rome or Florence.

When he was twenty-four years old, he carved a statue in Rome, considered by many to be his finest. It is called the "Pietà," and it represents the dead Christ in His Mother's arms.

This statue gave him great reputation, and the Florentines, knowing of it, said that he must now return and make an art work for their city.

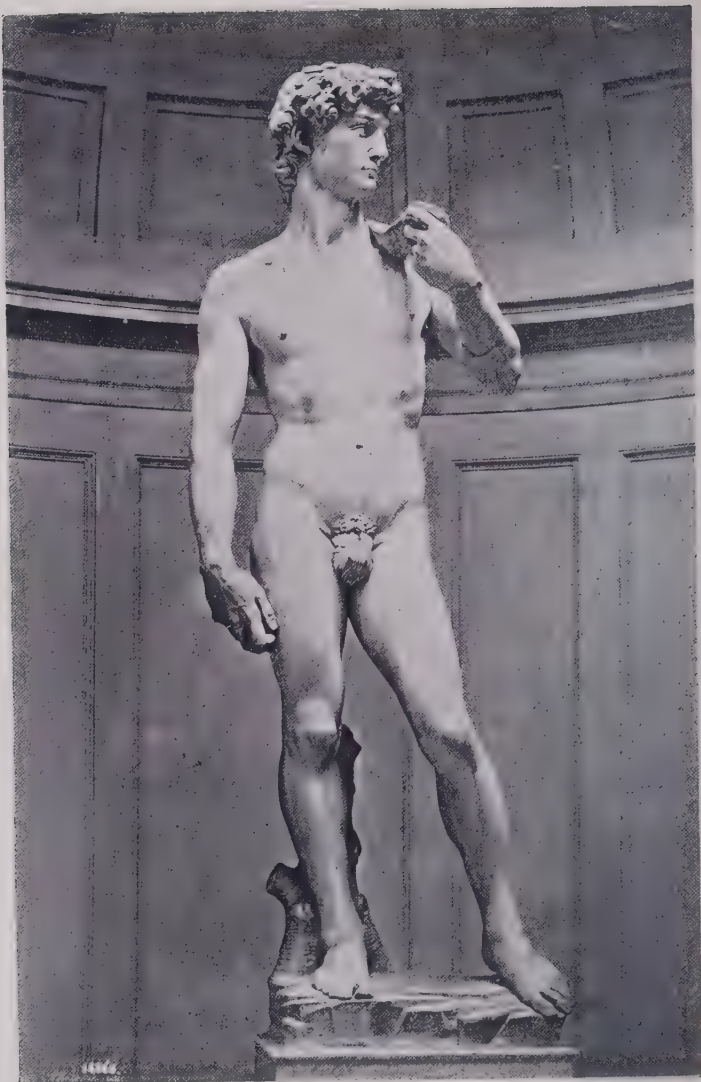
There had been long lying idle in Florence an immense block of marble. One hundred years before, a sculptor had tried to carve something from it, but had failed. This was now given to Michael Angelo. He was to be paid twelve dollars a month, and to be allowed two years in which to carve a statue.

He made his design in wax; and then built a tower around the block, so that he might work inside without being seen. Then, inspired by the great idea, he attacked the marble furiously with his chisel, making the chips fly very fast. He seemed to see the imprisoned statue in the rough block, and he *must* bring it out! What skill of the sculptor to change a rough stone into an object of beauty!



DONATELLO  
STATUE OF ST. GEORGE





MICHAEL ANGELO  
"DAVID." IN THE ACADEMY, FLORENCE



## ITALIAN ART

Presently there appeared a great white "David"—eighteen feet high:—and so heavy that it took forty men four days to roll it from the workshop to a central square of the city. There it stood until the year 1874, when, on account of wind and weather, it was placed in the "Academy," where we may see it to-day.

The youthful David stands erect—his face full of purpose; for Michael Angelo had chosen the moment when he is about to strike Goliath.

The Florentines were very fond of this statue. Its appearance was such an event that they used to reckon time from the date of its removal to the square.

About this time Julius II., the warrior and art-loving Pope, wished to raise to himself the most magnificent tomb in Europe; and as Michael Angelo was now the greatest sculptor in the world, he was summoned from Florence to Rome to build the tomb.

It was to be three stories high and to be adorned with forty statues. It was to stand in old St. Peter's church, if that was large enough to hold it; if not, a larger church should be built.

Michael Angelo was delighted with the grand idea. He went to the marble quarry at Carrara, and spent eight months in selecting suitable blocks. When they were brought to Rome, they nearly filled the square or "piazza" in front of St. Peter's church. You see in the picture what a large square it is.

The Vatican, the Pope's palace, is just at the side, and the Pope was so eager to watch the work that he had a covered passage made from the Vatican to the sculptor's workshop, on the "piazza." Then he

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

might go and come without being observed, and Michael Angelo was always to be admitted to the Papal palace.

All went well for a time; but unfortunately there were in those days great jealousies among artists.

Enemies stirred up the Pope against Michael Angelo, telling him that it was an evil omen to build his tomb in his life-time. Then the doors of the Vatican were closed against the sculptor. He could not get money to pay for the marble, and in great indignation he left Rome. It was not until the Pope had sent several couriers after him that he was willing to return.

And what was the end of it all? Forty years of toil and trouble, and instead of the great monument, a group placed in a church too small to show it well. The central figure is of colossal size and represents Moses, just as he has come down from the mount.

You see his fiery expression as he is evidently gazing at the "Golden Calf," which the children of Israel had made to worship. His right hand rests upon two tables of stone which he had brought down with him; with his left, he presses his long flowing beard as if he would hold himself back from springing forward in indignation. It is thought that the horns protruding from the top of his head should have been rays typical of light and power.<sup>1</sup>

The figure of Moses is not beautiful but masterful, and in it we may perhaps trace the restless, dissatisfied spirit of Michael Angelo himself, impatient at his disappointment.

<sup>1</sup> See Vulgate for source of Michael Angelo's error.

## ITALIAN ART

The best artists in Italy had been called upon by the Popes to decorate different parts of the Vatican, and now Julius II. insisted that Michael Angelo should paint the ceiling of his Sistine Chapel.

Michael Angelo objected, saying, "I am not a painter, but a sculptor."

"A man such as thou," replied the Pope, "is everything that he wishes to be."

"But this is an affair of Raphael, the painter," replied Michael Angelo, "give him this room to paint, and give me a mountain to carve."

But the Pope was firm, and the sculptor was obliged to put aside his chisel and to take his brush. The roof of the chapel was vaulted; and the Pope told him that he might fill the spaces with saints, being paid so much for each one.

Michael Angelo was too good an artist to be willing to do this, and so finally the Pope allowed him to arrange his subjects as he chose.

He made for himself a card-board helmet, into which he could insert a candle, in order to work by night as well as by day. Much of the painting had to be done lying flat upon his back on a staging that he had designed. He was forced to look up so constantly that, after the ceiling was done, he could never look down easily.

Michael Angelo loved to read his Bible, and from it he drew his inspiration for his colossal paintings.

He divided the centre of the ceiling into sections, and upon each one he painted a Bible story.

These scenes are surrounded by masterful sibyls and prophets, with most inspired countenances.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

There are, in all, over three hundred figures, most of them larger than life. That of Adam is one of the finest.

The whole painting shows force and sublimity, and a remarkable knowledge of the human form.

It is curious that while Michael Angelo loved sculpture best, many agree that these paintings are his finest works, showing perhaps more than his sculptures his wonderful power and personality.

Julius II. did not think that the dresses were rich enough, and wished some of the pictures retouched and gilded. "It looks so poor," he said. "They are only poor people," replied Michael Angelo, "they did not wear gold on their garments."

The next Pope was a Medici, and he sent Michael Angelo to Florence to design some grand tombs for his family. Two were made—one for Lorenzo, the grandson of his kind patron; the other for Giuliano, and beneath both were placed allegorical figures.

The one of Lorenzo is not a likeness, but, instead, the most imaginative thing that Michael Angelo ever made. It is called "Il Penseroso," or "the thoughtful one."

When many years later, Paul III. came to the Papal throne he said: "I have desired for ten years to be Pope that I might make Michael Angelo work for *me* alone, and now I will not be disappointed."

So Michael Angelo was again summoned to Rome, and once more set to work by the Papal power that had seemed almost to govern his life-work.

This time he painted "The Last Judgment." You

## ITALIAN ART

see it at the end of the Sistine Chapel, back of the high altar. It is a huge picture, and in it are hundreds of figures; that of Christ, the Judge, is very powerful. Originally the colouring was rich. Now the plaster is cracked, and the picture is covered with the dust and incense-smoke of centuries.

Probably to-day you will admire far more a bright, beautiful nineteenth century fresco by Abbey, Sargent, or Chavannes.

Michael Angelo had one strong rival—the great painter Raphael. Yet the two unconsciously helped each other. Raphael must have caught strength from seeing Michael Angelo's work; while Michael Angelo may perhaps have gained a bit of sweetness or gentleness from Raphael's holy pictures.

Michael Angelo had a proud, imperious spirit, and he hated party strife. Misfortunes came to his beloved city Florence. He tried to help it to regain its freedom, but he failed; so he left it, spending his last years in Rome.

His old age here was perhaps the quietest and happiest part of his life. He was never married; for he said that his art was his wife, and his works, his children.

One very beautiful friendship came to the solitary man—that for the gracious and gifted Vittoria Colonna. For years, the two knew each other intimately. They talked together on many interesting subjects, and wrote sonnets to each other; and while Vittoria Colonna lived, her influence seemed to illumine Michael Angelo's whole life, and he was distressed at her death.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

He grew rich but he always lived simply, giving yearly large sums of money to support his father and family. "Rich as I am," he said, "I have always lived like a poor man."

His old age in Rome was devoted to architecture. The church of St. Peter had fallen into decay, and was being rebuilt. As it was the Pope's own church, money was sent from all the Catholic countries; the best materials were used, and the most gifted artists employed.

Michael Angelo was appointed its architect. He accepted the commission, but would receive no pay, saying that he was doing all for the glory of God. His design, however, was not carried out, except in the splendid gilded dome. He had always loved to gaze at Brunelleschi's dome in Florence, and he followed its proportions. "I will make her sister dome larger but not more beautiful," he said. It is in reality higher, but not so large around.

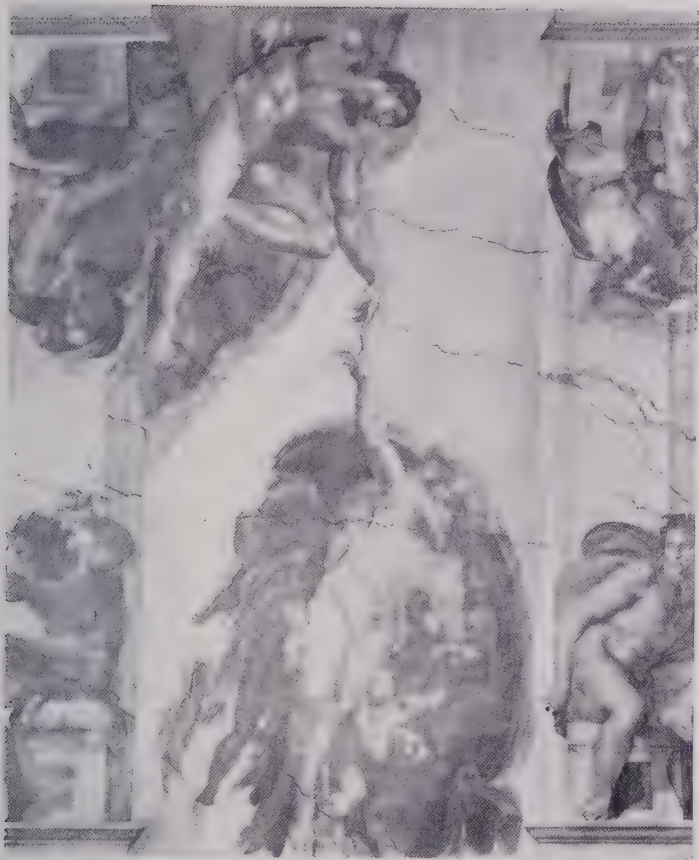
As the great dome rose into the sky, Michael Angelo felt strongly that architecture *did* more for the glory of God than either sculpture or painting. Once on looking up, he exclaimed: "I have hung the Pantheon in the air!"

We may not pause now to enter the wonderful church of St. Peter's, the largest in all Christendom.

It may, however, give you some idea of its size, if you glance in the picture at the little ball on top. In it, sixteen people can stand together. It is interesting to know that the dome of our Capitol at Washington is modelled after that of St. Peter's.

Michael Angelo was eighty-nine years old when





MICHELANGELO

"CREATION OF ADAM," FROM THE FRESCO IN THE SISTINE  
CHAPEL OF THE VATICAN





ST. PETER'S.

## ITALIAN ART

he died in Rome, in 1564. His body was carried from the city by torch-light, and back to his loved Florence. Splendid services were held there in honour of the grand old man.

He was buried in the church of Santa Croce, or "Holy Cross." On his tomb are three female figures, representing architecture, sculpture, and painting. In all three, Michael Angelo had a noble part, in making the sixteenth century the "Golden Age" of Italian art.

"Michael Angelo!

A lion all men fear and none can tame;  
A man that all men honour, and the model  
That all should follow; one who works and prays,  
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life  
To the sublime ideal of his art,  
Till life and art are one; a man who holds  
Such place in all men's thoughts that when they speak  
Of great things done, or to be done, his name  
is ever on their lips."

—LONGFELLOW.

### CELLINI, BOLOGNA, AND BERNINI

A GREAT company of sculptors followed Michael Angelo—but a genius is rare—and those that come after must suffer in comparison. So it was that sculpture now began to decline.

Greek statues were being dug out from among the ruins of old Rome; and these were thought so beautiful that artists began again to use mythological subjects for their works.

It is difficult to choose from the many sculptors

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two or three that will best show the spirit of the age—but Cellini, Bologna, and Bernini have been selected.

Cellini was very fond of Michael Angelo; and the latter, in his old age, tried to give his young friend good advice, and Cellini needed it. He had a fiery temper, and from the time when as a little boy he ran away from home, his life was full of rash adventure.

Cellini was most skilful in making richly-chased vases and sword-handles and armour in repoussé work and gold, silver and bronze statuettes, and no other could set jewels with such grace.

His finest work is his "Perseus," in the Loggia dei Lanzi, in Florence.

Florence, like Venice, has a sunny storied "piazza," on one side of which stands this Loggia dei Lanzi. It is so called because the Lancers used to drill there.

Now it is filled with statues. Duke Cosmo de' Medici begged Cellini to make a statue to adorn it.

Cellini consented, and a comfortable home and good salary were given him while the work was in progress. It took him nine years; and just when all was ready for the casting, the sculptor was taken very ill.

He believed that he would die; and was greatly distressed to feel that his work must go on without him.

One night someone ran suddenly into his room, exclaiming, "Oh, Benvenuto, your work is ruined!"

Cellini rose from his bed, hurriedly threw some-

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thing over him, and ran to the furnace. He found that the fire had gone out, and that the bronze had become cool, and so could not flow into the mould. With great effort he remade the fire, and presently the bronze melted and flowed, and his work was saved.

Falling on his knees, he thanked God, and then going home, he ate a hearty meal, and went to bed and slept until morning as sweetly as if he had never been ill.

This group of "Perseus" with the head of Medusa stands in front, on the left side of the Loggia.

See how defiantly Perseus holds up the gorgon head of Medusa, with its snaky locks! There is great life and action in the group. Perseus dares not even glance at Medusa; for anyone that looked upon her was turned to stone. When he cut off her head, he succeeded in doing it, only by gazing into the mirror where he could see her reflection.

Now he will place the head in his magic wallet, and give it to Minerva to wear in the centre of her breastplate. The statuettes introduced at the base of the statue are exquisite in detail.

Bologna's one desire was to be like Michael Angelo; and it is thought that he succeeded in this better than any other sculptor of the age.

He was a man of gentle manners, and much loved by his friends.

Two of his groups are also in the Loggia; but his master-piece is "The Flying Mercury," in the Bargello Museum, in Florence.

The most admired "Mercuries" of the world

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seem to be the old Greek one by Paeonius, and that of Bologna.

They are very different as you will see, if you compare the two prints.

Mercury was the messenger of the gods, and swifter than the wind. Bologna represents him as balancing himself on a bronze zephyr, preparing to take his flight to Mt. Olympus. He has wings on his cap and on his sandals. He carries a magical wand called a caduceus. This has marvellous power, for if thrown between combatants, it always stops their fighting.

Once Mercury saw two serpents quarrelling. He threw his caduceus between them, and they at once ceased and twined lovingly about it; and Mercury has always held them there to show what his caduceus could do.

Bernini, the last of the trio, lived in the seventeenth century, and his home was usually in Rome where he worked under several of the Popes. He was greatly honoured wherever he went, and his style of work is called "Berninesque."

Very many of his best works are in Rome; and one has no difficulty in recognising them, for they are very dramatic. He always chose for his subject something that called for a striking attitude.

In fact, it had become the fashion in the seventeenth century to choose sensational and exaggerated subjects in art. Everything was sacrificed to effect.

Bernini used too much flying drapery; indeed the drapery often gives expression to a whole group.

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Do you see in the picture the figures on the colonnade in front of St. Peter's church? There are one hundred and sixty-two of them, and Bernini designed them all.

He made the showy fountain of Trevi, and the legend that goes with it is—that if before leaving Rome, one drinks at this fountain and then throws in a coin, he will sometime return to this wonderful city.

Perhaps Bernini's finest work is his "Apollo and Daphne," made when he was but eighteen years old. You must know the legend to understand the group. It runs as follows:

One day Apollo found Cupid playing with his arrows and reproved him. Whereupon the mischievous little fellow drew two of his tiny shafts from their quiver, and shot the golden one into the heart of Apollo, and the leaden one into the heart of a beautiful wood-nymph Daphne. Now Cupid's golden shafts always inspired love, while his leaden ones inspired hate. So Apollo loved Daphne, but Daphne hated Apollo. Daphne escaped from Apollo, and he pursued her; but as she could not run very fast, she called upon her father, the river-god, to save her. He heard her cry, and responded by at once turning her into a beautiful laurel-tree.

Bernini represents the moment when Apollo has caught up with Daphne, just as she is being transformed. He was grieved to lose her, but he said, "This tree shall be sacred to poets and musicians and artists. I shall wear a wreath of laurel, and all

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who follow the arts shall be crowned with a laurel wreath."

The "Perseus" of Cellini, the "Mercury" of Bologna, and the "Apollo and Daphne" of Bernini express, in turn, powerful action, beauty, and dramatic grace.

How different they are from the sculptures of Michael Angelo! He perhaps never thought of beauty and grace, but instead his works always showed great power and solemn dignity.

We have lingered long in Florence and in Rome—to-day the two cities of Italy in which art is most honoured.

Think how many works you can recall—in Florence, "The Home of the Renaissance," and in Rome, "The Eternal City."

"The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."

—LONGFELLOW.

### CANOVA

ABOUT the middle of the eighteenth century, there lived in Possagno, not far from Venice, in northern Italy, an old stone-cutter called Pasino Canova. He had with him a little orphan grandson named Tonin. The grandfather determined that, like himself, the boy should be a stone-cutter, and so taught him to use the chisel when very young. Tonin liked this, and besides when he was not very busy with his



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books, he was allowed to mould small figures with bits of bread and clay. The grandfather was very proud of his industrious young grandson, and made him his constant companion, taking him everywhere with him.

At that time Signor Faliero was one of the principal men in Possagno, and he greatly honoured the old stone-cutter, often giving him work to do. Sometimes he even entertained him at his villa.

Once when the old man and his little grandson were there, a festival took place, and this the boy remembered all his life.

At the very last moment, it was discovered that the ornament for the dessert had been forgotten. The servants were distressed, for they did not know what to do.

Little Tonin, however, was equal to the emergency. He called for some butter and with it he moulded a lion. This was placed upon the dessert, and when it was carried to the table, the guests were charmed; and Tonin, who was now only twelve years old, was summoned to the dining-hall and greatly praised. Then Signor Faliero knew that Tonin would be a sculptor.

He gave him a teacher, and later took him into his own family, and then Tonin worked very hard. He made small figures in clay for his friends, and two angels which his delighted grandfather chiselled in stone. Later, he was sent to Venice, and soon he did as good work as his teachers there.

Venice, in the sixteenth century, had a famous architect and sculptor named Sansovino. He had

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decorated Venice as Bernini had decorated Rome; but his style was purer and nobler than Bernini's.

But after Sansovino's time, Venice had no famous sculptor, so naturally Canova's work was greatly admired. He carved several statues, and finally was paid for one of them such a large sum of money that he exclaimed joyfully, "At last, I shall go to Rome!"

He took with him letters of introduction, and was received in Rome with the greatest kindness.

And how wonderful the city seemed to him! He studied early and late the works of Michael Angelo, and also old Greek statues recently excavated. Often, almost at daybreak, he would be found before one of these, sketch-book in hand.

Through such study, he did much to bring Italian sculpture back from its overstrained and theatrical attitudes to the beauty and repose of the old Greek forms.

Canova wished to undertake some great thing to show the Romans what he could do. So the marble was given him, and a workshop, too, in which to chisel it.

He took for his subject the mythological hero Theseus, who killed the Minotaur. This Minotaur was a terrible legendary animal that had ravaged Greece, and had eaten up quantities of children.

Canova chose the moment when Theseus, having slain the monster, seats himself upon the body.

When the colossal group was uncovered such praise and delight were expressed that Canova's fame

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was firmly established and all his later works were considered master-pieces.

He was most successful in carving monuments. Among them is one on the tomb of Pope Clement XIII., in St. Peter's church, in Rome. This is adorned with a remarkable sleeping lion.

Then, in Vienna, there is a monument to Queen Marie Christina, in which the marble figures going up the steps are so true to life that it seems as if they were really moving.

Canova made a beautiful statue of Hebe, the goddess of youth, and cup-bearer to the gods.

He represents her just as she is pouring out nectar for a feast on Mt. Olympus.

He made among other portrait-busts one of Napoleon Bonaparte, and also a statue of our own George Washington. This was brought to America, and placed in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol, in Columbia, South Carolina. It is honoured as being one of the first famous statues ever sent from Europe to America.

Napoleon Bonaparte had conquered many cities in Italy, and had carried from them a large number of beautiful works of art to Paris; but when he lost everything, all these stolen treasures must be returned.

Canova was asked to arrange the matter with France. His mission was difficult; but he accomplished it with great dignity. And when all was done, the Romans conferred upon him the title, "Marquis of Ischia."

He now wished to make in Rome a colossal statue

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of "Religion," in honour of a Papal triumph; but he was not assisted in carrying out his idea, and so was keenly disappointed.

Failing in this, he decided to do something for his birthplace, Possagno. He would build and adorn a church there, and later be buried in its crypt. So he made a great fête in Possagno, gathered the workmen, broke the ground for the church, and presented gifts to all who had come. Then when the cornerstone was laid, there was a magnificent ceremony of dedication.

Canova led the procession as "The Knight of Christ."

The people of Possagno could not help recalling their little peasant Tonin, as they looked with pride on their great sculptor, Canova.

Canova died in the year 1822. Although he is buried in Possagno, there is a splendid monument to his memory in the church of the Frari, in Venice.

He was a just and generous man, and his life was always quiet and simple. He never married, but one romance of his life is often recalled. He admired a lovely girl whom he met daily on her way to study in an art-gallery. Finally she came no more. Canova met her attendant, and asked for her mistress.

The reply was, "La Signora Julia is dead!" He asked no more—he knew nothing of her history—but she always remained his ideal.

Canova entered very fully into the spirit of old Greek art, and is noted for the beauty and simplicity of his statues. He is called "The Prince of Modern Italian Sculptors."

## ITALIAN PAINTING

### THE CHRIST-CHILD IN ART

“Dost thou love pictures?”

—SHAKESPEARE.

THE history of Italian painting is centred in the figures of the Christ-Child and his Mother, the Virgin Mary.

In art, they are usually represented together. Such a picture is called a “Madonna and Child.” The word “Madonna” was used long ago in Italy in addressing a lady, for “ma donne” means “my lady”; but now “Madonna” usually refers to the Holy Mother.

Sometimes she holds the Babe, and again she kneels before Him in adoration. In such pictures, we find revealed the holiest of all human affection—pure and sacred mother love. Very often the scene is laid in a stable, with horses and oxen, and poor and rude surroundings.

At other times the Mother holds the Child before the adoring shepherds. They have heard the “good tidings of great joy,” and are bringing their offerings of fruit and lambs and doves. And then, as if to give the picture a touch of heavenly radiance, a glory of angels appears; and most lovely are the angels that sing “Glory to God in the Highest!”

In some of the pictures, the “Wise Men” have

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come from afar. They have followed the star in the East, till it "stood over the place where the young Child lay." They bring rich gifts—gold and frankincense and myrrh. Their robes are gorgeous, in marvellous contrast to the lowly surroundings of the Babe in the manger, whom they have come to worship.

Very frequently in these pictures a second child appears. This is St. John—the little dark-skinned Baptist—a most picturesque figure. He is girt about with a coat of skin, and he carries a cross of reeds. A lamb is often introduced as a playmate for the children. They are all charming together.

So there are pictures and pictures of the Madonna and Babe, of the adoration of the shepherds, of the worship of the Magi, and of many scenes associated with the life of the Christ-Child.

When he is twelve years of age, he is pictured in the Temple with the Doctors, "both hearing them and asking them questions."

Then the scenes of childhood are ended; for now he must be about His "Father's business."

"A mother is a mother still,  
The holiest thing alive."

—COLERIDGE

"It was the winter wild,  
When the Heaven-born child,  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies."

—MILTON.

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### CIMABUE AND GIOTTO

THE earliest picture of the Madonna and Child were of Byzantine type. The figures and draperies were very stiff; the faces had little expression, but the colouring was brilliant.

In the thirteenth century, however, there appeared in Italy a noble artist named Cimabue.

His paintings of the Madonna and Child were more true to nature than any that had gone before, and because of this, he has ever since been called "The Father of Italian Painting."

Cimabue first studied the stiff Byzantine forms; then he studied nature; and then he painted his picture. The figures in it are not graceful, but they are much more life-like than the Byzantine ones. The faces have more expression, the draperies are more natural, and the colours are softer. Let us examine our print; for the picture itself is so faded that we doubt, if you will ever pause before it, when you visit the church in Florence where it hangs.

The Mother in a red gown and blue mantle is seated on a chair-like throne which is supported by six adoring angels. She holds the Infant Christ upon her knees. His tiny fingers are raised in the act of blessing. The background is gilt, and the throne is hung with drapery, flowered with blue and gold. Surrounding each head is a nimbus, or band of light. This nimbus was used by the old painters as a symbol of holiness.

While Cimabue was painting the altar-piece, he would allow no one to visit his studio, until one day



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a royal guest appeared in Florence. This was the Duke of Anjou, the brother of the French king.

The nobles took the Duke everywhere, and among other places to Cimabue's studio, and to him the artist uncovered his picture. The Duke was so delighted that soon everyone heard of the wonderful altar-piece, and all Florence flocked to see it.

We like to read of the honour given to it when it was finished—how the citizens formed a procession, and how amid singing and dancing and blowing of trumpets and showers of garlands—it was borne in triumph from Cimabue's studio to the church where it may now be seen.

In memory of this procession, that part of Florence has ever since been called "The Joyful Quarter," and the road, "The Street of Rejoicing."

Another thing for which we greatly admire Cimabue is his interest in the little peasant Giotto.

The story goes that one day as the great painter was walking in the fields, he was attracted by a brown and homely lad. The child was watching his sheep, and at the same time, with a bit of slate for a pencil, he was drawing a picture of one of them upon a stone.

Cimabue looked at his rough work, and saw in it the touch of genius. He was so interested that he bade Giotto leave his sheep, and go with him to Florence where he would teach him to paint.

The father consented, so Cimabue took the boy home, and became his teacher, instructing him so well that, in time, he became even a greater painter than his master.

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When Giotto grew up, he wandered all over Italy. He lived always a sturdy, honest, and merry life; but, peasant as he was, he painted everywhere as if he were inspired.

He loved the great Italian poet Dante. Once when he was painting on a wall in Florence a picture of Paradise, he introduced Dante into the picture! Later on, the poet was banished from the city, and the Florentines, in scorn, whitewashed over the wall. So the head was hidden for centuries, but in the year 1841, the whitewash was scraped off.

To-day, on the wall of the old Podesta, may be seen Giotto's fresco of Dante's beautiful head—imperfect indeed—but very precious to the fickle Florentines.

Giotto loved the story of the Christ-Child, and was often seen lingering before Cimabue's Madonna; finally he painted one himself which is more true to nature than Cimabue's.

Giotto was especially interested in the story of the holy St. Francis, of Assisi. And if we would understand Giotto's pictures, we too must read it. St. Francis was the son of wealthy parents; he was reared in luxury and loved fine clothes and pleasure. In a battle fought between two Italian cities he was taken prisoner. While in confinement, he was very ill, and thought much about his useless life.

One day, after his return to health and freedom, he met a beggar who so moved him to pity that he gave him his magnificent robe, and clothed himself in the beggar's rags.

That night Christ appeared to him in a vision, and

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asked him to become His follower, and Francis gave up everything for His service.

He lived in a cell—barefooted—his coarse brown robe girded with a hempen cord; and in this cord were always tied three knots—symbolic of his three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

His life was full of love and good deeds, shown to every living creature.

He founded the Franciscan Order of monks, and became so famous, that after his death, a church was built in Assisi as his shrine; and contributions were sent to it from all parts of Europe.

Over the walls of this church, Giotto has frescoed many stories of the good deeds of the holy Saint. We realise that very little could have been known in the Italy of Giotto's day concerning the rules of painting, when we see his impossible rocks and trees and wooden-looking figures. But his holy stories are told simply and lovingly and reverently. And through his influence, painting soon became much more life-like.

Everybody liked Giotto, for he was as good-hearted and witty as he was ugly. The Florentines called him their great and dear master, and his School, or followers, became renowned.

Among the amusing stories told of him is the following: One summer day when he was busily painting, the King of Naples visited his studio. "If I were you," said the King, "I would not work when the weather is so hot." "Neither would I, sire," said Giotto, looking up with a twinkle in his eye, "if I were you!"



ST. FRANCIS BEFORE THE SOLDAN.  
*Giotto.*



SANDRO BOTTICELLI

"VIRGIN, CHILD, AND ST. JOHN." IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

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Perhaps you have heard the expression, "Round as Giotto's 'O.'" This is the story. The Pope wished to select the best Florentine artist to come to Rome and decorate some buildings for him. So he sent his messenger to Florence to bring back to him specimens of art work.

The messenger entered Giotto's shop, and asked for a bit of his painting. With a smile on his face, Giotto took a piece of paper; and with a brushful of red colour drew such a perfect circle that it was a marvel. He handed this to the courtier. "Is this all?" was the surprised question. "It is all and too much," replied Giotto, "send it on with the others." It is said that the Pope was delighted and called Giotto to Rome.

Giotto's life passed both busily and merrily. And as we remember, he was fifty-eight years old when he was called upon to lay down his work and become an architect and sculptor. Then it was that he built and ornamented the graceful bell-tower which Ruskin calls "The Shepherds' Tower." This was the gem among all his works.

To return to Cimabue. We see how by painting the first important Madonna, and by helping Giotto to become a yet greater master, he has sent his influence down through the wonderful centuries of Italian art. Do you not think he was rightly called "The Father of Italian Painting"?

"Cimabue thought  
To laud it over painting's field; and now  
The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed."

—DANTE.



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### THE MADONNA AND CHILD OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

WE may see how life-like painting had become since the time of Cimabue, by comparing his Madonna with one painted by Botticelli, in the fifteenth century.

The beautiful Mother with her transparent veil, and quaint, graceful robes wears a sweet yet sad expression, as if looking far away into the future. The Child seems to have caught from the Mother's face a serious and thoughtful look, and little St. John enters with sympathy into the feelings of both. This face was one that Botticelli greatly loved, and he repeated it with only slight changes many times.

See the graceful nimbus about each head, and the Babe's chubby hand on His Mother's neck.

The whole scene is full of life and light and movement. In the background are trees and flowers, and among them the roses that Botticelli always painted with delight.

Botticelli was devoted to religious subjects; but he was also fond of mythology, and had an intense love for nature. One of the most attractive of all his pictures is called "The Allegory of Spring."

The next picture is supposed to have been painted by Lippi, a pupil of Botticelli, and one of the most famous artists of the fifteenth century.

He was a gentle and pious man, and learned much from his renowned teacher; but the faces which he painted are not so sad and thoughtful as those of Botticelli.

Reverent, charming, graceful, and happy—are



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four words often used to describe his works, and surely they fit the picture before us.

You notice that the picture is round—the shape which Lippi must have learned from his master; for Botticelli was the first to make a round picture of the Madonna and Child.

We glance first at the bit of scenery in the background. The rocks and stiff trees show little perspective; but remember that artists were then just beginning to paint landscapes, and did not know how to arrange them.

Looking more closely, we see a hedge of roses, surrounding the square enclosure. Before us lies the chubby Christ-Child. His Mother kneels before Him in reverent love. Right in front is the piquant little figure of St. John in his lamb-skin coat. He kneels in adoration; but at the same time he glances out of the picture, as if to attract our attention to the Holy Infant.

Child-angels are hovering about. One of them is showering roses upon the Babe, while the others, with folded hands, are adoring Him. They look to us overdressed, but Lippi loved to paint drapery.

We must add to these pictures of the Madonna and Child two of the delightful little boy-angels of the fifteenth century. These were never sweeter than when placed below the Mother and the Infant Jesus, for they seem in such perfect harmony with holy themes.

We have taken these children from "The Madonna Enthroned," one of Bellini's most noted pictures. Bellini was the first great painter in Venice,

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and he was very fond of putting boy-angels into his pictures.

These little fellows are standing on the steps of the throne. The plump one on the right is playing a pipe. The one on the left is more often copied. He has a sweet, serious face and far-away eyes. He is playing on a small guitar.

Both are praising God for the gift of the Christ-Child.

We have reached back across the centuries to study these pictures painted by Cimabue, Giotto, Botticelli, Lippi, and Bellini, and there are many other famous ones on the same subject.

These, however, are enough to reveal to us the Madonna and Child, as pictured by the Italian master of the earlier age.

“O child! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestian benison.  
Here at the portal thou dost stand  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land.”

—LONGFELLOW.

### FRA ANGELICO—THE PAINTER-MONK

WE come now to a painter whom it is easy to remember, for his story is different from any other. We never think of him by his real name Guido, for his life was so saintly that he is always “Il Beato,”



FILIPPINO LIPPI  
“ HOLY FAMILY.” IN THE PITT I GALLERY,



GIOVANNI BELLINI  
ANGEL WITH MANDOLIN

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"the blessed," or "Fra Angelico," "the angelic brother."

He always prayed for inspiration before he began to paint, and believing that God directed his brush, he never altered a stroke that he had once made. Sometimes he painted upon his knees. Truly, "He prayed as he painted, and he painted as he prayed."

His pictures were sought by many. The money paid for them was always given to the convent; for he believed that the truest riches are found in contentment with poverty!

Fra Angelico had a gentle temper. He never wished to rule others, saying that there is less risk in obeying than in commanding.

Once when the Pope asked him to be Archbishop of Florence, he refused in the following words, "I can paint pictures but I cannot rule men!"

He never painted worldly pictures, and rarely scenes of sorrow and suffering. Saints and angels were his favourite subjects.

Surely you will like to know something of his simple and reverent life.

He was born at Vicchio, among the Apennines, in the year 1387. He had a free and happy home, and he loved the trees and flowers and birds.

He was devoted to a brother, who, like himself, led a religious life.

When Fra Angelico was twenty years old, the brothers presented themselves at the convent gate in Fiesole. They asked that they might be admitted and trained to become monks.

Let us enter the convent with them that we may



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learn something about monastic life; for convents were very important places in the olden day, and held not only the rarest gems of painting, but also most of the learning of the Middle Ages.

They were really like small towns. There was a chapter-house, so named because in it the chapters of the law by which the convent was governed were enforced upon the monks. There was a refectory or dining-room, on the wall of which hung a picture of "The Last Supper"; and a scriptorium or writing-room with a rude table, chests of manuscripts, and pots of paint and brushes. Then there were cloisters where the monks walked, and cells where they slept.

There were preacher-monks and teacher-monks, for the convents were the schools of the Middle Ages; there were artist-monks who painted; and farmer-monks who tilled the soil and gathered the rich harvests. It was the rule of convents that every monk must work and every monk must pray.

Each convent was dedicated to a saint. Those in which Fra Angelico lived were dedicated to St. Dominic, the preacher and disciple of faith.

St. Dominic is represented in art with a star above his forehead, a lily in one hand, a book in the other, and a dog by his side. Those who followed his star were called Dominicans.

He instituted the use of the rosary—the beads on which Roman Catholics count their prayers.

When Fra Angelico entered the Dominican convent at Fiesole, and told the monks that he could paint, they received him gladly; for they were al-

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ways pleased to add to their number one who could copy and illuminate manuscripts.

Fra Angelico lived in the age before printing was known; and the missals or mass-books that were used for the church service were all written. And in the same spirit in which cathedrals were ornamented with sculptures and paintings, religious books were exquisitely decorated for the glory of God.

So the artist-monk sat in his straight-backed chair before the table in the dimly-lighted scriptorium, bending over his sheet of parchment. He had black ink and a reed pen, and brushes, and his palette was rich with brilliant colours.

He would sketch a lace-like border about the page. Within this he painted bright flowers, shells, fishes, and tropical birds of beautiful plumage, and sometimes saints and angels. He decorated, also, the initial letter, the rest of the text being written in black ink. Day by day, month by month, and year by year, the busy monk worked patiently on—each page like a bit of beautiful embroidery. At last, the manuscript was finished. You can never imagine its beauty and detail, until you hold in your hands such a manuscript, and turning over its leaves, examine it through a magnifying-glass. If you will believe it, the owner of such an illuminated missal valued it more than the rich man to-day values his costly home.

Fra Angelico loved the life at Fiesole—the views of hill and valley, the sunrise and moonrise, and the blue Italian sky.



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Gradually on looking out upon all these beauties, he seemed to behold visions of angels, and at last he gave up illuminating manuscripts for larger works.

Every painter, you know, sees different things from any other. Fra Angelico saw angels, and his skill in painting them has rarely been equalled.

To him the sky formed just a background for them, for blue and gold were his favourite colours.

He painted his angels in easel pictures, and on the bare walls of the convent. They were musical angels with trumpet or cymbal or drum or harp; or angels gliding along, hand in hand, among bright flowers as we see them in his picture, "The Vision of Paradise."

They had radiant faces, flame-tipped foreheads, halos about their heads, and delicately-tinted wings.

Some of their star-bespangled robes were in ruby red, the colour of passion; and others in green, the colour of spring; or in blue, the colour of heavenly faith and love.

There is a legend that one day Fra Angelico was weary and fell asleep, and while he slept the angels finished his picture. We are familiar with his angels for they are so constantly reproduced as panel-pictures, and on Christmas-cards. The ones that are most familiar to us are taken from the border of a picture in the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, called "The Madonna of the Tabernacle."

After Fra Angelico had lived for eighteen years in Fiesole, the monks were called to the convent of San Marco, in Florence, and in their black and white robes they marched in a long train down the hill from

Fiesole into Florence, and as they went, they chanted psalms.

At about this time, Donatello was the principal sculptor in Florence. Ghiberti was fashioning his "Gates of Paradise," and Brunelleschi was rounding his dome.

San Marco had fallen into ruins, and now was being rebuilt.

Fra Angelico was asked to decorate the white walls and he covered them with frescoes, his most beautiful painting being done in the cells that only the monks could enter.

These cells were narrow, low rooms, lighted by a little arched window, and just large enough for a bed and table and chair and crucifix—but each was irradiated by one of Fra Angelico's pictures!

What an inspiration to each monk as he fasted and prayed alone!

One of the most charming pictures in San Marco is "The Madonna della Stella," or "The Madonna of the Star"; for a single star gleams above the head of the Mother, just as it gleams above the head of St. Dominic.

The Mother's face is sweet and pure. She wears a long blue cloak, and tenderly presses the little Child, whose hand is laid lovingly against her cheek.

Around the frame, as in "The Madonna of the Tabernacle," are adoring angels and below are Dominican saints.

Finally the painter's fame reached Rome, and naturally the art-loving Pope called him there to work in the Vatican.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

So he bade good-bye to the monks of San Marco and started for the Holy City. He journeyed from convent to convent, being most hospitably entertained everywhere.

We may wonder, if he left a picture on the walls of the different convents where he lingered for rest and refreshment. At last he reached Rome, and there passed the closing years of his life.

Here he decorated with frescoes the chapel of Pope Nicholas V.

These frescoes represented the lives of the two martyrs, St. Lawrence and St. Stephen. These are more dramatic than his other works, and many consider them his best.

Fra Angelico died in Rome, in the year 1455. On his tomb, there is sculptured a quaint figure of a Dominican monk.

Before leaving Fra Angelico, let us turn again for a moment to San Marco in Florence. Here, a little later, there lived a preacher-monk named Savonarola. He preached to great crowds, for he had wonderful power over the people, and even bade defiance to princes, if they did not rule in the fear of God. Indeed, his whole life was a crusade against evil.

His cell in San Marco contains his picture painted by Fra Bartolommeo, an artist who gave up his art to join the preacher.

Here are seen, also, his crucifix and girdle, and some of his manuscripts.

We constantly recall Savonarola and Fra Angelico as we wander to-day through the cells and cloisters of the now empty convent.



FRA ANGELICO

MADONNA OF THE STAR, IN THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO, FLORENCE



THE LAST SUPPER.  
*L da Vinci.*



## ITALIAN ART

Which will interest you more—the cell of the great preacher with the relics of his life and work? or the shadowy remains of those pictures, each of which carried its message of love and uplift to the Dominican monk of the olden day?

### THE GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold.  
“Peace on the earth, good-will to men  
From Heaven’s all-gracious King.”  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

. . . . .  
For lo! the days are hastening on  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

—EDMUND H. SEARS.

### LEONARDO DA VINCI

IN a castle not far from Florence, there lived, nearly four hundred and fifty years ago, a wonderful child. His name was Leonardo—Leonardo da Vinci he was called, because he lived in the castle of Vinci.

He was very handsome, having long curls falling below his waist, and he was always dressed in rich

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

robes. He had a remarkable memory, and it was well that he had, for he wished to learn everything. He studied with the greatest ardour history, geography, mathematics, music, architecture and painting; and he mastered every study which he undertook, often puzzling his teachers with questions which they could not answer.

He was so strong that with his hands he could easily bend an iron ring. Dumb animals loved him, and he tamed the wildest horses. He never could bear to see any creature cruelly treated, and sometimes he would buy little caged birds that he might just have the pleasure of opening the doors of their cages, and setting them at liberty.

He was happy and generous, and had such a charming manner, and could do so many things that naturally everybody liked him.

His father had intended that Leonardo should be a notary, until he found that he was fond of art.

So he put him to study with his friend Verrocchio, a celebrated Florentine painter, and with him Leonardo spent several years.

One day Verrocchio was very much hurried in finishing a picture. He called Leonardo, and told him that he might paint in one of the angel-heads. Leonardo went to work, and was delighted when the judge pronounced his angel the most beautiful thing in the picture!

The story goes that Verrocchio was so enraged that his pupil had done better work than himself that he burned his brushes and broke his palette, declaring that he would never paint again.



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After Leonardo left Verrocchio's studio, he lived for a long time in Florence, and every kind of work tempted him there. He wrote verses, he invented a curious musical instrument, he used his paint-brush, he modelled in clay. He designed roads and bridges and canals and fortresses; indeed, he anticipated many of our modern inventions, even to using steam as a motor-power.

He tried as men are trying now in our twentieth century to invent a flying-machine. Then, too, he made funny automatic toys which on being wound up "*would go.*"

It seems hardly possible that he could have thought about so many things. We cannot describe them here, for it is as a painter that we are to study his life. But before leaving the subject, we must add that he had one very serious fault—he *attempted* too *many* things and he *finished* too *few*! He was seldom satisfied with his work; and after making a brave start, would often leave it incomplete.

To-day, the only fragments that remain are a few pictures, some plans and drawings, and his volumes of manuscripts written from left to right.

What a contrast between Leonardo and Fra Angelico, the painter-monk, who attempted but *one thing* and did that *one thing well*!

Leonardo loved to call himself a painter. He was often seen in the streets, sketch-book in hand, watching the people as they passed along.

If he saw a face that attracted him, he would follow until he caught the expression, and perhaps had

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copied it in his sketch-book—then he would go home and paint it.

Sometimes he would invite peasants to his house, and tell them funny stories till they were very merry; then he would take a pencil and draw their pictures.

He was well paid for his work in Florence, and after a time grew rich, and lived in a fine house and had servants and horses.

Thinking that he would like to attach himself to one of the small Italian courts, Leonardo wrote to the Duke of Milan, asking him to receive him. The Duke consented and welcomed him graciously. He was charmed with Leonardo, and soon found him a most valuable addition to his gay court. If the Duke gave an entertainment, Leonardo would sing, and play on the silver lute that he had fashioned in the shape of a horse's skull, and his beautiful music always enchanted the guests.

If the Duke desired a pageant, Leonardo would invent something to add to its interest—perhaps some automatic toys.

One of these toys was a lion that on being wound up would walk into the presence of the guests, open its mouth, and display bunches of flowers within.

In Milan, Leonardo established an Art Academy, and here by order of the Duke, he painted his masterpiece, "The Last Supper." The Duke commanded Leonardo to paint this picture on the wall of the refectory of a Dominican convent, and the master threw himself eagerly into the work.

No scene in the life of Christ has been represented with more feeling and reverence than this.

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Let us pause here and look at the picture. We see the "Upper Room"; at the back is a window through which we may catch a distant view of the Judean hills. At a long table are seated thirteen men, Christ being in the centre. The figures are more than life-size, and the table-cloth and dishes are carefully copied from those in the convent.

Christ's face wears a divine yet tender and sorrowful expression; and though the picture is now so faded that it is but a shadow of its former self, we may still feel the charm and sweetness of this face.

Leonardo thought more about Christ's face than any other part of his picture; but his hand trembled when he tried to paint it—he never was satisfied—and never considered it finished.

On either side of Christ are two groups, each containing three figures.

See the faces—no two alike—and on each is a look, either of grief or surprise or inquiry.

See the violent gestures—how much expression is revealed even in the hands!

All are intent upon one startling thought. What is it?

Christ has just spoken to his disciples the dreadful words, "One of you shall betray Me"; and Leonardo has chosen to represent in his picture the moment when each one exclaims, "Lord, is it I?"

We shall not describe all the disciples, but three or four are easily remembered.

In the group to the left of Christ, as we face the picture, John is clasping his hands in grief at his beloved Master's words; Peter, with his usual im-

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petuosity, is leaning forward and beckoning to John to ask of whom Christ spoke.

In front of the two sits Judas. He is grasping the money-bag.

He looks towards Peter and John as with a convulsive start he tips over the salt. This act, you know, is always symbolic of a quarrel.

See on the other side of Christ the keen face of doubting Thomas! He beckons with his fingers and leans forward behind two other disciples.

Leonardo worked on this picture for about two years. Often he would be so absorbed that he would remain on the scaffold from sunrise to sunset, without even eating or drinking. At other times, he would not work for days; or perhaps he would go quickly into the room, put in a stroke or two, and then hurry away.

His work was very slow; for he was constantly altering and retouching what he had done. Then, too, he waited as everyone must wait, for an inspiration. The prior of the convent tried to hasten him but Leonardo could not be hurried.

One day after the prior had both teased and threatened him, Leonardo said to him, "I can hasten my work very much, if you will consent to sit for the traitor Judas." We can imagine that, if this story is true, the prior did not again worry Leonardo.

To-day, even the little print in your book will show the details better than the great faded picture itself on the wall of the refectory in Milan. Leonardo painted it in oils on wet plaster—but to last it should have been done in fresco.

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Painters have tried to preserve it, by daubing it over; dampness and smoke have injured it; and finally when Napoleon Bonaparte was in Milan, his soldiers used the refectory as a stable; and worst of all, a door was cut right through the lower part of the picture.

After painting "The Last Supper," Leonardo remained for several years in Milan. When the French captured the city, he travelled all over Italy, and finally he returned again to Florence.

Among other pictures that he painted there is a woman's face that will always be remembered. This was Mona Lisa, or my Lady Lisa, the wife of a Florentine gentleman.

Leonardo spent four years on this picture—twice the time given to his "Last Supper." It must, indeed, be a famous portrait, over which a painter will work four years.

Mona Lisa is seated in a marble chair; her drapery of gold and blue is arranged in graceful folds. The face is wonderful. See how her eyes follow us! The hair is very natural, for Leonardo was noted for painting hair. The hands are beautiful and the skin very life-like. While Mona Lisa sat for her portrait, it was arranged that flowers should be strewn about; that pet animals should be near for her to caress; that she should listen to music; or that buffoons should make her merry.

Faded as is the portrait now, the face is yet considered to be one of great loveliness. But why does it wear such a curious smile?

Do you like it?

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Leonardo painted other pictures and moulded some statues.

At last, Michael Angelo was called to Florence, and the two painters were together to make some cartoons for the town-hall there. When these were exhibited, Michael Angelo's were said to be finer than Leonardo's. Leonardo could not bear this.

Can you wonder when you think of his past renown? How could he easily give place to the greater glories of Michael Angelo and Raphael! Then, too, he heard the whisper, "Leonardo is growing old," and he had been the one great painter of Italy.

Francis I., King of France, was very fond of Italian art, and he wished to carry "The Last Supper" to France; but as he could not do that, he invited its painter to come there and live. Perhaps he thought that he would do some great thing for him.

Leonardo accepted the invitation, and bade farewell to sunny Italy. He had never been willing to sell "Mona Lisa," and he took it with him to France. Francis I. gave him nine thousand dollars for it—a great sum to be paid in those days for a portrait. Then "Mona Lisa" was placed in the Louvre gallery, in Paris, where we see it to-day. Francis I. gave him a beautiful chateau, and called Leonardo both teacher and father; and the courtiers imitated his dress and cut their beards after his fashion.

Leonardo lived but three years in France. He died in the year 1519, and the old chronicle says, "Sore wept King Francis when he heard that Leonardo was dead."

Almost under the shadow of the Milan Cathedral



MONNA LISA.  
*L. da Vinci.*





ST. CECILIA.  
*Raphael*

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is a marble monument raised in his memory. The master, in thoughtful attitude, stands upon a high pedestal. Before him are statues of his pupils, and bas-reliefs of some of his principal works.

It is beautiful thus to honour him in Milan; for here it was that he lived so many years—the most brilliant man of his day—and here in the convent is his shadowy masterpiece, “The Last Supper.”

### LEONARDO'S “LAST SUPPER.”

“Therefore I wait, within my earnest thought  
For years, upon this picture I have wrought;  
Yet still it is not ripe; I dare not paint  
Till all is ordered and matured within.  
Hand-work and head-work have an earthly taint,  
But when the soul commands I shall begin.”

—STORY.

“Nothing that my pencil ever touches  
Is wholly done. There's one evasive grace  
Always beyond, which still I fail to reach.”

—MRS. PRESTON.

### RAPHAEL

FROM century to century, Italian art grew more beautiful and natural, until in the sixteenth century it reached its highest glory.

Great painters with their pupils always gathered in Florence, and from the time of Cimabue and Giotto, all had combined to make it “The City Beautiful.”

Rome, too, was a centre of another and a still greater art world; for its ancient buildings remained,

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and vases and statues were being excavated which adorned the houses of the wealthy, and added to valuable collections of ancient Greek sculptures. Besides, there was always a Pope in Rome, who summoned the best artists to do their finest work in the Vatican.

Michael Angelo and Raphael were the leading artists in both Florence and Rome, in the brilliant sixteenth century. We have placed Michael Angelo among our sculptors, but we remember that he was famous also as architect and painter.

Raphael was an architect and sculptor, too; but it is as a painter that he is the first love, not only of many Italians, but of art-lovers all the world over.

His life is before us now.

Raphael was born on Good Friday, in the year 1483, at Urbino, a little town nestling among the mountains of central Italy. The baby was so sweet and gentle that he was named for the archangel Raphael, the guardian angel of the young. We visit to-day, in Urbino, Raphael's early home, and some sketches are shown there which he is supposed to have drawn when he was a child. From what is known, Raphael must have had a lovely mother, and his father was a painter of holy pictures. They both died, however, when he was very young. When he was seventeen or eighteen years old, he was apprenticed to a painter called Perugino, because he lived in Perugia.

When Raphael was brought to Perugino, he looked at his work and said, "Let him be my pupil, he will soon become my master." And Raphael, in

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the tender feeling which he displayed in his painting became so like Perugino, that, after a time it was difficult to tell their pictures apart. Like all Italian youths who studied art at that time, Raphael longed to see Florence. And when someone told him of Leonardo's wonderful work there, he could restrain himself no longer. He hurriedly left Perugia and sought the artistic city.

Just recall the things that he must have seen as he wandered for the first time through the town! Imagine, too, his surprise and delight as he gazed upon them all!

Massaccio had, in an earlier century, made wonderful frescoes. Raphael stood before these and learned how to group his figures. From Michael Angelo's muscular forms he studied anatomy. Then there lived in San Marco, a painter monk, Fra Bartolommeo. He had been so inspired by the preaching of Savonarola that he had burned his books and brushes, and for four years had just fasted and prayed in the convent.

Raphael sought him in his cell, and a beautiful friendship was formed between the two. Fra Bartolommeo again took his brush, and taught his young friend Raphael many secrets of modelling and colouring and drapery, and developed his gift for the portrayal of spiritual beauty.

But perhaps the pictures of Leonardo had the strongest influence upon Raphael. He was charmed with "Mona Lisa," and the study of the face had a great influence on his own works.

Raphael was very handsome; he had a kind heart,

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a sunny temper, and a charming manner, and he had the power of attaching to himself many friends. The Florentines who greatly admired him called him "The Youthful Master."

He lived only thirty-seven years; but in his short life he painted two hundred and eighty-seven pictures. Many of these are of the Madonna and Child, for this was the subject that he most loved.

Among his pictures, painted in Florence, perhaps the most familiar is the one called "La Belle Jardinière," or "The Beautiful Flower Girl."

The Mother is seated in a garden looking down tenderly at her child, who is gazing eagerly up into her face. The little St. John whom Raphael was very fond of putting into his pictures is kneeling reverently at the feet of the Mother.

See the varied landscape at the back, with lake, trees, mountains, castles and clouds.

Raphael was but twenty-five years old when Pope Julius II. called him to leave Florence and come to Rome, to do his part in the decoration of the Vatican.

Both Julius II. and his successor, Leo X., were charmed with Raphael, and their portraits that he painted are among the best likenesses in the world.

Raphael ornamented the walls of four Stanze or halls in the Vatican with magnificent frescoes.

These dealt with theology, philosophy, law and poetry; indeed, he pictured here every subject in which the Pope and wise men of his day were interested.

Everywhere we see copies of these great frescoes. Perhaps the most familiar one is "The School

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of Athens." This represents fifty-two wise men, teachers and pupils of ancient Greece. Before us is a great vaulted hall. The two philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, are advancing through a corridor. Plato points upward, for his teaching is of heavenly things; while Aristotle, who teaches about the earth, points downward. The wise men are grouped very naturally, each group having a teacher surrounded by questioning pupils.

The most interesting group is the one to the left of Plato and Aristotle as we face the picture, for it is taught by Socrates, the best-loved teacher in Greece.

See his pupils leaning forward in their eagerness, and beckoning others on to listen to his words of wisdom.

Have you ever read the story of Diogenes? If so, you will understand why we see the old cynic all alone in front upon the steps.

Raphael also painted some holy pictures upon the ceiling of a Loggia, or open gallery, in the Vatican. These were called "Raphael's Bible." He also designed cartoons for some tapestries for the Sistine Chapel, the ceiling of which Michael Angelo had already painted.

Indeed, the Vatican became a perfect museum of his works. He was as greatly admired in Rome as in Florence, and it is said that he was escorted daily by fifty painters from his home to the Vatican.

Think, in comparison, of the lonely life of Michael Angelo, now living in the same city.

Raphael was always busy; and although he was assisted by many pupils, he could not possibly fill the



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orders for pictures that came to him from all over Italy. His "Saint Cecilia," which was carried to Bologna, was painted in Rome. This is the legend. Saint Cecilia was a noble Roman maiden, and devoted herself to a religious life. She sang so sweetly that it is said the angels came to listen. As she could find no instrument fit to express the music of her soul, she invented the organ to be used only in the service of God. She married a rich young noble, and through her influence he was converted; and an angel crowned them both with immortal roses which bloomed only in Paradise.

Raphael has represented St. Cecilia as a graceful girl. Her sweet face is upturned as in a vision she sees the golden light, and is absorbed by the music of the angelic choir. In listening to heavenly strains, she forgets her earthly instrument, and it is slipping from her hand. At her feet are her violin and pipe, her tambourine and castanets—now they, too, are all cast aside. To the left of Saint Cecilia, as we face the picture, stand St. Paul and St. John. St. Paul, lost in thought, leans upon his sword. This is one of Raphael's grandest figures.

This St. John is not the Baptist, but the beloved disciple. Like Saint Cecilia, he is listening to the divine harmony.

Saint Augustine, with his bishop's crook, stands on the other side. Next to him we recognise Mary Magdalene by her pot of ointment. This is always given to her in art, because she anointed the feet of her Lord. Her face is thought to be the same that was painted later in "The Sistine Madonna,"



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the face of the girl to whom Raphael gave a life-long friendship.

We constantly see copies of Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia," or "Madonna of the Chair;" but no copy can show the exquisite colour and finish of this small round picture.

The sweet-faced Mother wears upon her head a gay Roman scarf, while another is draped about her shoulders. The Baby is charming. Raphael painted many baby faces, and this is one of the loveliest of all. How gracefully the Mother folds the Child in her arms, and how closely He clings! See the action even in His chubby little feet! John the Baptist is here, his hands clasped in adoration as he leans intently forward.

A pretty legend of an old hermit always clings to this picture. The hermit had but two friends: the one was Mary, the daughter of a vinedresser who brought him grapes when he was hungry; the other was an old oak-tree that sheltered his hut, and whose rustling leaves made music in his lonely life. One day a terrible storm destroyed the hut, and the hermit was saved only by seeking refuge in his tree. Then Mary came and took him to her home, and the tree was cut down, and its wood made into casks. The old man was always grateful to Mary and the tree, and before he died, he prayed that *both* might be remembered.

The legend goes on to say that Mary married, and one day when she was seated with her two children in her garden, the great painter Raphael passed.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

He saw the lovely group, and taking the top of a cask which was standing near, and which had been made from the old tree, he drew a sketch upon it.

Then he went home and from his sketch painted the "Madonna della Sedia." So the hermit's prayer was answered, in the famous picture which is covered with glass, and guarded as one of the treasures of the Pitti Palace, in Florence.

"The Sistine Madonna" was the last "Holy Family" that Raphael ever painted. People differ about the beauty of his other works, but this everyone admires. It is honoured by having a room all to itself in the famous art gallery in Dresden, in Germany. The voice is hushed and the gaze riveted as one stands before it. The green curtains in the picture are withdrawn, and there is disclosed a vision full of heavenly light. The Mother is not an earthly mother as we have just seen her in the "Madonna della Sedia"—she is now the queen of heaven. She seems to approach us floating upon the clouds out of which peep countless tiny angel-faces. She does not clasp her Boy; He seems rather enthroned within her arms. Her face is pure and dignified; her eyes are looking far off into the future as if thinking of the mission which she is bringing her Son to fulfill.

The face of the Child, also, is serious, as if, like His mother, His thoughts are on His great work.

From the vision in the clouds, we turn to the two saints below.

St. Sixtus, for whom the picture is named, was a bishop who lived in the third century, and who became a martyr to his faith.



THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

RAPHAEL.



THE SISTINE MADONNA.

*Raphael.*

## ITALIAN ART

You see his tiara at his side. What a grand old man he is! As he gazes up reverently, he points to the people as if imploring a blessing upon them.

What a contrast to graceful St. Barbara. We recognise her by the little tower behind her. Why is this always at her side?

She was a wealthy and noble Eastern maiden. Her father was so afraid that someone would be entranced by her beauty and carry her off that he shut her up in a high tower.

Here, through the influence of a saintly man, she became a Christian. She begged that her tower might have three windows that through these her soul might receive light from the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Like St. Cecilia and St. Sixtus, she, too, was martyred for her faith.

The familiar little cherubs complete the picture. It is said that their faces belonged to two children whom Raphael saw one day with their arms on a ledge, gazing into a baker's window, or at this picture as he painted. Would you call their expression wistful or adoring?

Raphael was always noted for his draperies; nowhere do we find them more graceful than in "The Sistine Madonna."

His last picture, now in the Vatican, is "The Transfiguration." It is one of the world's masterpieces, and it is noted for its wonderful face of Christ. Two scenes are represented—a heavenly and an earthly. Above the mountains, in a glorious cloud, hovers the Saviour soaring heavenward. On either side, are Moses and Elijah.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

Christ's face is marvellous, but Raphael never considered it finished. Is it strange that neither Raphael nor Leonardo could paint his ideal of this face?

The three disciples, Peter, James and John, who have gone up into the mountain with Christ are dazed by the glory, and they have prostrated themselves before the vision. The two figures, kneeling at the left, are perhaps St. Julian and St. Lawrence; but more probably the father and uncle of the cardinal who ordered Raphael to paint this picture.

Then, as if to make the strongest contrast which is shown in any of Raphael's paintings, we see below a lunatic boy. He is being brought by his father to the nine disciples who are waiting below. They listen with sympathy to the story, but they cannot help.

Two of them, however, are pointing up to the mountain, for there is the "Great Physician," who alone can heal. The colouring of the upper part of the picture is glowing and harmonious, but in the lower part, the light is broken and shadowy.

While the picture was yet unfinished, Raphael was taken suddenly ill, and he died in the year 1520, on Good Friday, the anniversary of his birth.

"The Transfiguration," with some of his other works, was left to be finished by his pupils.

What a brilliant work he had accomplished in a short life of just thirty-seven years!

All Rome mourned his death; for their "most rare and excellent master had passed away."

A long procession followed his body from his



## ITALIAN ART

studio to the tomb in the Pantheon. At its head was borne, "The Transfiguration," its colours still wet.

To us of the twentieth century, Raphael's works are very lovely. Shall we unite with his devoted admirers of nearly four hundred years ago in naming him "The Prince of Italian Painting"? We may better decide after reading Titian's life.

### THE DRESDEN MADONNA.

"Mary, Mary! pure and holy,  
Onward floating, onward soaring,  
Heaven's effulgence round thee pouring.

Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,  
Radiant with the mystic shining  
Angels languish for divining.

Mary, Mary! pure and holy,  
In thine arms the Lord of Glory,  
In thine heart the wondrous story.

Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,  
Cherubs pausing do adore thee,  
Lost in love and awe before thee.

Mary, Christus! pure and holy,  
Shadowed eyes, O Love pathetic!  
Starry eyes, O Light prophetic!

Mary, Mary! sweet and lowly,  
Throbs the hush with music's swaying  
Human pain and grief allaying!"

—MARY E. STORRS.

DRESDEN, Jan. '72.



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

“Raphael is not dead,  
He doth but sleep, for how  
Can he be dead  
Who lives immortal in the hearts of men?”

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

### CORREGGIO

CORREGGIO, who lived in the sixteenth century, is another famous master in Italian art. His pictures are not serious and spiritual like those of Michael Angelo and Raphael, but they have their own peculiar charm.

He was named for his birthplace in quiet little Reggio, or Correggio. Here he was born in the year 1495. He studied here as a child, and later in an excellent art school that had been established in Mantua.

The lad must have learned how to draw, and in drawing to foreshorten. To foreshorten is to represent in a life-like manner objects that recede slantingly from us. It is thought that Correggio saw some of Leonardo's pictures, and that in them he studied light and shade. The facts of his life are not well known. He must have had a beautiful wife, for her face is in some of his lovely Madonna pictures; and the merry frolicsome children that he was always painting were surely his own boys.

Correggio never worked under any great painter, who loaded him with honours and presents. We never hear of his being in Florence, and an old writer says, “He died young without being able to see Rome.”

Just think of it! How could he have been a

master, and yet never have visited the great art centre of Italy! Indeed, during his life, he was almost unknown except at Parma. He formed his own style, however, and by his genius raised himself to the highest rank. He died in the year 1534.

Correggio was never well paid for his works, but probably that was his own fault; for he was always so timid about their merits that he took whatever was offered him. They sometimes offered curious things in Parma; for example, for one of his finest frescoes he was given a little money, some provisions, two loads of wood, and a fat pig! Once, however, he *did* appreciate himself; for when he saw a picture painted by the great Raphael, he gazed at it, thought of his own works, and then exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I, too, am a painter!"

He loved to picture Madonnas and saints and mythological characters, and especially delightful children. He was noted for a daring foreshortening, and for a delicate blending of light and shade. If you would like a long word that exactly describes such a blending, use "*chiaroscuro*"! Action, sentiment, foreshortening, *chiaroscuro*—these were the four gifts that made Correggio famous. In three buildings, in the quaint old city of Parma, are seen his principal frescoes.

The first are in a room in the convent of San Paula. The abbess of this convent, unlike other nuns, lived a luxurious life. She loved to surround herself with beautiful things, and so she called upon Correggio to fresco her salon. He covered the walls with mythological scenes instead of holy ones.

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Over the mantel is Diana, the huntress, arrayed in graceful drapery. She is just returning from the chase in a car drawn by white stags. The vaulted ceiling is decorated with a trellis-work of vines. In this there are sixteen oval openings or lunettes. Through these, the most gleeful and fascinating little boys are peeping. They are all busy—some frolicking, others caressing one another, and still others plucking the grapes from the vine.

When you see these frescoes you will not wonder that the abbess was delighted. She recommended Correggio to the church of St. John, and for this he painted an ascending Christ with the adoring disciples below. The monks connected with this church were so fond of Correggio, that, while he painted, he lived with them in their monastery, sharing in all their masses and prayers.

His most magnificent frescoës, however, in Parma, were in the dome of the cathedral. We remember how hard it was for Brunelleschi and Michael Angelo to design a dome. It is almost as difficult to paint the interior in a life-like way.

Correggio took for his subject the Assumption or Ascension of the Virgin to heaven. That the figures might appear natural to those standing far below, he used much foreshortening, so that as the Virgin is borne upward by angels, her head is thrown far back, and her knees almost touch her chin.

About her is a confusing number of saints, disciples, and joyous little angels, whirling about in every direction. This fresco has always been considered as a master-piece for its daring foreshortening as well as for its rich colour.

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When the great Venetian Titian saw it, he exclaimed, "Reverse the cupola, and fill it with gold, and even that will not be its money's worth."

Correggio painted many oil or easel pictures that have proved an inspiration to many other artists. One of these is a "Marriage of Saint Catharine," in the Louvre gallery, in Paris. Let us first read the legend of Saint Catharine that we may understand the meaning of the picture. She was an Eastern princess who possessed four gifts—she was rich, noble, wise, and beautiful. She determined to marry only one who was richer than any other; so noble that he would not be indebted to her for being made a king; so beautiful that angels would desire to see him; so benign as to forgive all offences. Then she saw a picture of the Christ-Child and as she gazed into His face, she loved Him. The Child smiled upon her; He placed a ring upon her finger, and they were betrothed.

St. Catharine spent her life in doing good that she might go when she died to her heavenly Bridegroom.

Sometimes she is represented with a book as a symbol of her great wisdom; again with a wheel, the instrument of her martyrdom; or with the Christ-Child, as in Correggio's picture. The sentiment of the story, the sweet faces, and the beautiful hands make the picture most attractive. The noble young St. Sebastian who stands behind St. Catharine seems greatly interested in the betrothal. He usually wears a bright happy look, although pierced by arrows.

The gem among Correggio's pictures is an "Adoration of the Shepherds" called "The Holy

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Night," or "La Notte." It is night—the scene is the manger. The Mother holds the Babe. His body is illumined with a heavenly radiance that shines from it up into the Mother's face. It falls, also, upon the shepherds and shepherdess. The latter with one graceful hand shades her face, while with the other she brings to the Christ-Child her offering—a little basket holding two turtle-doves. For the shepherds have just heard the "glad tidings" and have come bringing their gifts.

The angels are hovering above in a softened radiance.

The cold morning light is just breaking and Joseph in the distance is caring for the ass upon which Mary rode to Bethlehem. As we study our little print, let us try to imagine this glowing picture, touched by its three lights—the transparent loveliness emanating from the Christ-Child, the softer tints of the angelic choir, and the grey morning dawn. "La Notte" with its rare grace and beauty ranks with Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" as one of the gems of the Dresden Gallery.

In speaking of Correggio, one has fitly said, "Out of smiles, sunlight, grace and beauty, he made his pictures."

"There are bridges on the rivers  
As pretty as you please;  
But the bow that bridges heaven,  
And overtops the trees  
And builds a road from earth to sky,  
Is prettier far than these."

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

*Raphael.*





CORREGGIO

"THE HOLY NIGHT." FROM THE PAINTING IN THE ROYAL  
MUSEUM, DRESDEN



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### TITIAN

IN the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, painting in Venice burst into sudden bloom. Venetian pictures were not noted for perfect drawing, charming sentiment, or spiritual beauty; but, instead, for brilliant, glowing tints.

And how the Venetians loved colour! From the early days when their sailors had brought from the East gorgeous stuffs and gems and marbles of every hue, the Venetian painter found in his "Island City" the things which a painter best loved to look upon. He saw the deep, blue sky, the constant play of light and shadow on the water, the gay gondolas, or the merry pageant gliding along. He saw the gilded marbles palaces, the splendid Venetian women, the prince or doge in gorgeous robes. He saw a Madonna or an angel or a St. Mark with his winged lion. He caught the life and spirit of it all, and then he painted a portrait or a story of old Venetian life.

In an earlier chapter, we lingered in Venice long enough to admire St. Mark's church. But to study the pictures we must now visit other churches, the Doge's Palace, and the art gallery called "The Academy." Its spacious rooms are filled with pictures, painted by Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and others of a brilliant group, who to-day recall to us the magnificence of Venice, in the sixteenth century.

Let us ask Titian to tell us his story. His father was an honoured soldier, and counsellor of Cadore, a little town nestling among the Dolomites.

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This is a wild and strange country with stormy blue skies, and picturesque crags and torrents. Here in a castle belonging to his father, Titian was born in the year 1477. He was so fond of the home of his childhood that all through his long life he returned to it on festal days, carrying gifts to his old friends. Besides, he made its grand Alpine scenery the landscape background of many of his pictures.

When a very little boy, Titian showed his love for colour. He often escaped from his teachers and ran away to the fields. Here he gathered bright flowers, and squeezing out their juices, used them for paints.

There are shown to-day on the walls of the castle of Cadore some faded colours that are said to be the remains of little Titian's earliest efforts. Titian did learn to read and write; but his teachers were discouraged in trying to teach him anything else, for the boy would do nothing but paint. Finally, when he was only nine or ten years old, he was sent to Venice—there to study the thing which he best loved to attempt. A little later, we find him in Bellini's school, where he remained for several years.

At this time, Bellini was a famous painter of holy pictures. His colouring was soft and tender. Besides, he was a most delightful teacher, and it was the fashion to send Italian boys to his studio to study art. Titian liked Bellini, and at first followed his manner faithfully. But there was an older pupil in the school, in whom he became greatly interested. This boy, who was called Giorgione, was of peasant origin, but he had such fine manners, such a rare

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talent for music, and was so fascinating that everybody admired him.

Titian was first attracted to Giorgione because he liked the glowing colour of his pictures better than Bellini's quieter tints. He soon found himself copying Giorgione's style rather than Bellini's.

A warm friendship soon sprang up between the lads. After a time Bellini could not keep them to his style of colouring, and a story is told about the veteran master that seems probable.

One day Titian and Giorgione left the studio, spent all their money, and did not return at the appointed hour. When they did come back, the door was closed forever against them. Then they set up for themselves. They made money by painting the outside of houses. But, alas! for the jealousy of artists.

Once when they had frescoed the front of a public building in Venice, Titian's work was declared the better. Giorgione was hurt and insulted, and the friendship was suddenly broken.

Giorgione did not live very long after this. His short, gay life, however, had been long enough to make him famous. Such a golden glow as he gave to his "Concert," and the few other pictures that he has left had never been equalled in Venice.

Titian had learned much from Bellini; but the secret of his colouring had come from Giorgione, and on the death of his old friend, he was left without a rival in Venice. His pictures were more and more brilliant until at last he came to be known as "The Father of Modern Art in Colouring."

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He was fond of mythological subjects, and his little cupids or amorini, as they are called, are very charming.

But as a portrait-painter Titian was magnificent. He painted handsome Venetian women with wonderful flesh tints, wavy auburn hair, brocaded robes, embroidery and pearls. He painted poets, princes, kings and doges, always choosing for his pictures a happy moment in the life of each. His renown spread to different countries; and if Titian's portraits could all be gathered into one gallery, we would find there nearly every famous man of his time.

He was so successful in painting a variety of subjects that some make him, instead of Raphael, the most famous Italian painter.

He visited many cities, and was always most honourably entertained.

At the court of the Duke of Ferrara he painted some of his finest mythological pictures. Here he became acquainted with the famous poet Ariosto. The painter and the poet immortalised each other; for Titian made a life-like portrait of Ariosto; while Ariosto, in turn, introduced Titian into his greatest poem.

Naturally, the Pope invited Titian to Rome; but he did not accept his earlier invitations, and it was not until he was sixty-eight years old that he first saw the Holy City.

He was treated in Rome with the-greatest honour, being lodged in the Vatican.

Titian painted the picture of Pope Paul III. It was so life-like that when it was placed upon the ter-

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race to dry the varnish, the people, thinking that it was the Pope himself, lifted their hats to it.

It is said that Titian, "the gracious and serene," was visited in Rome by Michael Angelo, "the grave and austere." Michael Angelo admired Titian's colouring, and he felt that if he could only draw better, he would be the world's greatest painter.

We remember that the Romans thought everything of correct drawing, and the Venetians, of colouring.

At this time the famous Emperor Charles V. ruled over both Germany and Spain. He saw one of Titian's portraits, and determined that the artist should paint his picture, and Titian did paint it several times. The Emperor was delighted, and Titian sometimes visited him in Germany.

One day when Charles V. was in his studio, the brush slipped from the painter's hand. Not a courtier moved. The Emperor, however, at once stooped and picked it up.

Titian was embarrassed and exclaimed, "Ah, Sire! you confound me!" And the Emperor replied, "How, then, is not Titian worthy to be served by Caesar?" adding as he saw the jealousy of the courtiers, "I know many kings and princes, but I believe that there are not two Titians in the world."

Titian must have sea and sky and sunshine, and after travel, he always loved to return to his Venetian home.

His wife died early, leaving him with three children. One son was a painter and worked with his father. There are several pictures of his daugh-

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ter Lavinia, the darling of his household. In one, she carries a casket of jewels, in another, she is in a yellow-flowered gown, holding over her head a silver salver with fruit.

Titian's home was called "Casa Grande," and it was indeed a "Great House." It had gardens sloping down to the sea. In the distance over the water was the Island of Murano, where glass was wrought in wondrous forms and colours. Yet beyond were the rugged Alpine peaks, amid which nestled little Cadore, his childhood's home. At "Casa Grande," Titian lived and dressed like a prince, and entertained with royal hospitality. Many noted guests visited him. He showed them his pictures. They feasted at a table loaded with delicacies—they enjoyed the beautiful garden, and the views of the lagoon and distant peaks. Once two Spanish cardinals were his guests. While they were admiring the pictures in his studio, he threw his purse to his steward, exclaiming, "Now, prepare a feast, since all the world dines with me."

As Titian lived until he was ninety-nine years old, and as he painted from the time that he was five until the end of his life, a description of his pictures would fill our book. We have, however, selected a few that are most familiar.

One of these is called "Christ and the Tribute Money." It was originally painted for the door of a press in Ferrara, but it is now in the Dresden Gallery.

This depicts the scene where the crafty Pharisee is bringing a penny to Christ to tempt him. There is

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a wonderful contrast in the two figures. Christ is in a red robe and a blue mantle. He is calm, intellectual, and majestic. The Pharisee's face is one of brutal cunning. How striking, too, are the hands! Christ's are gentle and beautiful; while those of the Pharisee are cruel and grasping.

Titian's picture of St. Christopher is also noted. This is on the wall of the Doge's palace in Venice. The Doge for whom it was originally painted was so fond of it that it was placed where he might see it every morning when he first arose. And there is an old saying, "Whoever shall behold St. Christopher in the morning, shall not faint." The legend is very beautiful. It is about a giant named "Offero," which means "bearer," and it runs as follows: Offero was very proud of his great strength, and he vowed that it should be given only in the service of the mightiest of kings. He joined the retinue of a ruler, whose very name was the terror of nations. But he was surprised to see that this ruler trembled whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. So Satan must be yet greater—he would seek and serve him!

Then he wandered until one day he came upon a dark and terrible warrior, and his army called him Satan. So Offero followed him.

And now he found that Satan was frightened whenever they passed a wayside shrine, or whenever the name of Christ was spoken. On inquiry, he learned that Christ was ruler over all. And now Offero sought him far and wide, but he could not find him. Finally one day he reached the hut of



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a pious old hermit, and the hermit told him that only through deeds of pity and helpfulness could he find Christ. Then he led Offero to a deep river with a very swift current. Many pilgrims crossed it, and those who tried to cross were often swept away by the current. The hermit told Offero to live here on the bank of this stream, and for love of the unknown Christ to carry from shore to shore those who were weak; and Offero gave himself to this service and saved many who would otherwise have been drowned.

One dreadful night when the wind blew and the stream was very rough, he heard a child's voice—"Offero, wilt thou carry me over?"

The giant, taking a lantern, went out of his hut, and saw a little child seated on the edge of the swollen stream. He took him upon his shoulders, and advanced into the stream. But the farther they went, the heavier grew the child. Offero's limbs trembled. It seemed as if he would sink, but he bore on courageously and finally reached the other shore.

As he set the Child gently down, he exclaimed, "If I had borne the world, it could not have been heavier."

A bright light irradiated the Child's face as he replied, "Oh, Christopher, I am Christ thy King, the ruler of the world," and he added, "Christopher, I accept thy service;" and the giant Offero, the Bearer, became henceforth Saint Christopher, the Christ-Bearer.

Titian's picture represents the two in mid-stream.

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Offero resembles a huge Venetian gondolier. The child is weighing down the giant, but his little fingers are raised in blessing as he urges him on.

One of Titian's largest and most pleasing pictures is "The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," which introduces to us one of the most charming little girls to be found in all art. Her parents have dedicated her to a religious life, and they have placed her in the Temple on the lowest step leading up to the entrance. The High Priest, in gorgeous robes, stands on the upper step waiting to receive her.

The quaint, winsome little maiden is supposed to be but three years old. She is surrounded by a halo of light, and is attired in a shimmering blue robe, which she gathers up daintily as with perfect confidence she ascends the steps. Her long flaxen hair is braided simply down her back. The windows and balconies are full of spectators; below, too, are all sorts of people, among them stately senators and monks, and an old woman with a basket of eggs. All eyes are upon the Child. It is believed that several of the faces are portraits of noted Venetians who were then living.

In the same gallery in Venice is Titian's "Assumption," or "Ascension of the Virgin to Heaven." This, in its splendid glow of colour, is *the* "Assumption" of the world.

It is told that, after the death of her Son, the Virgin prayed to be taken to heaven. She also asked that, as she should ascend, the Apostles might be about her.

As she prayed, a rushing sound was heard; the air

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was filled with angels; and they bore her upon a cloud swiftly heavenward.

Titian represents her, as a splendid woman, with wavy, golden hair. She gazes upwards, her fair face irradiated with a heavenly light. Over her crimson robe is a blue mantle. We almost see it flutter in her swift ascent, and as she is borne aloft, an angel sent from God floats downward bearing her crown.

The little angels, or amorini, are wheeling about full of life and motion.

The heavenly scene is peaceful and radiant—the one below is dark and turbulent; for here are the longing disciples, in striking attitudes and gestures, gazing wistfully after the figure which is fast receding from them into the clouds.

Titian lived a longer life than any other painter. Sometimes as a very old man he would lay upon his pictures too much bright colour; but at night when he slept, his pupils scraped it off.

He desired to live until he was one hundred years old; but in 1576 the plague visited Venice, and carried off one-fourth of the inhabitants of the city. Titian and his son were attacked by the disease, and they both died. In grief, at the loss of their greatest painter, the people forgot their fear of the plague.

All Venice in a long procession followed his remains to the burial-place in the church of the Frari—the church for which “The Assumption” had been painted.

A noble monument now crowns Titian's tomb here,



TITIAN

**"THE TRIBUTE MONEY."** FROM THE PAINTING IN THE  
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN



THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

*Titian.*

## ITALIAN ART

and it is ornamented with bas-reliefs of his principal works. The inscription reads as follows:

“Here lies the great Titian, rival of Zeuxis and Apelles.”

If we might compare our great painters to beautiful flowers, Raphael, with his spiritual conceptions, might be likened to the pure white lily lifting its chalice to heaven; Correggio, to the fragrant rose, blushing in every charming shade; Titian, to the brilliant sunflower lifting its face to catch the golden rays of the sun.

“You have caught  
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.”

—LONGFELLOW.

“If the Venetian painters knew  
But half as much of drawing as of colour,  
They would indeed work miracles in art,  
And the world see what it hath never seen.”

—LONGFELLOW.

### A GROUP OF VENETIAN PAINTERS

THE Venetian art history that clustered about Titian's life in the sixteenth century is full of interest.

Among the famous painters were Palma Vecchio, noted for his portraits of beautiful women; Tintoretto, for his brilliant colouring; and Paul Veronese, for his banquet scenes.

We always associate Palma Vecchio, or old Palma, with Titian, because Titian admired Violante, one of Palma's three beautiful daughters. He copied her face in his “Flora” and in other pictures.



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

Palma himself painted *Violante* as "*Santa Barbara*." The figure forms the centre of an altar-piece in Venice. She stands like a queen, her sweet face full of expression, her eyes raised to heaven. A graceful veil is draped over her head, and her golden hair is crowned by a diadem. She wears a rich brown robe and a crimson mantle.

Her tower with its three windows is by her side. The cannon at her feet show her to be the patroness of fire-arms.

This picture in its grace and beauty is perhaps one of the most womanly in all art.

While Titian was painting in Venice, it is said that a boy was one day brought to his studio. This lad had spent his time in drawing all kinds of pictures over the walls of his father's dye-shop. So the people had nicknamed him "*The Tintoretto*," or "*The Little Dyer*."

Tintoretto's father, however, was so proud of his son's work that he took him to the studio of the great Titian. The story goes that Titian examined his pictures, kept him for a few days in the studio, and then dismissed him, telling him that he would never be anything but a dauber. But Tintoretto was a bold lad, and was not to be discouraged. He kept on studying, and later established his own studio; and he showed that his ideal was a high one when he placed over its door as his motto, "*The colouring of Titian, and the drawing of Michael Angelo*." At first Tintoretto accepted all kinds of work, and any pay that was offered for it.

He painted so rapidly that he became known as



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"The Furious Tintoretto," and "The Lightning of the Pencil." Many of his pictures are immense, for the larger the canvas, the better he was pleased.

Tintoretto painted portraits and mythological and religious subjects, and in all his works he shows a vivid imagination. His colouring was sometimes most brilliant, and again entirely wanting in force. There is no painter about whom people are so divided in opinion as Tintoretto. Ruskin makes him equal to Michael Angelo, while others feel that he did little careful work.

His pictures are everywhere in Venice. In the Doge's Palace is his "Paradise," one of the largest fresco pictures in all the world. It contains over four hundred life-size figures, whirling in every direction.

In Tintoretto's "Crucifixion," the head of Christ is by many considered as wonderful as the head painted by Leonardo in his "Last Supper;" or that other head by Raphael, in "The Transfiguration."

Here about the cross are eighty figures of women, horsemen, and soldiers; and the grouping and movement of all are considered most natural.

Tintoretto's bold imagination and wonderful management of light, colour, and action are perhaps best shown in "The Miracle of St. Mark." We add this picture to our collection, not only because it is so famous, but also because it is so unlike any other in our book.

A slave has dared to worship at St. Mark's shrine, and as a penalty, he is bound hand and foot to be tortured. St. Mark is seen plunging head downward from heaven to destroy the instruments of

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

torture. His figure suspended in the air is wonderfully fore-shortened, for Tintoretto has caught its instant motion. The body of the slave glows with a luminous light. This is reflected in the faces and the polished armour of the group.

The brutal executioners and the other persecutors are aghast as they see their weapons shattered to bits. The judge is astonished—the accusers flee!

Tintoretto had a dearly-loved daughter, Marietta Robusti. She, too, was a gifted painter. She was invited to foreign courts to paint, but she would never leave her father's studio, for they loved to work together. She died when she was about thirty years old.

A touching story is told of the painting of her picture by Tintoretto, in her last illness. It was a hard struggle for the poor old man, but he was determined to preserve the features of his dearly-loved child.

Titian was well advanced in years when Paul Veronese, the last great Venetian painter of the sixteenth century, appeared in Venice.

Titian treated Veronese more kindly than he had the little Tintoretto. He welcomed him to the city, and tried to win for him the favour of the Senate. This was not difficult, for Paul Veronese was himself so kind-hearted and winning that he was always surrounded by friends.

Born in Verona, his name Veronese came from the place of his birth. When he arrived in Venice, he brought with him letters of introduction to the prior of the monastery of St. Sebastian. Here he lived

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with the monks, and here he is buried in the church of St. Sebastian, which is decorated with some of his finest works.

Veronese's motto was as follows: "One has never done well enough, when one can do better; one never knows enough when he can learn more."

Perhaps no other man more enjoyed the pomp and festivity of Venetian life than Paul Veronese. He has sometimes been called "The Most Magnificent of Magnificent Painters." His large canvases were covered with groups of gay knights and fine ladies.

Whether his subject was taken from mythology, history, or the Bible, the picture would reveal Venetian architecture, and the people were gorgeous in Venetian robes.

Sometimes he would introduce parrots, dogs, horses, and buffoons, into his holy pictures. For this he was brought before the Inquisition.

But even this did not frighten him, and the only reply that he made to the accusation was, that he should put into his pictures whatever he pleased.

The Venetians were naturally devoted to Veronese, and they adorned their city with his paintings. Once after making an allegorical picture for the Doge's Palace, the council rewarded him with a gold chain.

Veronese loved best to paint banquets; for in them he could show his pomp of colouring, his natural grouping, and his ornamental detail. The largest and most brilliant of these feasts is "The Marriage in Cana of Galilee."

This picture which was originally painted for the refectory of a convent now covers a whole side wall

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

of one of the galleries of the Louvre, in Paris, for it is one of the largest easel pictures in the world.

It contains one hundred and thirty life-size figures. It is the simple Bible story of Christ's first miracle—how at a wedding feast in Cana of Galilee, he transformed the water into wine.

But we quite lose sight of the small room in the little town of Cana, where the miracle was wrought so long ago. Instead, we see before us a brilliant Venetian banquet. At the back of the hall is a superb marble portico. Through this, we get a glimpse of blue sky, and of many spectators in windows and balconies. All are gazing over into the festival hall, in which on a table that occupies three sides is laid the wedding-feast, in vessels of gold and silver.

Christ and his Disciples are there; but we hardly notice them among the other prominent guests, many of these being portraits of famous men of Veronese's day.

The wedding-feast is made for Francis I. of France and his royal bride who are seated at the left as we look at the picture. Vittoria Colonna is there, the gifted poetess whom Michael Angelo loved, and Mary of England, and Charles V. of Germany, the emperor who honoured Titian.

Titian himself is among the musicians, with Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. The water-pots stand in front, where the miracle is being performed. Servants are appearing and disappearing. The whole scene is full of colour, life, and action. Veronese was paid but about forty dollars for this great picture which it took years to paint.



PAUL VERONESE  
“THE MARRIAGE AT CANA.” FROM THE PAINTING IN THE DRESDEN MUSEUM





AURORA.  
*Guido Reni.*

## ITALIAN ART

Veronese was the last great Venetian painter of the sixteenth century, and the seventeenth century was an age of decline.

We remember how Bellini, in the fifteenth century, had founded the Venetian School. He was followed by many painters, among whom were Carpaccio, Giorgione, and Titian, Palma Vecchio and Tintoretto; and now Paul Veronese, with his brush, gives the final brilliant touch to Venetian art.

“Three great names,  
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto  
Illustrate your Venetian School and send  
A challenge to the world, the first is dead,  
But Tintoretto lives.” —LONGFELLOW.

“There is a youth in Venice  
One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese,  
Still a mere stripling, but of such rare presence  
That we must guard our laurels, or may  
lose them.” —LONGFELLOW.

### ITALIAN ART IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

We have spoken only of the great masters of the sixteenth century. There were many besides that helped to make it the most famous age in Italian art.

The painters of the seventeenth century were divided into two Schools—the Naturalist and the Eclectic. The School of the Naturalists was established in Naples. The principal lesson taught by this School was as follows: That all who wished



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

to become painters must study nature, even to its minutest detail, and that only by doing this would progress be made in art.

Salvator Rosa was the finest painter of this School. He was wild and impetuous, and it is thought that early in life he may have lived with the bandits that infested Southern Italy.

Perhaps the lonely scenes, the wild dells and jagged rocks in his pictures were his robber-haunts while pursuing his unlawful profession.

But Salvator Rosa was a poet, a musician, and a painter. His dark and wild landscapes and his stormy seascapes have not been equalled by those of any other Italian master.

The Eclectic School was founded in Bologna by the Caracci, a family of painter-teachers. In this the pupils became imitators of the sixteenth century masters. They copied Michael Angelo's grandeur and muscular development; Raphael's drawing and drapery and spiritual beauty; Correggio's grace; or Titian's colouring.

The pictures painted by the Eclectics are full of sentiment. There were Venuses and Cupids, for it was now the fashion to paint the goddess of love, and her mischievous little son, playing his merry pranks. There were Madonnas with sweet and loving faces, and sibyls with prophetic expressions. There were "Ecce Homos," or pictures of Christ crowned with thorns; and "Mater Dolorosas," which represented His weeping Mother.

There was Mary Magdalene with her pot of ointment, and many suffering martyrs. Among these

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the youthful St. Sebastian pierced by arrows was a favourite subject.

It was a fashion at this time to represent but the half-figure, and the faces and eyes are raised to heaven in every conceivable manner.

These paintings seem affected, after studying the earnest and holy expressions seen in the sixteenth century pictures.

But there have come to us also from this time a few of the master-pieces that have most delighted the world.

There are the lovely, tender Madonnas painted by Sassoferrato, in which the Baby is often seen sleeping in its Mother's lap.

Then there are Carlo Dolce's pictures that are always special favourites of the young art-lover. We admire his saintly faces and beautiful hands in "The Madonna holding the veil of the Sleeping Child," or in his "St. Cecilia playing the Organ." She is absorbed in her own music—while Raphael's "St. Cecilia" had dropped her own earthly instrument in listening to the heavenly strains.

Then there is Guercino, whose quiet life seems reflected in his works. One of his most attractive pictures is that of the beautiful youth Endymion lying asleep.

Domenichino and Guido were the most famous of these seventeenth century masters.

Domenichino was, at first, so stupid that his companions at school in derision nicknamed him "The Ox." But "The Ox," after a time, surpassed all the other pupils.

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Among his pictures he painted one that was counted worthy to be placed in the Vatican, opposite Raphael's "Transfiguration."

The subject of this was "The Last Communion of St. Jerome."

The aged, dying saint has been borne to the chapel to receive his last communion. A young priest sustains him, while another administers the sacrament. His devoted lion is by his side. It has followed him ever since that time long ago when the saint, finding it in the desert in great distress, had fearlessly extracted a thorn from its foot.

It now droops its noble head, seeming to share its master's sufferings. A noonday light illumines the scene and bright little angels hover above.

Guido Reni was also famous. He lived in Rome for twenty years, greatly honoured. He painted Madonnas and saints, "Ecce Homos," and "Mater Dolorosas."

Unfortunately, he became fond of gaming, and late in life squandered all his money. Then he painted to pay his debts, and as he was paid by the hour, he worked with furious speed. Sometimes a creditor, with watch in hand, would stand at his elbow and urge him on.

Among his finest works are his "Beatrice Cenci," his "Saint Michael," and his "Aurora." A famous poet says of his "Aurora" that to see it is worth a journey to Rome.

It is a large fresco painted on the ceiling of a garden room in the Rospigliosi Palace.

Although painted so long ago, its colours are yet

## ITALIAN ART

bright. A mirror placed below perfectly reflects the picture; so that when one is tired of looking up, it can be seen in the glass.

Aurora, goddess of the dawn, floating on luminous clouds, is opening the way for her brother Apollo, the sun-god. As she is borne gracefully along, she touches with roseate hue the clouds of morning, and scatters flowers over the awakening earth that is just below with its sea and land, towers, and castled cities.

Phoebus Apollo, seated in his chariot of silver, follows his sister, driving his prancing steeds across the sky. The rosy hours as graceful maidens attend him. In filmy drapery, they encircle his car, hand in hand, advancing in smooth and rapid steps, "in living, rhythmic grace."

Above the chariot, the morning-star is represented by Lucifer. He advances so rapidly that the light of his torch is borne backward. He is hurrying on to proclaim to the sleeping earth that the sun will soon be over it again.

Our little print reveals the beauty and motion of the scene. A larger and coloured picture will better show the grace of Aurora, the dance of the hours, the different lights that illumine the picture, and the life and joyousness of the early morning.

With Guido's "Aurora," we close our story of Italian art.

We have traced it from its rise in the thirteenth century to its decline in the seventeenth. How life-like and beautiful it has grown since the appearance of Cimabue's Madonna!

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Which picture do you most admire? Which painter do you think has done the most to enrich the history of Italian art?

“Hark! hark! the lark at heaven’s gate sings,  
And Phoebus ’gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With everything that pretty bin  
My lady sweet, arise!  
Arise, arise!”

—SHAKESPEARE.

## **Spanish Art**





## VI

### A GLIMPSE INTO MOORISH ART

“Fair land of chivalry the old domain,  
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!”

—HEMANS.

“Spain—the land of mountains and mules, Moors and mosques, monks and Murillos.”

IN the sixth and seventh centuries, A. D., there lived in Arabia a religious leader called Mohammed. He established a religion and this is its text: “There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet.” His religion, Islamism as it is called, was spread by fire and sword over many countries of the earth.

The faithful Mohammedan was taught to believe that the more Christians he killed, the higher place he would have in Paradise. The warlike followers of the prophet marched in vast armies over Western Asia and Northern Africa.

In the beginning of the eighth century, under a leader named Terek, a flotilla of their Moorish galleys crossed the narrow strait separating Africa from Spain.

They landed in Spain, at the foot of a rock then called “Mons Calpi.” In honour of their leader, the Moors renamed it “Gebel Terek,” or the “Mount of Terek.” Gibraltar we call it to-day.

The Moors landed in the early spring when every-

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thing was in bloom, the oleanders with their scarlet blossoms fringing the river banks.

What wonder that they were delighted with the country, and that through the strait of Gebel Terek they overran it, conquering its Gothic rulers.

The Moors not only established their power in Spain, for eight hundred years, but in this sunny land their architecture reached its most perfect forms.

For Mohammedanism, like every other religion, found its expression in art. It is called Saracenic or Eastern architecture; but as it was brought by the Moors to Spain, *there* it is known as Moorish architecture.

It is quite unlike the Greek or Roman, the Byzantine or Gothic architecture, which we have already studied.

Let us try to understand its character. The place of worship, called by the Mohammedans a mosque, was its centre.

A mosque contains a large hall for prayers, a court holding a fountain for the ablutions of the faithful, a holy place where the Koran, Mohammed's Bible is kept, and a slender tower called a minaret.

From a balcony surrounding this tower, a *muezzin*, or crier of prayers, in musical tones summons the faithful to worship.

All kinds of arches are used in the mosques, the horse-shoe arch being invented by the Moors. They originated, also, a stalactite decoration. Stalactites consist of carved pendants, or cylinders, hanging from a ceiling. They resemble icicles in form.

Mosques are usually crowned with domes; their

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exteriors are very plain but their interiors are gorgeous. Their ceilings and arches are upheld by many forms of columns.

The Moors were not allowed to decorate their places of worship with pictures of any sort, for the Koran distinctly forbade the making of an exact likeness of anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. So, since they might not imitate anything in either sculpture or painting, they invented a decoration called the Arabesque, so named because it came originally from Arabia.

In describing this ornament, we must use the word "conventional." Conventional forms are those which artists agree in using, and which are adapted from nature to their uses.

Arabesque decoration is a fanciful mixture of all sorts of geometric figures, and conventionalised rather than life-like forms of vegetables, fruit and foliage, and cunningly woven among them are Arabic texts taken from the Koran. The general effect is that of embroidery or lace-work, and it is placed upon walls in stuccoes of gorgeous colouring.

Among the many remains of Moorish architecture now to be seen in Spain, the Mosque of Cordova and the Alhambra are perhaps the most interesting.

Cordova was the capital of the Moorish Empire, and the religious centre of Mohammedan worship. Its mosque was begun in the eighth century, by a famous caliph or ruler, who determined that it should be the finest in the world. It was added to by suc-

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

ceeding caliphs, until its area became about equal to that of St. Peter's in Rome. It was said of it, "In all the Land of Islam there was none of equal size, none more admirable in point of work, construction, and durability."

The great Hall of Prayer contained originally fourteen hundred columns, arranged in many rows, and interlaced above with two spans of arches.

The shafts were plain and twisted, and of every colour that could be found in marble, jasper, or porphyry.

The Hall was an endless artificial forest, the columns representing the trunks of trees and the arches their branches.

Some writers say that these columns were brought from heathen temples in the East; others, that all were hewn from Spanish quarries.

The ceiling was a dazzling gleam of crystals in every colour, and of bas-reliefs and stalactites; and it was lighted by thousands of lamps fed with perfumed oil. So, in the old Moorish days, "Gold shone from the roof like fire."

One small room contained a magnificent pulpit which held a splendid copy of the Koran.

The minaret was ornamented with gilded balls, lilies, and pomegranates. Then there were courts and fountains and shady gardens, in which the rows of tall trees seemed but a continuation of the forest of columns within the great Hall of Prayer.

When the Moors were expelled from Spain, the Mosque of Cordova became its cathedral.

Four hundred pillars were then removed from the

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Hall to make room for a Christian service, and embellished walls were built about it, strengthened by thirty-five tower-like buttresses.

There are to-day in India, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, and Spain, many famous mosques, but that of Cordova is always admitted to be the finest of them all.

The fortress-palace of the Alhambra was built very much later, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It stands upon a rocky height of more than three thousand feet, overlooking the city of Granada, and may fitly be called "The Acropolis of Spain."

The word "Alhambra" means "Red Rock," and the name was given to the fortress because the rock upon which it stands is of unusual brightness.

The rooms and halls of the palace are arranged about two central courts; the "Court of the Lions" and the "Court of the Fish Pond."

The roofs and arcades are borne up by over four thousand slender columns, made in precious marbles of many colours.

There are fairy-like pavilions, balconies, terraces, and fountains which give delightful coolness to the air.

Originally, the courts were shaded by myrtle and orange trees and palms and firs. The decorations were in brilliant Arabesque, in gleaming gold and mother-of-pearl, and the pavements were tiled and inlaid with mosaics.

Perhaps the original design was copied from the tent of the wandering Arab; the Arabesque, from the pattern on the rug with which he draped his tent-

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walls; the slender marble columns from his tent-poles.

The great Hall of the Ambassadors in the Alhambra was the audience-chamber of the Moorish rulers, and it still shows many traces of past magnificence.

Then there is the "Court of the Lions." This pavilion of marble and alabaster is so exquisitely decorated that some call it the gem of Moorish architecture in Spain. In the centre of the court stands a fountain upheld by twelve lions.

It is well that they have names, for we should not know what to call them. They are so conventionalised that they bear no resemblance to any animal, thus fulfilling the law of the Koran. Their manes are like scales, their legs like bed-posts, and each mouth holds a water-pipe.

The Moors regarded their Alhambra as a miracle of art. They said that the caliph who founded it must have dealt in alchemy, for only so, could he have procured the enormous sums of gold used in its building.

In speaking of its grace and beauty, we must not forget the colour which always enters into its description, the red rock upon which it is built, the bright soft greens of the foliage of trees and perfumed flowers and fruit of a tropical clime. Over all is the brilliant sunlight glow and the deep blue of the Spanish sky, and at night the witchery of the moonlight as it steals among the arches and columns.

The Moors held the country for about eight hundred years. By that time, the Spaniards had grown



ALHAMBRA  
THE COURT OF LIONS





DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS

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strong enough to expel them. Now their old port of entry became their port of exit as they were driven hurriedly out and away over to the coast of Africa.

After they were banished, the Alhambra was desolate, the lights went out, and the fountains ceased to play.

Then the Christians came. They used the fortress and tried to convert the fairy-like halls and rooms into a palace for the king.

Since then war and earthquake have wrought havoc in the Alhambra. Now, however, much of it has been restored. The glamour of time is over it all; and its beauty is celebrated by the modern traveller who wanders among its halls and courts, or who lingers in its perfumed gardens, listening to the night-ingles singing among the orange trees; or who looks down over that extended view of valley, rivers, and distant snow-capped Sierras.

The Arab poet describes the Alhambra in its day of glory as follows:

“My pillars were brought from Eden, my garden is the Paradise. Jewels are my walls, and my ceilings are dyed with the hues of the wings of angels. I was paved with petrified flowers, and those who see me laugh and sing. My columns are blocks of pearls by night, by day perpetual sunshine turns my fountains to gold.”

De Amicis, the modern Spanish writer, thus describes the “Court of the Lions”: “It is a forest of columns, a mingling of arches and embroideries, an indefinable elegance, a prodigious richness, a some-

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thing light, transparent, and undulating like a great pavilion of lace."

Our own Washington Irving proves the Alhambra the most romantic of palaces.

He has immortalised for us the many legends of love and war that will ever cluster about this royal abode of the old Moorish kings.

"Palace of beauty! where the Moorish lord,  
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,  
Sat like a genie in the diamond's blaze,  
O, to have seen thee in the ancient days."

—CROLY.

"How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp  
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way."

—Rubaiyat of OMAR KHAYYAM.

### EARLY SPANISH PAINTING

As the making of pictures was forbidden by the Moors, it was not until they were expelled from Spain, in the fifteenth and sixteen centuries, that we hear much about Christian art.

It is interesting for us to remember that just about the time when Ferdinand and Isabella were upon the throne, and Columbus was discovering America, the Spaniards were beginning to paint.

Their early painting like that of Italy was very religious, so intensely so that some of the painters would fast and pray, and perhaps even scourge themselves before beginning a picture.

The object in decorating the walls of churches

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was, as in Italy, to reveal the holy story to those who could not read it for themselves.

An old Spanish writer says, "For the learned and the lettered, written knowledge may suffice; for the ignorant what master is like painting? They may read their duty in a picture, although they cannot search for it in books."

This art was governed by rules laid down for it by the Inquisition, the religious court, which, at that time, held great power in Spain.

Among the many rules were that the Virgin must always be represented with her feet covered, and that saints must not have beards.

Any painter daring to disobey any rule made by the Inquisition was obliged to pay a heavy fine, and perhaps was sent for a year into exile.

The art was truly realistic; depicting Spanish life as it was found in the church, the convent, or the palace, and very charmingly as seen in the street. It was also much influenced by the Italian. Many pictures were brought from Italy, and Spanish artists went there to study.

The Spaniards were delighted with Titian's colouring. There was a dumb painter Navarrette who copied it so perfectly that he was called "The Titian of Spain."

He made a picture of the Nativity, noted for its three lights. That shining over the shepherds is so lovely that the picture is often called "The Beautiful Shepherds."

Beneguette was "The Michael Angelo of Spain," because he was an architect, sculptor, and painter.

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Then there was Morales, "the Divine," so named because his power lay always in painting very sorrowful, religious pictures.

An anecdote is told of his appearing at the court of King Philip II.

He was dressed with such elegance that the King not only ordered him dismissed from the court but also commanded that he should never paint another picture. Morales confessed that he had spent his all, in order to appear properly before the King. Then he was pardoned and allowed again to use his brush.

Once more he appeared before the court, this time clothed in rags. And the King said, "Morales, you are very poor. I will give you money to buy your dinners." "And what for suppers, Sire?" quietly responded the painter. Then the king added enough to make Morales comfortable for the rest of his life.

Navarrette, Beneguette, and Morales, with many other artists, lived in the sixteenth century, and by their work prepared the way for the brilliant seventeenth century, the most famous period in Spanish art.

Zurbarran and Ribera lived in the seventeenth century. Zurbarran made portraits and pictures of animals; but he is the special painter of the Spanish monk, and he made a wise choice of subject for Spain in "The Monks' Elysium."

Zurbarran, in sombre and glowing colour, pictured him in every stage of devotion, ecstasy, and vision. He really made the monk as life-like as Titian made

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the Venetian noble, or Velasquez, the Spanish grandee.

Ribera, also, was very renowned. He had great influence in the art world, and he used it very badly.

A poor Spanish lad, he managed somehow to journey to far-away Rome. There he was discovered by a wealthy cardinal, in front of a palace, copying a fresco. The cardinal was attracted by the lad, he questioned him, and was pleased with his replies. So he took him to his home, and cared for him luxuriously.

But what did the little fellow do but run away! When he was found, he gave as an excuse that the cardinal had made him so comfortable that if he had remained longer, he would have lost ambition, and so he ran away because he needed the spur of poverty. The cardinal naturally called him "an ungrateful little Spaniard," and thought no more about him.

Ribera, later, went to Naples, and became there the leader of a cabal of artists. Everybody outside of their *côterie* who dared to paint in Naples suffered from their persecution.

Ribera became wealthy. He lived in a magnificent house and rode in his own coach; but he never helped even one poor boy, and many stories are told of his jealousy of other artists.

However, few Italian masters are better known than "this ungrateful little Spaniard."

He showed a wonderful knowledge of anatomy, and his famous historical and religious works adorn the great galleries of the world.

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Among his pupils was Salvator Rosa, of whom we have spoken in Italian art.

Painting had now become the fashion in Spain, and there were many masters. The two that best interpret the art of the country in this its most brilliant period are Velasquez and Murillo.

"His pencils first demand the painter's care,  
Of varied size, for various use designed,  
And formed of quills in which the silken hair  
Of sylvan creatures he must closely bind,  
The surly wild-boar's stubborn back is rough  
With store of bristles, wiry, long, and tough.

Next from the sweet pear's variegated stock,  
Your palette shape, with surface smooth and shining;  
Pierce then a hole in front, in which to lock  
Your thumb, the tablet to its place confining,  
While on its polished plane the paints you fix,  
And various shades in nice gradations mix."

[Extract from Cespedes's quaint "Poem on Spanish Painting,"  
written in the sixteenth century.]

### VELASQUEZ

VELASQUEZ was born in Seville, in the year 1599. He belonged to a good family, and his father gave him an excellent education, for he wished him to follow some public calling. But Velasquez, even as a very little child, sketched pictures everywhere.

Though his parents were disappointed, they soon yielded to his desire to become a painter.



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His favourite teacher was Pacheco, who was at that time well known. Pacheco grew very fond of Velasquez as he studied with him year after year; and he was so sure that he would become famous that he finally allowed him to marry his daughter.

There was in the studio a peasant lad whom Velasquez used as a model. He would make him laugh and cry, and pose in every possible attitude, and then he would catch his expression.

Besides, he made a careful study of the people and things about him in the streets and picturesque markets of Seville.

Madrid, which had been but a military outpost in the time of the Moors, had just become the capital of Spain. It had an old house of Caesar—"Alcazar" as it was called—which had been used as a fortress by the Moors. It had no cathedral, for the age of cathedral building had now passed. It possessed none of the Moorish attractions of other Spanish cities, but it was fast becoming rich and powerful; for in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, money literally flowed into Spain, from its newly-conquered provinces of Mexico and Peru.

Paintings and sculptures were being collected in Madrid. These later made the Prado, its art-museum, a rival of the finest galleries in Europe.

When Velasquez was twenty-three years old, Pacheco advised him to visit Madrid; for he felt sure that there his pupil would be inspired by the artists and pictures which he would see.

Velasquez bade good-bye to his Sevillian home, and attended by a faithful slave, set out for the gay

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capital. They made the long and costly journey on mules.

On reaching Madrid, Velasquez tried to get an audience with the King, but it was not until months later on his second trip that he first met him.

When the King saw a portrait by Velasquez, he was so charmed with it that he determined to sit himself to the painter; and then he was so delighted with his portrait that he decided that Velasquez should never leave his court.

This court was a brilliant and intellectual one, filled with literary men; for the King himself was both a writer and a painter.

He arranged a studio for Velasquez in a corner of his palace; and at his own expense, he brought the painter's family from Seville to Madrid, treating them always with great munificence.

In a picture now in Venice, we have a pleasant glimpse of the family of Velasquez—himself, his portly wife, and their seven children.

A comradeship was, at once, established between the King and painter, and they grew old together.

When resting from affairs of state, the King, if not at the chase, was usually in the painter's studio.

Velasquez was a rare friend for a king, for he was a man of gentle temper, frank, generous and noble.

Velasquez sought truth not beauty, and his light and atmosphere are very real. To-day he might be called a Realistic or Impressionist painter, for his portraits show the vivid impression made upon the eye by a single glance at a figure. He worked for

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more than forty years in Madrid, and few royal courts are so familiar to us as that of Philip IV. pictured by the brush of Velasquez.

Many times he painted the long, thin, solemn face of that King who is said to have laughed but twice in his life. We see him in court-dress on a hunt, or in a war scene. The portraits on horseback are perhaps the most life-like.

After Velasquez had been for six years in Madrid, Rubens, the great Flemish painter, came on a diplomatic mission to Spain. While there, he became much interested in the Spanish painter. He told him so many things about the wonders of Italian art that he inspired him with a very strong desire to go to Italy.

Then Velasquez threw himself at the feet of his King exclaiming, "Sire, I wish to visit Italy; one cannot be a great artist without studying the wonders which the masters, Michael Angelo and Raphael, have left."

"Say rather that you wish to leave me," replied the offended King.

Velasquez, however, persisted until he obtained a reluctant consent. But he promised to stay only long enough to study the master-pieces of Italian art.

Yet the King was kind, after all, for he offered to continue his salary while he was gone, and he gave him money for his journey and letters of introduction.

Velasquez sailed away in the suite of Marquis Spinola. He was delighted in Venice with the colouring of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. He spent a year in Rome studying and copying, and in

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Naples he formed a friendship with Ribera, "the ungrateful little Spaniard."

Eighteen months passed. King Philip grew so impatient that he ordered his court-painter to return at once. But when Velasquez appeared, and told him of all the wonders he had seen, the King quite forgot his absence in the pleasure of having him once more by his side.

A new sitter was now presented to the painter—the King's baby son, Balthasar. The life story of this bright, merry little boy is very short. Being the eldest, he was heir to the throne and the pride of the court. He was very clever and studious, and such a fine shot that he could kill game while riding at full speed.

When he was but seventeen years old, he died of small-pox, and the whole court and the country mourned for him.

Velasquez painted Balthasar in frocks, in court-dress, in military- and hunting-costume, and also as a little wooer of ten years.

The picture which is best known is the one where we see him perched upon a prancing pony.

He wears a green embroidered velvet jacket, and crossed over it a gold and red scarf with fluttering streamers. He has a broad lace collar, and a black hat with a feather. He gallops towards us right out of the picture, leaving in the distance the snowy Sierras.

Velasquez also painted Don Philip, Maria Theresa, and quaint winsome Margarita, the darling of the court.

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Her picture in the Louvre shows a gentle, little face, with fair hair and blue eyes, so unlike the usual dark Spanish maiden. She holds in one hand a rose, in the other, a handkerchief.

The little boys and girls whom Velasquez painted lived in the age when children were dressed in garments which exactly reproduced those of their fathers and mothers.

And what a pity that the beauty of the Infanta Margarita should be marred by her long stiff bodice and large hoop, and her hair arranged in a most artificial way.

Velasquez loved to paint these royal children.

Only Van Dyck, the Flemish master, equalled him in the olden day, in giving to such children the grace and dignity that seemed to belong to them alone.

His portraits of court lords and ladies are among the finest in the world. Those of the ladies are not numerous; for it was difficult for the artist to gain access to high-born Spanish dames. Perhaps it is well that it was so; for the stiff arrangement of dress and hair which was the fashion of the day was not conducive to the making of a pretty picture.

Velasquez's pictures were very true to life. A good story to prove this is told of the King.

One day when he was in the painter's studio, he discovered there an admiral whom, several days before, he had ordered to sea. "What! still here," exclaimed the indignant King. "Have not I ordered you to depart!" There was no reply, and the King discovered to his surprise that he was addressing a *portrait* of the admiral.

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Do you know Aesop? Look at Velasquez's life-like portrait of him and you will surely wish to read his quaint old fables at once.

Philip IV. was naturally so inclined to melancholy that he always kept at his court dwarfs and buffoons to amuse him. Some of these were made rich enough to live in palaces of their own. Velasquez many times painted these odd little creatures in their fantastic dress.

He did not like religious or mythological subjects; but he depicted street and tavern life, war and hunting scenes, made lovely flower pictures, and was the first in Spain to paint natural landscapes. And in looking at them all one seems to forget the painter, and to think only of the living face or story seen upon the canvas.

His pictures are in many galleries. There is one in the Prado called "Las Meniñas," or "The Maids of Honour."

The Infanta Margarita, perhaps five years old, stands in the centre, while a kneeling maid of honour presents a glass of water to her little Royal Highness.

To the right of the picture are two well-known dwarfs caressing a dog.

Velasquez, in one corner, is painting a picture of the King and Queen, their faces being reflected in the mirror.

The King was delighted when he saw the picture, but he said that it lacked just one thing, and taking the painter's brush, he dropped it into carmine. Then, with a royal hand, he emblazoned the cross of Santiago on the heart of the figure of Velasquez.

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This badge of knight-hood was attained only by the most famous Spaniards. In this graceful way, the King conferred it upon Velasquez. This red cross yet glows upon his breast, and it alone would make the picture famous through the ages.

"The Surrender of Breda" is another of his works in the Prado.

This is really one of the great historical pictures of the world. It shows an incident in a war between Spain and Holland, which the Marquis of Spinola had described to Velasquez when they journeyed together to Italy.

Breda belonged to the Dutch, and it seemed an impregnable stronghold; but, at last, it had been taken by Spinola, Spain's "last great captain." Although victorious, he was very merciful.

The background of the picture represents the Dutch town of Breda, with its canals and army-tents, while in front the act of surrender is taking place.

On one side is the Spanish army, carrying such a forest of lances that the picture is sometimes called "Las Lanzas." Spinola, their leader, stands in front.

The Dutch army on the other side is led by the venerable commander, Julian of Nassau. He bends forward, presenting to the conqueror the keys of the fortress. Spinola, with uncovered head, receives them with the humanity and dignity of a generous victor.

The faces are all said to be portraits. There are but few soldiers, but they are so skilfully ar-



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ranged that one would think there were two whole armies.

Velasquez accompanied his King everywhere, planning hunting and military expeditions and court pageants; and he carried in his girdle a key that would unlock to him all the rooms in the palace.

The King was interested in every stroke from the brush of Velasquez. He had determined to found in Madrid an Art Gallery, like those in Italy. So, in 1648, he sent Velasquez there to purchase for him a collection of pictures, marbles, and bronzes.

While in Rome, he painted a picture of the Pope, who was so well satisfied with it that he presented the painter with a gold chain.

Velasquez returned later with his art treasures, and they helped to establish the great fame which the Prado enjoys to-day.

During most of the reign of Philip IV. there had been war between France and Spain, but now peace had been declared, and the union was to be strengthened by a royal alliance; for Maria Theresa, the daughter of Philip IV., was to marry Louis XIV., "Le Grand Monarque" of France.

In the middle of the little Bidassoa River which separates France and Spain was an island, through which passed the boundary-line of the two countries.

Here a pavilion was erected, and in the centre of this, the French and Spanish bridal parties were to meet, each standing on its own territory.

The journey of the royal party from Madrid to the frontier was long and difficult. Castles were thrown open for their entertainment, and everything

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connected with the betrothal was conducted with great pomp and splendid ceremonial—and Velasquez superintended it all.

But the effort proved too exhausting. The painter caught cold, and soon after his return to Madrid was seized with a fever, and died in 1660. His wife lived but eight days later, and they were buried in one grave.

When the King heard of Velasquez's death, he exclaimed, "I am overwhelmed!" And well he might be, for Velasquez had given to his King a life-long devotion. His statue erected in 1899 stands upon the plaza in Madrid, while within the Prado are gathered his finest works.

His influence to-day is great, not only in Spain, but wherever in the world we go to study the pictures of "The Painter to the King and The King of Painters."

"Ah, were to do a thing  
As easy as to dream of doing it,  
We should not want for Artists, but the men  
Who carry out in Art their great designs,  
Are few in number; aye, they may be counted  
Upon the fingers of this hand."

—LONGFELLOW

# YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

## MURILLO

THERE is an old Spanish proverb which runs as follows:

“ He who Seville has not seen  
Has not seen a marvel great;  
Who to Granada has not been  
Can have nothing to relate.”

We have in imagination visited the Alhambra, the fairy fortress-palace of Granada. Let us now in the same way visit Seville, “ The White City on the Guadalquivir ”—“ The most Spanish City of Spain.”

It is in the midst of a country of sunny vineyards, orange and olive groves, and its climate is delightful.

Seville was for many centuries the home of the Moors, and its architecture is a grotesque mingling of Moorish and Christian forms. When the Moors were expelled and the Christians took the city, a cathedral supplanted the mosque. It is of Spanish Gothic architecture and stands in the central square of the city.

It is the third largest cathedral in Europe, only St. Peter's in Rome, and the one of which we have already spoken in Cordova, exceeding it in size.

This cathedral was decorated by famous Spanish monks; and it holds a great statue of the Virgin with eyes of rubies and hair of spun gold.

Near it is the old Moorish minaret, now converted into a bell-tower and called “ La Giralda.” Like

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Giotto's tower in Florence, this is a marvel of lace-work in stone.

The richest monument in Seville is the old Alcazar, the palace of Moorish kings. Like the Alhambra, it is a fairy palace with a perfumed garden.

Seville was in all its glory in the seventeenth century. Its palaces were occupied by the nobles; splendid buildings were erected by its merchant-princes; and it also had beautiful public squares and gardens.

The streets were gay with dark-eyed youths and maidens in picturesque costumes, romancing together over old Moorish tales, or dancing to the accompaniment of organ, concertina, or castanets.

The Guadalquivir was alive with shipping; the great galleons lying against its banks were laden with oils and fruits, with wines and silks and velvets, and with pictures, too; for Seville now held the commerce, not only of the Mediterranean Sea, but also of the Spanish Provinces in America.

The city had an added charm, in being the birth-place of Spain's two greatest masters—Velasquez, the painter of the court, and Murillo, the painter of the church—one "the painter of earth," the other, "the painter of heaven."

The story of Murillo's early years forms a sad contrast to that of Velasquez. Velasquez was rich, and had every advantage that wealth could buy, while Murillo's childhood is but a tale of struggle and poverty.

He was born in 1617. His father was a poor mechanic, who hesitated even about having his little boy learn to read and write. But when he was given

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a book he proved so clever that he surprised both his parents. He pleased them, too, by showing the usual signs of great genius, scribbling over the pages of his book and the walls of his poor home. His mother had a brother Castillo who was a painter. She begged him to let her boy study with him. Castillo was not much interested; but his sister begged so hard, that he finally consented and taught Murillo without charge.

The boy was very industrious, and never so happy as when with pencil and paper he was copying the lesson set for him. He was soon left an orphan and without his art, life would have been very dreary. When he was twenty-two years old, Castillo removed to Cadiz. Murillo wished to go with him, but there was no money to pay for his keep, and besides he must care for his sister. He could not afford another teacher, so he was left without friends and advisers. What *could* he do?

There was in Seville, at this time, a weekly-market called the Feria. Here were displayed in stalls on the public square the bright flowers and delicious fruits and vegetables of Southern Spain; also old clothes, old iron, and utensils of every kind, for all sorts of hucksters brought their wares to the Feria.

It was the gathering-place, too, for a picturesque crowd of monks and priests and gypsies and peasants and beggars and muleteers and donkeys with paniers.

Artists, also, unknown to fame came here to work. They put into their pictures whatever things the purchaser wished, often painting them while he waited.

Not knowing where else to go, the young Murillo

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decided to establish himself in one of the stalls of the Feria. Here he painted rude pictures of the subjects about him. They were quickly finished and sold for trifling pay. He earned hardly enough to support his sister and himself, but then he was doing his best, and rude as his work was, he was certainly learning freedom of touch and knowledge of colour.

After he had worked for two years in the Feria, an old friend Moya returned to Seville.

He had been with the army in Flanders, and had also studied art in foreign cities. Wonderful were his stories of the artists and pictures that he had seen.

Murillo was inspired by Moya's pictures and his tales of adventure. He must see for himself the great art world.

Moya remained but a few months, and he helped Murillo in every possible way; but like Castillo, he, too, departed and the young artist was again in despair.

One day in the very depth of his discouragement, he suddenly exclaimed, "I will go to Italy!" But how could he go? for he had no money.

But somehow, his resolution inspired him with courage. He bought a large piece of canvas, cut it into small squares, and covered them with rude pictures of Madonnas and saints.

Fortunately he found for these ready purchasers in traders who came to Seville for just such pictures; for hundreds of them were sent every year to their newly-conquered provinces in America. There they were used to decorate the little Jesuit chapels which the Spaniards were building. And we can hardly

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realise how much such pictures added to the attraction of a service in a lonely log chapel far away in the American woods.

After selling his pictures, Murillo placed his sister in charge of a relative, and without telling anyone where he was going, set out on foot over the mountains for the city of Madrid, determining to live on bread and water on the way.

It was a very long and tedious journey, but finally he reached the city, exhausted and friendless, and with nothing left but *a stock of courage*. Now his one great desire was to meet Velasquez; for Velasquez was living, rich and honoured, at the court of Philip IV., and he could help him if he would.

One day Murillo watched the royal cortege as it passed. Velasquez was pointed out to him, and his kindly face attracted Murillo and he again took courage. After spending some time in repairing his tattered garments, he presented himself at the studio in the palace, and sent in his name as a Sevillian painter.

It is not probable that the great master had ever heard of Murillo, for he had left Seville when the latter was a little boy.

But one of Velasquez's many charms was that he was always accessible, and he ordered that the young man at once be brought to him.

Velasquez liked his frank, intelligent face, and said to him, "You are a painter." "If I believed that I was," replied Murillo, "I should be disabused since I have seen your works; but I would be one, if God gave me a protector."



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Velasquez then asked him about his study and his motive in coming to Madrid.

The poor fellow told a tale of poverty and suffering, of his strong desire to learn, and to visit Rome.

He also showed Velasquez a little picture which he had brought.

After the master had heard the story and looked at the picture, how delighted Murillo must have been to hear him say: "Courage, my friend, and a day will come when Seville will be proud of you!" And then how royal Velasquez showed himself!

He offered Murillo a home, and gave him permission to work in his studio. He procured him admission to palaces and galleries that so he might study and copy all kinds of works of art.

It is said that Murillo was so overcome with his kindness that he told him that he was willing to die for him, and Velasquez replied, "You will not die for me, Murillo, you will live for art."

And now what a great world opened before the eyes of the young painter! Having been introduced to the most distinguished masters in Madrid, he at once began his work.

Later Velasquez left Madrid on a tour with the court, and on his return was delighted to see how much Murillo had improved during his absence.

Murillo remained for three years in the capital, and then Velasquez advised him to go to Rome, and offered him letters of introduction to famous men there. But the young painter was so satisfied with what he had already learned, and so homesick for

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Seville that he resolved instead to return to his home.

So back he went to Seville, and there remained for the rest of his life.

He *never* saw Italy, the goal of the great masters of his day.

On his return to Seville, he first accepted an order to paint for the Franciscan convent. The monks had long wished for some pictures, but they could offer so little money in payment that no good artist had been willing to paint them.

Murillo was young and unknown, and the monks hesitated before giving him the commission. He worked for three years. The pictures were beautifully painted and although he received but small pay, his fame was at once established. He began to receive orders from nobles and merchant princes; his works soon became the pride of churches and convents and hospitals. Indeed, he had commissions from all parts of Spain, for Murillo was now the fashion.

There is a pretty tradition of his falling in love, which must come next in our story. One day, in the year 1648, while painting in a church in Seville, a beautiful maiden came in to pray. The artist's eyes wandered from the canvas to the worshipper. He was greatly impressed with her beauty and devotion—he was seeking an angel face for his picture—so he used hers, and while he was painting it in, he won her love, and a little later they were married.

His wife, Doña Beatrix, belonged to a noble family. His fortunes had now so increased that he



LAS MENINAS.

VELASQUEZ.



MURILLO  
THE DICE-PLAYERS

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was able to establish a home—a home that was soon known for its large hospitality, and its receptions given to the most distinguished people in Seville.

He had three children. One son came to America; the other was a canon of the Seville Cathedral; and his daughter Francesca became a nun.

Murillo used three styles in painting—the cold, warm, and vapory.

In the first, the lines and colour are most distinct. In the warm style, the outline is less sharp, the colouring softer, and the figures fuller and rounder; in the vapory style, the outlines are softer still and the colouring more transparent.

His favourite subjects in painting were beggars, monks, saints, and Madonnas. How charmingly he has revealed to us the many moods of the little sun-browned Spanish beggars, with their dark eyes and glossy black hair. Unconscious of their rags, they are seen sunning themselves lazily in the corners of the squares—forgetful of yesterday's discomfort in the merriment of to-day.

They are doing all kinds of things; eating macaroni or luscious fruits, playing games, or tossing coppers. Murillo's eye and brush caught them in the very act.

We have selected for our picture "The Dice-players"—three bewitching children. Two of them are playing a game, using a flat stone as a table. The maiden forgets her tattered clothes, and with her Spanish love for any bit of decoration, wears a wreath upon her hair. She looks perplexed, but what a pleased expression is on her partner's face.



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Surely he must be the winner! The other boy with dark, liquid eyes stands apart and idly bites a piece of bread, and he has never laid it down since Murillo put it into his hand long ago. He has a far-away look, and has entirely forgotten the dog that waits eagerly for its share. It's a pathetic little face. We wonder what the child is thinking about!

If Murillo had painted only beggars and gypsies, he would have been celebrated; but his holy pictures so far surpass these in beauty that they have made him one of the renowned masters of the world.

His monks and saints are noted for their wondrous visions. Those which he painted for the Franciscan convent strikingly illustrates this. One represents St. Francis, reclining on an iron bedstead, listening with ecstasy to a violin which an angel is playing.

In another, St. Diego is asking a blessing on a kettle of broth which he is about to give to some beggars.

The most unique of all, however, is "The Angel's Kitchen."

Here St. Diego again appears. The legend is, that this pious, humble friar was one day performing his daily task in the convent kitchen. While cooking the dinner for the monks a strange thing happened. He was suddenly seized with a heavenly ecstasy and floated upward. Thus he appears in the picture—his face raised in adoration. In the kitchen below, ministering angels are doing his work, while a few astonished friars are looking on.

This picture is now seen in the Louvre; for it is

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one of many which Marshal Soult carried away to France during Napoleon's invasion of Spain.

Murillo was very fond of the story of St. Anthony of Padua, who, like St. Francis, devoted his life to good works. He painted St. Anthony several times. The familiar picture in the Cathedral of Seville represents the brown-froked monk, with rapturous face and outstretched arms, receiving the Infant Jesus, who descends to him in a flood of glory. On the table beside him there stands a vase of lilies. These are painted with such life-like skill that it is said that birds flying about the cathedral have sometimes tried to perch upon them and to peck at them.

After finishing this picture with its rich dark colour and dazzling vision, Murillo was called "The Painter of Heaven."

In the year 1874, the figure of St. Anthony was cut out of this picture by a thief and carried away. Later he appeared in New York, and sold it for two hundred and fifty dollars to Mr. Schaus, who gave it to the Spanish consul. It was returned to Seville, where it was received with great joy, and again the rapturous saint kneels in the cathedral.

Sometimes Murillo depicted a group representing a golden-haired Christ-Child, a dark-skinned John the Baptist, and a lamb.

Perhaps such groups were suggested to him, by seeing children leading a lamb through the streets of Seville for the Paschal feast.

Murillo's Virgin was always a peasant maid, robed in blue and white; for it is said that in a vision she revealed to the Spanish painter that these



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were the colours in which she always wished to appear.

One charming picture represents the Madonna seated upon a bank, holding the Christ-Child. Elizabeth, kneeling upon the ground, pushes forward her little son John to receive from his Master the reed cross. John carries a scroll in his left hand, holding it ready to fasten upon the cross. It bears the inscription which he would proclaim abroad, "Behold the Lamb of God."

God is above in the act of benediction, and the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove. Above also are hovering countless cherubs with very expressive faces—those faces that Murillo always loved to paint.

What a contrast in this picture between old age and childhood—the satisfied expression of the aged Elizabeth, who now, for the first time, beholds the Christ-Child, and this Child, one of the most charming ever painted by Murillo.

One of Murillo's loveliest Madonnas is in the Corsini Palace in Rome. The sweet, wistful-faced Mother holds her earnest dark-eyed Babe. They sit beside a ruined wall. Just such a mother and child one might see any day in walking through the country.

Murillo's favourite subject, however, and one he painted many times, represented the Virgin floating in mid-air. These pictures are in his vapoury style, for the atmosphere is very soft. One of the finest of these is in the Louvre. Here the Virgin is borne upward by heavenly zephyrs—here sweet, youthful

## SPANISH ART

face raised as in a vision. She wears a flowing white robe and simple blue mantle. Her beautiful hair floats over her neck and shoulders, and the crescent moon is beneath her feet. Out of the golden light or peeping from behind soft clouds are countless cherub faces, each with its special charm.

Murillo was such a devout Catholic that his holy pictures are very holy.

For his most famous works he received but a few hundred dollars, yet even such payment was called princely in his day.

He was devoted to his pupils—not only when they were with him, but throughout their lives.

He was a man of rare sweetness of temper, noble, generous, and good.

He lived in Seville in a large fine house which is still pointed out.

In 1680, he went to Cadiz to paint some pictures. While there, he was severely injured by a fall from a scaffold. He was taken back to Seville, and died there in 1682.

At his own request, he was buried in the church of Santa Cruz beneath his favourite picture. The inscription on the tomb ran as follows: "Live as one who is about to die."

Murillo was the last great Spanish painter of the seventeenth century, and rich and poor alike mourned his loss.

His pictures are seen everywhere in the famous galleries of the world, and his stately bronze statue stands upon the public plaza in Seville.

Velasquez and Murillo were to Spain, in the seven-

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teenth century, what the greatest Italian masters had been to Italy in the sixteenth.

De Amicis, the Spanish writer, says: "Velasquez is in art an eagle; Murillo is an angel. One admires Velasquez and adores Murillo. By his canvases we know him as if he had lived among us. He was handsome, good, and virtuous. He was born to paint the sky."

"When I was a beggarly boy,  
And lived in a cellar damp,  
I had not a friend nor a toy,  
But I had Aladdin's lamp;  
When I could not sleep for cold,  
I had fire enough in my brain,  
And builded with roofs of gold,  
My beautiful castles in Spain."

—LOWELL.

## Flemish Art



## VII

### THE VAN EYCKS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS

THE Netherlands, or Lowlands, included, in the Middle Ages, most of the country which we know to-day as Holland and Belgium.

It had many artistic craftsmen. Some made designs for pageants; as, for example, whales, sporting mermaids, or mysterious pasties, which, on being uncovered, revealed a band of musicians all ready to perform.

Others were skilled in painting miniatures, in weaving tapestries and making brocades; in designing stained-glass windows, or gold and silver ornaments.

And in the monasteries, as in those of Italy in Fra Angelico's day, rare and costly manuscripts were seen.

In the fifteenth century, the country was governed by the wealthy and powerful Dukes of Burgundy.

Bruges, the city of bridges, was its superb capital, and its craftsmen were noted all over Europe.

Here Duke Philip the Good, the most magnificent of all the rulers of Burgundy, presided over an art-loving court. And here was developed the first good School of painting that was known in Northern Europe.

This came about through the discovery by two brothers, Hubert and Jan Van Eyck, of a new process of mixing paints with oil, by which they pro-

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duced a richer, softer colouring than had ever before been known. Presently the rich dark red known as "Van Eyck's purple" became as famous as "Titian's gold," or "Veronese's silver."

Even the far-away Italians eagerly sought the secret of the new colouring—the Italians who had given so much to the painters of other countries; and it was well that the northern painters could give them something in return.

Duke Philip the Good was devoted to Jan Van Eyck. He made him his confidential friend, and sent him on difficult missions.

When Jan's little daughter was baptised, the Duke stood as her sponsor, and gave her at least six silver cups.

Jan's modest motto was always, "As I can."

The brothers responded to the religious fervour of the age by painting many sacred pictures. Indeed, the most noted altar-piece of the fifteenth century came from their brush. This was ordered by Judocus Vydt and his wife, to decorate their funeral chapel in St. Bavon's church, in Ghent, a city not far from Bruges.

The altar-piece, which is called "The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb," was arranged in twelve separate panels, connected by hinges. The outer panels which are painted on both sides were originally used as shutters to close over the central ones. But the painting has suffered all kinds of accidents, and parts of it are to-day in different cities.

To recall it as it was in its perfection, we must imagine ourselves in St. Bavon's church, on a festal-



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day, far back in the fifteenth century; for only on festal-days were the shutters opened that the picture might be seen by admiring crowds. We cannot examine it in detail; but will just glance at its most striking features.

The shutters when open reveal seven panels above and five below.

The dignified figure of God the Father is in the central panel above. He is seated on a damask throne and is arrayed in a dark red brocaded robe, whose ample folds are bordered with rows of gems, and fastened in front by a jewelled brooch. Two fingers of His right hand are raised in blessing, and in His left, he holds a sceptre.

In the three panels on one side, are the Virgin, singing angels, and Adam; on the other, St. John the Baptist, St. Cecilia, and Eve.

Perhaps you are familiar with the panel representing St. Cecilia, for it is often copied. She is dressed in a flowered robe of brocade, and is playing upon an organ. Four angels accompany her on their harps and viols.

Their light, wavy hair is bound with fillets; and they, too, are gorgeously arrayed, as Flemish angels usually are.

In the central panel below, Christ is portrayed as a bleeding lamb, standing upon an altar surrounded by graceful, kneeling angels. Just in front, a fountain pours forth streams of living water to purify the world. And at the back, the Holy Jerusalem is represented by a Flemish city.

The flowery meadow upon which the scene is laid

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is very lovely, for it is sprinkled all over with bright daisies and dandelions.

Here are seen four groups—saints, martyrs, the church, and the people—all adoring the “Mystic Lamb.” Many interesting faces are found in these groups.

From the side panels, crowds of hermits, knights, crusaders and judges are all journeying towards the Holy City. Some of these are in such rich costumes that they recall the life at Duke Philip's superb court.

On the outside of the shutters when closed are the kneeling figures of the donors, Judocus Vydt and his wife. In those days donors often appeared, side by side, with saints and angels.

The influence of the Van Eycks with their rich scheme of colour was very great, and they had a number of worthy followers. The most noted was the poet-painter, Hans Memling.

There is a tradition that he arrived as a wounded and fainting soldier at St. John's Hospital, in Bruges; and that in gratitude for great kindnesses received there, he painted for the hospital some of his best pictures.

This story is most improbable; although the finest thing that he ever did is treasured there.

This is a small ark, fashioned in rich Gothic architecture and called “The Reliquary of St. Ursula”; for upon it, Memling has painted the tragic history of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins.

The legend which he illustrates runs as follows: St. Ursula was the beautiful and gifted daughter of



THE ADORATION OF THE LAMB.

*Van Dyck.*



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

*Rubens.*

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a king of Brittany. The king of England asked her in marriage for his son. St. Ursula promised to accept him on three conditions: The first was, that ten noble maidens should be given her as companions, and that each should have one thousand attendants; the second, that they should spend three years in visiting saintly shrines; and the third, that her suitor and all his court should be baptised.

These requests being granted, the eleven thousand maidens started on their pious pilgrimage. When they travelled by water, they steered their own vessels; and when by land, they were always preceded by angels, who directed their course, threw bridges over rivers, and pitched their tents by night.

They visited the Pope in Rome; and in all their journeys, as we may imagine, they had a great variety of adventures. On their return, they were all martyred by the barbarians, in the city of Cologne, and there to-day their bones are to be seen.

Memling could not get eleven thousand virgins on the tiny pictures with which he illuminated the little shrine; but they are crowded with figures, and the whole shrine is a very rare and beautiful piece of workmanship. Indeed, these miniature pictures are among the finest things in early Flemish art.

For this and other religious works, Memling became almost as famous as the Van Eycks.

From his time, Flemish painting declined; and in the sixteenth century, there was but one noted painter. This was Quentin Matsys, "The Blacksmith of Antwerp."

While working at his trade, he fell in love with

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a young girl whom he wished to marry. But, alas, for the poor blacksmith, her father would give her only to a painter.

So Matsys laid down his anvil, and took up his brush. He was very persevering; and in time painted such fine religious pictures, and such realistic misers, that he was considered the finest Flemish painter of the sixteenth century.

He won his bride and later when he died, he was buried in the cathedral in Antwerp. On its walls, we may read his story in the following words: "Love converted a blacksmith into an Apelles."

After the time of Matsys, Flemish art was lost for a time in the revolution that was shaking the Netherlands.

Within a short period, the little country had been governed in turn by the Dukes of Burgundy, the Emperor of Germany, and the King of Spain.

Then the people revolted from the tyranny of the gloomy Philip II. of Spain, and his "bloody Duke." The northern provinces united; and became the free and Protestant country of Holland. The southern provinces remained Catholic; and at the beginning of the seventeenth century, were governed by the Archduke of Austria.

To this century, belongs a "Golden Age" in art, in both Holland and Flanders. In Holland, it was led by Rembrandt; and in Flanders, by Rubens.

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long.  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,  
One grand, sweet song."

—KINGSLEY.



## FLEMISH ART

### RUBENS

Do you know the city of Antwerp, in Belgium, situated on the Scheldt River, twenty miles from the sea? In the sixteenth century, it was one of the fairest cities in Europe. It had beautiful churches and palaces, and two hundred thousand people, within its walls. Hundreds of ships rode at anchor in its harbour; and its great fairs attracted strangers from all parts of the world.

But, late in the century, when the Netherlanders were revolting from their Spanish masters with their "Spanish Fury," Antwerp became a centre for siege and pillage. The city was prostrated, and it was long before it recovered its commerce and influence.

But it had another honour in the seventeenth century, for it became "Rubens's City"—Rubens, the prince of Flemish painters, who made a second glorious era in Flemish art.

Rubens was not born in Antwerp; for during the religious struggles with the Spaniards, his father had been banished. It was in the little town of Siegen, in Germany, that he first saw the light. This was in the year 1577, on the feast day of St. Peter and St. Paul, and in honour of the day his parents named him Peter Paul.

They were wealthy and aristocratic, and Peter Paul was their seventh child. His parents determined that he should be well educated; and even as a little boy, he was so taught that he spoke to his father in Latin, to his mother in Flemish, and to his tutor in French.



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

The father died before Peter Paul was nine years old, and his mother returned to Cologne to live. Here she placed him in a Jesuit school, and he was brought up as a Roman Catholic.

Rubens loved study; even when ten years old, he translated Greek, and played on the lute. As a child, he had easily learned three languages; so now it did not seem difficult to add to these—English, French, Spanish, and Italian.

In order to have him acquire graceful and accomplished manners, it was thought best to accept the invitation of a noble lady to become her page. He went for a year, but he did not like the gay, idle life; so he begged his mother to allow him to return and study painting. It seemed difficult to decide what was best. The good mother assembled the family in council, and it was determined that the boy should be placed with a painter. He studied under two masters; and then with Vaenius, who, at this time, was court-painter to Archduke Albert, the governor of the Netherlands.

It is said that when Vaenius looked at the picture which Rubens had brought to show him, he uttered a cry of surprise; for he discovered in it a genius that sometime would surpass his own!

Rubens remained for years with Vaenius. The master was delighted with his industry, and when he was twenty-three years old, advised him to go to Italy to study. Again a family council was called to decide the question, and again permission was granted.

Before Rubens went, he painted a very life-like

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picture of the mother who had always ministered so carefully to her son's best interests.

The Archduke gave Rubens letters of introduction to different courts; and he also placed a golden chain about his neck, in order, as he told him, that he might remember his country.

So, in the year 1600, full of happy anticipations, Rubens set out on horseback for Italy. He reached there after a very long journey, over bad roads. He had always a great love for colouring, and so he was especially attracted by Venice, and enjoyed the works of Titian and Veronese.

Indeed, he so closely followed Veronese's style that he has sometimes been called "The Veronese of the North."

He had not been long in Italy when in some way he gained an introduction to the Duke of Mantua. The Duke was charmed with his face and manners, and made him court-painter. In Mantua, he painted pictures and copied master-pieces for the Duke, who, in return, made him magnificent presents.

Just at this time, the Duke wished to gain the favour of the King of Spain; and the more he saw of Rubens, the more he felt sure that he would make a good ambassador. He had great tact, courtly manners, and a cultivated mind, and he could speak seven languages. The Duke was right; for just these attributes made Rubens, throughout his life, a splendid diplomat; and just such a personality has been necessary to successful diplomats ever since.

So Rubens started on his mission, carrying with

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him gifts to the King of Spain. These consisted of rare jewels and vases and pictures, also a magnificent carriage and six Neapolitan horses. Travel in these days was very slow. Rubens sometimes rode on horseback; sometimes in a coach, dragged by mules or oxen over terrible roads; and at Pisa, he embarked in a sailing-packet. The journey lasted three months, and some of the gifts were injured by the storms encountered on the way.

The passport which he presented on reaching the court of Philip III. contained the following sentences: "With these presents, comes Peter Paul, a Fleming. Peter Paul will say all that is proper, like the well-informed man that he is. Peter Paul is very successful in painting portraits. If any ladies of quality wish their pictures, let them take advantage of his presence."

Here, as in Italy, Rubens was most cordially received. He gained the favour for which he was sent; he copied great works of arts; and among the portraits which he painted was that of Philip III. the king.

The Duke of Mantua was delighted with his success; and it is told that on his return he welcomed him with open arms, and begged him to remain with him always. But, after a time, Rubens asked to be dismissed, for he had come to Italy to study art.

"The Fleming," as the Italians called him, was everywhere received with marks of distinction. In Rome, he painted pictures for the Pope; he studied Michael Angelo's great muscular figures; and he was

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specially interested in a picture by Volterra called "The Descent from the Cross." Probably this later suggested his own great work on the same subject.

Italy was, indeed, to Rubens a vast treasure-house of art, and he loved to paint and to copy its master-pieces.

At last, after eight years, a message was brought him. His mother was alarmingly ill; if he would see her again, he must hurry home. Freighting a small ship with his treasures to go by sea, he himself started over the Alps.

Oh! how slow and weary the journey seemed; and he was too late to look again upon the mother whom he had so dearly loved. Now he shut himself up for four months, in the convent where she was buried.

Then he thought that he would return to Italy. But the Archduke offered him a good salary, and begged him to stay as his court-painter. Rubens accepted, on condition that he need not live at the court in Brussels. He would, of course, be ready as a court-painter *must*, whenever the Archduke wished him to paint; but his home should be in Antwerp.

In 1609, Rubens married Isabella Brandt, a robust Flemish beauty, and she and her two sons often appear in his pictures. He built a magnificent house in the Italian style. In it, he had a charming studio, to which a royal stair-case led—so broad that over it the largest pictures might be carried.

In the centre of the house a rotunda was arranged, in which to keep the valuable collection of pictures,

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vases, bronzes, cameos and jewels, to which he was constantly adding.

It was in connection with building this house that, in 1612, he painted his master-piece. It appears that, in digging the cellar, the workmen encroached upon land belonging to an archers' guild. The archers complained; and finally asked the artist to make compensation by painting for them a picture of their patron, St. Christopher.

Rubens surprised them when he painted a picture of all who could ever have been called "Christ-bearers."

This picture hangs to-day in the old cathedral of Antwerp. This cathedral is noted for its lofty arches, saintly windows, and a grotesquely carved pulpit. It possesses two other famous holy pictures by Rubens, but "The Descent from the Cross" is its greatest treasure.

When the curtain is drawn, a vast triptych is seen; and the large central panel rivets our profound attention. A group of nine huge figures nearly covers it, and all but one of these is in action.

In the centre, the dead Christ is being lowered from the cross. How indifferent are the faces of the workmen above, compared with the pathos and tenderness of the faces below!

On one side, Joseph of Arimathea directs the lowering of the precious body. Peter stands opposite on the ladder. Below, as the Christ-bearer, is St. John, the beloved, and near him are the three Marys.

This is a strange subject for a master-piece; but

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many consider that the limp, dead Christ is the best figure that Rubens ever painted. The contrast between the flesh tints and the intense whiteness of the winding-sheet is most realistic.

Of the three Marys, the Mother of Christ stretches out her arms imploringly. Mary Magdalene kneels in front; the foot which she once bathed with her tears touches her shoulder. She is one of the most beautiful women ever painted by Rubens.

See how firmly John stands and what muscular strength he shows!

What an imposing mass of light in the centre of the picture! How wonderful the contrast between life and death!

When the shutters of the triptych are closed, on their outside is seen the giant St. Christopher, who strode through the world, seeking its mightiest lord, and who now strides through the waves bearing the Christ-Child upon his shoulders.

"The Descent from the Cross" added greatly to Rubens's fame. Indeed, no painter ever rose more rapidly, in the esteem of his countrymen. He was surrounded by many pupils, and he had more orders for pictures than he could fill.

His life was very methodical. He rose at four, attended mass, breakfasted, and painted for hours; then he rested, dined, worked until late in the afternoon; then, after riding for an hour or two on one of his spirited horses, and later supping, he would spend the evening with his friends.

He was fond of books, and often a friend would read aloud to him while he worked. Naturally, a

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man who could speak seven languages was interested in literary subjects.

He lived very elegantly and yet very simply; and among his guests and correspondents were many princely men. He filled his life with two good things—happy work and pleasant thoughts.

In 1620, Marie de' Medici, the mother of Louis XIII. of France, invited him to Paris to picture on the walls of her Luxembourg Palace different scenes from her life.

Rubens accepted the proposal. This was a colossal undertaking; as we may know, when we look at these pictures that are now in the Louvre.

They are great canvases, covered over with a combination of allegorical and historical characters. All are gorgeous in colouring and vigorous in action.

Surely these pictures reveal Rubens's wonderful imagination and decorative power.

Marie de' Medici was delighted with the painter, and often sat and talked with him while he worked. Probably, as they chatted, he explained to her *why* he introduced into her history so many gods and goddesses.

Rubens painted so quickly that he was called "a perfect wizard with his brush." A German writer says that he once painted eight pictures in eighteen days. He always valued his time in painting at fifty dollars a day.

Once an alchemist asked him for money to help him build a suitable furnace; and he promised, in return, that when he discovered the philosopher's stone, Rubens should share his fortune.



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Rubens replied, "You have come twenty years too late." Then pointing to his palette and brush, he added, "Everything I work with *these*, turns to gold."

He painted almost every kind of subject; in his great mythological pictures, the Flemish people whom he daily saw were converted into gods and goddesses; and with them, were often represented huge, muscular animals.

In his religious pictures, Flemish peasants appear as Madonnas, apostles, saints, and martyrs. His genius is often seen at its best in the grouping of his great holy scenes. His historical subjects, too, are among his finest. In landscapes, he never cared for mountains or sea. He loved and often introduced into his works the scenery around his country home, Steen. He delighted in the place, and here he came to rest when tired or ill. There are, also, many portraits of kings and princes, and gaily-dressed lords and ladies. They have bright, rosy faces and wide-open eyes; but no soul nor character by which we may recall them, like those painted by Rembrandt or Hals.

Rubens was very fond of children; and had the rare gift of revealing their beautiful forms and grace of movement. The little group in Munich, representing some children carrying a festoon of fruit and flowers is most charming.

Reubens is specially noted always for his imagination and grouping, and soft, glowing colour. As we have said, soul and character are usually wanting in his faces—but who *could* paint everything?

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His pictures are of all sizes; but as he said of himself, the larger the canvas, the better he liked it! His pupils assisted him in many of his works. He would first outline the picture; they would work it up under his direction; and then he would retouch and finish it, and put his mark upon it.

Sometimes Rubens's pupils or other artists would be jealous of him, and he would say, "Do well, and you will make others envious; do better and you will master them."

In the year 1626, his good wife Isabella Brandt died, and he sought diversion from his grief through travel. He was sent as an ambassador to The Hague, and to Philip IV. of Spain. Once more, by his personal charms, he made himself very popular.

He was now forty-nine years old, and he became intimate with the young painter Velasquez, who was twenty-one. They were very congenial and became fast friends.

While in Spain, he painted gorgeous pictures for the King, who soon invited him to become ambassador to the court of Charles I. of England, and to arrange a treaty of peace between the two countries. Once more, he proved a dignified and successful diplomat.

Charles I. was delighted with him and he painted for the King the ceiling of his banqueting hall, at Whitehall. One day a courtier who was watching him paint said, "Does the ambassador of his Catholic Majesty sometimes amuse himself with painting?"

Rubens at once replied, "He sometimes amuses himself with being an ambassador."



HELENA FOURMENT WITH HER CHILDREN



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.

VAN DYCK.

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Charles I. knighted the painter, and then presented him with the jewelled sword, with which he had performed the ceremony. He also placed a chain about his neck, to which was attached his royal miniature. By this time, Rubens's breast must have been covered with chains and decorations!

The Duke of Buckingham, the favourite minister of the king, became intimate with Rubens, and later visited him at Antwerp. When he saw the rotunda filled with his art collection, he offered Rubens fifty thousand dollars for it. Rubens hesitated a little, for it contained among other things valuable pictures—three by Raphael, nineteen by Titian, and thirteen by Veronese.

But Rubens loved money, and the price offered was a great sum in those days. So he accepted the Duke's proposal, and at once commenced a new collection. And in this purchase of Buckingham originated a custom, now very common in England, for noblemen to make private collections of pictures.

Rubens, at last, grew weary of an ambassador's life, and determined to go home and enjoy himself as a private citizen. In the year 1630, he married again. He was now fifty-three years old, and his bride, Helena Fourment, was a wealthy and beautiful maiden of sixteen. He must have been deeply in love, for he never tired of painting her and her little family. Her large hat is always picturesque and her complexion fresh and brilliant; and she wears very gracefully her rich and varied costumes.

Rubens had painted one picture, of which he was so fond that it could not be bought for any price;



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and he carried it everywhere with him. This was called "The Straw Hat," and the face under the hat is supposed to have been that of one of Helena's sisters.

When a great artist paints between fifteen hundred and eighteen hundred pictures of all kinds it is difficult to decide which is the greatest, yet all cannot be equally well done. So people are much divided as to the merits of Rubens's pictures. Some, in going through the large galleries, grow very tired of looking at his "miles of canvas," as they call them. Others see only the coarser pictures, and decide that he could not have been great. Others stand too near the paintings, and forget that they were intended originally for the walls and ceilings of great public buildings, and so ought to be viewed from a distance. But if we stand far enough away, and look at the pictures over which the artist worked most carefully, we shall always find much to admire.

Some of Rubens's best works belong to his later years; but at this period, he was more and more a prisoner to the gout, which increased very fast. First, he had to abandon his large canvases, for he had not strength to stand when he worked; so he devoted himself to small easel-pictures. And when the gout reached his fingers, he was obliged to lay down his brush.

He died, after a sudden illness, in the year 1640; and when the news was told in Antwerp, there was great sorrow in "Rubens's City"—and in the art-loving cities in different parts of Europe; for Rubens was known and honoured in many countries!

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A costly and impressive funeral was given him in the church of St. Jacques, Antwerp, where a few years before his splendid wedding had been celebrated. He was buried with great pomp under the altar of his private chapel. Sixty orphan children bore torches in the procession.

The most beautiful ornament of this chapel is one of the best of the painter's pictures. This is sometimes called "The Holy Family of St. George," and sometimes "The Family of Rubens."

It is thought that, at his death, his art collection was worth half a million dollars.

So passed Rubens's life of sixty-three years: From the clever little school-boy, and linguist, to the page, the art-student, the traveller, the head of the princely house, and in his more stirring years the painter-diplomat, and the diplomat-painter.

Rubens had brought about a second "Golden Age," in the art of his country, and always stands first among Flemish painters.

Rembrandt and Rubens are the two greatest names in the Netherland art of the seventeenth century. Rembrandt was noted for his glowing light and deep shadow; Rubens only for his glowing light.

[From the fly-leaf of the manuscript copy of "In Memoriam," presented by the author to Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.]

"The more things thou learnest to know and to enjoy,  
the more complete and full will be for thee, the delight of  
living."

—ALFRED TENNYSON.



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### VAN DYCK, AND OTHER FOLLOWERS OF RUBENS

A STORY is told of a visit that was once paid by a courtly-looking stranger, passing through Haarlem, to Franz Hals, the distinguished Dutch painter. Hals was not at home, but he was sent for to the tavern and hastily returned. The stranger told him that he had heard of his reputation—had just two hours to spare—and wished to have his portrait painted. Hals, seizing canvas and brushes, fell vigorously to work; and before the given time had elapsed, he said, "Have the goodness to rise, sir, and examine your portrait!" The stranger looked at it, expressed his satisfaction, and then said, "Painting seems such a very easy thing, suppose we change places and see what I can do!"

Hals assented, and took his position as the sitter. The unknown began, and as Hals watched him, he saw that he wielded the brush so quickly, he must be a painter. His work, too, was rapidly finished, and as Hals looked at it he eagerly exclaimed, "You must be Van Dyck! No one else could paint such a portrait!"

No two portraits could have been more unlike. And the story adds that the famous Dutch and Flemish masters heartily embraced each other.

Anthony Van Dyck, of whom this anecdote is told, was the son of a prosperous silk-merchant of Antwerp; and was born in that city in 1599. His mother was very skilful in embroidering beautiful tapestry work, and she tried in form and colour to imitate nature.

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Anthony, like Rubens, was a seventh child. He was a precocious little fellow; and it is thought that, as day by day, he watched his mother's deft needles, tracing some rare design in silks of many hues, he must have caught from her his love of harmonious colouring. The mother, who was a great admirer of Rubens, was delighted when, at the age of seventeen, Anthony was admitted to the studio of the great painter.

From the following story, we judge that he soon became the best assistant. It happened one afternoon when Rubens was off on horseback that the pupils bribed the old servant to give them the key of the studio. They wished to see what their master was doing. While looking around, one of them carelessly brushed against a freshly-painted picture, and saw, to his consternation, that he had blurred the chin and throat of one of the figures. The students were in despair—what could be done! Finally, it was suggested that as Van Dyck was the most gifted among them, he should repair it; and he did this so perfectly that the next morning Rubens did not discover any change.

Later, however, he felt sure that he saw the touch of a strange hand; but he was so pleased with Van Dyck's artistic skill that he complimented, instead of blaming him.

Van Dyck drew so well, and Rubens had such confidence in him, that he sometimes allowed him to retouch his works, and also to make small sketches from them.

And Van Dyck was very early a master himself,

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for before he was nineteen, he was admitted to the "Guild of Painters," in Antwerp; and it is told that, at twenty-one, some of his works were almost as much esteemed as those of his master. He was a tall, handsome youth, with bright eyes, and a profusion of blonde hair, and he was always noted for a courtly refinement of manner. He was very restless and fond of travel; and Rubens, remembering how much his trip to Italy had helped him, advised Van Dyck to go there to study.

Finally, the latter determined to act on his master's advice. Before setting out, Rubens gave him letters of introduction to different courts; and also one of the finest horses from his own stable to use on his journey. When the young artist reached Italy, he found, in Venice, the same magical charm that had fascinated other artists. He was greatly interested in copying some of Titian's works. Indeed, he made one copy which he considered finer than the original.

Among his other works in Rome, is the splendid portrait of the stately Cardinal Bentivoglio. But Van Dyck did not at all enjoy the life in Rome, and was very glad to leave the city. This was probably because his dignified manners and fine clothes disgusted the other painters. In jest, they called him "The Cavalier Painter," and would not admit him to their club. It is true that Van Dyck always cultivated too much a haughty manner—and it is equally true that all through his life he lost friends by it.

In Genoa, he received a most hearty welcome for Rubens's sake; and commissions were given him to

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paint the noble families there. Stately figures he has left of churchmen and warriors, of princes and nobles and grand ladies—some in magnificent robes, some in knightly armour, some in silks and velvets and laces, some on horseback, some seated in elaborately decorated chairs. Their eyes follow us as we pass through the halls of the old galleries and ancient marble palaces.

The Genoese have ever been grateful to Van Dyck, for the superb works of art which he left in their "City by the Sea." It was either here or in Sicily that he met a blind lady who was nearly one hundred years old—a noted artist in her day, and a friend of Titian—and he had many long talks with her. The young Fleming afterwards declared that he learned from her conversation more about painting than from any school, in which he had ever studied.

After four years in Italy, Van Dyck returned to Antwerp, living here most of the time for several years; and now he did his part, in making works to adorn his own country.

Many of his best religious pictures were painted for churches. These are not grand in conception as those by Rubens, but they are gentler in colouring, and the faces have more expression. The pathos that he puts into these faces is often touching; and his Madonnas are always graceful and poetic. One of his favourite subjects was the entombment of Christ—indeed, he painted many pictures, relating to His agony and death.

Historical and mythological works also belong to

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this period of his life; however, he cared very little for mythology.

Besides, Van Dyck was now the fashionable portrait-painter of Antwerp, "The Velasquez of Painters," he has often been styled. He was indebted to Rubens; but in his portraits he put so much soul into the faces, and the figures had so much elegance and dignity that he far surpassed his master.

His prices were so high that only the rich could afford to sit to him. But the wealthy burghers of Antwerp came to his studio, bringing their wives, arrayed in brocaded bodices and great ruffs, and with their hair drawn back by a circlet of jewels. And people, passing through the city, often delayed their journey long enough to sit to Van Dyck.

His appointments with his sitters lasted just one hour. At the end of the time, he would rise, bow, make an engagement for another day, and then dismiss them courteously. Then his valet at once cleaned his brushes and prepared a fresh palette and canvas, so that another sitter could enter.

Van Dyck first posed him, and this he always did most gracefully. Then he outlined the figure with chalk, upon grey paper. He gave the outline to his assistant, who painted the clothes—for the sitter's clothes were always sent to the studio that they might be perfectly copied. After this was done, Van Dyck painted in the face and hands, and for the latter, he employed hired models.

He often invited his sitters to dine with him; for when they forgot themselves in conversation, he could catch their more natural expression than

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when posing. He caught expression quickly and worked rapidly, and he usually employed most skilled assistants.

Previous to his time, England had shown but little interest in painting. Van Dyck had been there once or twice, trying to secure patronage for his work, but he was unsuccessful. Finally, however, through the influence of the art-loving Duke of Arundel, or else after seeing one of his portraits, King Charles I. summoned him to England as his court-painter.

Van Dyck, who was always seeking change of scene, was delighted with the plan. And now, in 1632, we find him in London, where he received a most flattering welcome; for the king was charmed with his courtly manners.

He was given a yearly salary of two hundred pounds, and a winter home in Blackfriars, overlooking the Thames. Here a special landing-place was arranged, so that the royal family might easily sail from Whitehall Palace to the painter's studio.

Van Dyck was given, also, a country-place, not far from London. Servants and horses were attached to his establishment, and everything else that would make it easy for him to live like a prince.

King Charles grew very fond of his painter. When he wished to escape from the burdens of his high estate, he often took his barge and sailed down the Thames to the studio. There he would sit and watch Van Dyck at his work, and listen to his witty conversation; and so, for a time, he would forget the terrible trials that more and more were assailing

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his kingdom. Because the King frequented the studio, it became the resort of the nobles. Indeed, to pay a visit here was then quite the fashion in London. The King would gladly have kept Van Dyck busy with painting only the royal family; and we may thank Van Dyck for making us so familiar with their faces, especially that of the King himself. No less than thirty-six times has the painter revealed to the world the countenance of this noble and unfortunate ruler. Sometimes the King is in royal robes, often in a family group, and again in the chase.

One picture in the Louvre is very well known. The scene is laid on the edge of a wood, a lovely bit of country sloping away to the sea. The King has just dismounted from his superb grey steed. He is in a wide-brimmed black hat, white satin jacket, red hose, and yellow jack-boots. The equerry holds the impatient steed, and the page carries the King's wrap over his arm.

Van Dyck so greatly liked to paint horses that he introduced them whenever he could; and among them, are some of the most life-like and spirited animals to be found in all art.

"That most lady-like of queens," Henrietta Maria, sat twenty-five times to Van Dyck; and she is always dressed in the soft, lustrous fabrics that he loved to display. And the quaint Stuart children, what charming little sitters they were! We may know them all—even the baby Anne, who lived just long enough for Van Dyck to preserve her picture. They appear in shimmering silk, in colours so bright that we forget that they were painted so long ago!



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Van Dyck loved music; and the children as well as the grown-up sitters, while posing in the studio, were often entertained by a delightful concert.

He was as successful with dogs as with horses, and the pet spaniels that appear in these pictures were so fashionable, at this time, that they have ever since preserved the name "King Charles" spaniels.

Beside the royal family, noble lords and ladies flocked to the studio. Their pictures hang to-day on the walls of the stately old homes of England, where the descendants of those very lords and ladies live and admire their ancestors.

There are Cavaliers with plumed hats and long love-locks, broad collars edged with lace, doublets and ruffled shirts, breeches, and high-topped boots. There are ladies in graceful draperies, and adorned with ribbons, laces, and jewels; and, year by year, the painter's colouring grew more silvery.

There were many Puritans as well as Cavaliers in London at this time; but their simple manners and plain coarse dress never appealed to the aristocratic Fleming.

While in England, he painted over three hundred portraits, so he had very little leisure for any other subjects; but he founded in London the "Club of St. Luke," in which other painters joined him as members. Charles I. knighted him as he did Rubens, and also presented him with a gold chain, to which his picture was attached. For two years all went well. Sir Anthony was courted, and as we have

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said he lived like a prince. But the more he had, the more extravagant he became, until he found himself heavily in debt.

This was most unfortunate, for now dark days were coming to England; the shadow of a terrible civil war was over the land. After a while, the Parliament refused to give the King money, and Sir Anthony could no longer be paid.

Besides, the painter had lived a life of such luxury and dissipation that he was becoming weak and ill; and it added to his distress to see his kind patrons surrounded by sadness and danger.

Although he had been so successful as a portrait-painter, he had always been dissatisfied, wishing instead to do some great decorative work. Rubens had covered no less than thirty-nine ceilings—why could he not be given a commission to paint some palace-walls in London, or to decorate the Louvre in Paris!

But there was no money now in his own country to pay for art; and Louis XIII. allowed a Frenchman to decorate the Louvre. Money, in some way, he *must* have; and so he turned his attention to alchemy, and tried, like many other foolish men of his day, to find the secret of converting base metal into gold: but he never found the treasure that he sought. We remember that Rubens would never become interested in alchemy.

As Van Dyck grew more and more disheartened, the king advised him to marry, and he selected for him Marie Ruthven, the poor but beautiful daughter of a noble Scotch family. He travelled a little with



THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I



DAVID TENIERS

“THE RUSTIC WEDDING.” FROM THE PAINTING IN THE PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH

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his wife, but all the time he was growing more and more broken in health and spirits.

The King, overburdened with his own cares, was yet distressed to see his favourite painter in such a condition; and he offered the court-physician a large sum of money, if he would cure Van Dyck.

But money could not save him now. He died in London in 1642, just one year after Rubens died in Antwerp. Van Dyck was but forty-three years old, at the time of his death. He had lived a life of too much gaiety, but to the end he had been faithful to his art. He has ever been noted for his religious and historical pictures; but it is his greatest honour that he stands to-day as one of the world's most life-like and courtly portrait-painters.

After Rubens and Van Dyck, Jordaens is considered the most famous Flemish painter. He was an intimate friend of the great master. "The Vulgar Rubens," he is often called, for he liked large canvases, and on them are pictured the same subjects that Rubens selected.

But Jordaens never went to Italy, so his style was not refined by the study of Italian art. Sometimes his pictures were coarse, and sometimes humorous. His colouring was very bright, and many think that it possessed "a golden glow," which was never equalled by Rubens.

Franz Snyders, the great animal-painter, was another of Rubens's friends. It is said that sometimes he painted animals and flowers for Rubens; while Rubens, in return, would put the human figures into Snyders's pictures.

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Snyders will always be known for his raging wild-boars, tearing the hounds with their tusks; for his poor hunted stags; and equally, for the minute accuracy seen in his dead game, vegetables, fruit, and flowers.

Fyt almost rivals Snyders as an animal-painter. We may easily remember him, by associating with his name two other words beginning with "f"—"fur, feathers, Fyt."

It seems as if we could touch the real fur on his hares and greyhounds, and the plumage on his birds is full of beauty. His animals are either very wide-awake or very dead game, and often both are seen in one picture.

Our group of Flemish painters must include Teniers the Younger. He painted all kinds of pictures, but he was "The Prince of Genre-Painting." His works, more than those of any other artist, resemble those of the Dutch.

Teniers belonged to a family of painters, and he, also, was the friend of Rubens. He was a most attractive man, and for his art was honoured all over Europe. He painted for kings, and was, at one time, the court-painter at Brussels.

He became very rich and established at Perck, near Mechlin, his magnificent home. Here he entertained nobles, and he also joined the peasants in their merry-makings; for in doing this, he could catch the life and expression which he wished to put into his village revels.

The subject that Teniers evidently best liked to paint was a fair or festival, a tavern-scene or a guard-



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room. These were pictured in a most realistic and pleasing way, and in soft and brilliant colouring.

He did not, like Van Dyck, foolishly seek "the philosopher's stone," yet no one *painted* an alchemist like Teniers! He loved a bit of humour, sometimes introducing cats or monkeys into his pictures. His smokers are perfect. Greuze says, "Show me a pipe, and I will tell you if the smoker is by Teniers." A fire-place, or even just the luxurious glow of the fire-light, seems always to belong to this painter's pictures.

While his canvases were not very large, hundreds of little figures often appeared in them, and once, at least, a thousand! All were active and picturesque, but the heads are too much alike; so his most valuable pictures are said to be those with the fewest figures.

He worked so easily and rapidly that sometimes he finished a picture between dinner and bed-time. These he called his "after-dinner pictures." And as he painted until he was eighty-four years old, it was said that it would take a gallery *two leagues long* to contain all his works!

Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Fyt, and Teniers—had many imitators and followers.

At the end of the seventeenth century, Flemish art steadily declined. But, in the nineteenth century, there was a great revival, led by Leys and Wappers, both of whom rapidly won fame and many honours.

And the work of reformation thus begun was carried out by Gallait, Dubois, Stevens, Boulenger, Willems, De Knypff, and others, whose paintings,



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

in vigour of presentation and charm of colour, made them masters of high rank.

Lübke writes, "For a small country, with a population less than that of New York State, Belgium is one of the most artistic of modern communities. The influence exerted by Fine Art on the whole nation is exceptionally great."

## Dutch Art



## VIII

### REMBRANDT

As we glance at the pictures that have made brave little Holland so renowned, we may well exclaim, 'Truly Art is of many kinds.'

The early pictorial history of the country is like that of the Netherlands. When, however, William, Prince of Orange, won for Holland its independence from Spain, a new art arose.

We know how rapidly freedom grows, and with it almost at once appeared the brilliant School of Dutch painting.

The art of Holland is too Protestant for ideal Madonna pictures; but the quaint Dutch Mother caring for her Babe, in the carpenter's homely workshop, is very charming.

Italian art is filled with legends of saints and angels. The Dutchman did not care for legends. He wished, instead, to preserve truthful portraits of the brave men who had helped to win the freedom and prosperity of his country.

The Italian loved his sunny skies and hilly landscapes, while the Dutchman equally enjoyed his grey cloudy skies, and flat country, diversified by trees, canals, and windmills.

What matter if it were foggy out-of-doors—the fire within glowed the brighter!

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The "Golden Age" of this brilliant School of art belongs to the seventeenth century; and its typical painter was Rembrandt.

Rembrandt was born in Leyden, probably in the year 1607. Beautiful Leyden, with its orchards and gardens, is renowned alike for its famous siege and for its splendid University.

Rembrandt's father was a miller and Rembrandt was the brightest of his little Dutch family. Indeed, he was so clever that while the other children were taught to follow trades, his parents determined to make of him either a priest or a lawyer. So they sent him to the Latin school, and to the famous Leyden University; but the restless, talented boy never cared for books. Instead, he was always studying nature, and faces, and pictures on the walls.

His father finally told him that, if he spent his time in this way, he would never grow rich.

Rembrandt replied by asking him, if he had heard of the fabulous wealth of Master Rubens, the Flemish painter, and added, "Why can *I* not make a fortune in the same way?"

The father was interested in the suggestion, and placed the boy with a painter to see what he could do. So three years were passed under masters in Leyden and Amsterdam. Then the young artist, feeling sure that he had learned all that they could teach him, went home to study nature. His life-work shows that he was more indebted to this "wonderful teacher" than to any other.

He fitted up a studio, and here, by opening and

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shutting the window, studied the effects of light and shade. He took long walks and enjoyed the landscape, and the varying expressions on the faces of the people whom he met. He sold one of his earliest pictures to a dealer for a good price, and this delighted his friends.

Over and over again, he drew the portraits of the different members of his family. As long as she lived, he never tired of picturing the strong face of his dear mother.

Amsterdam, at this time, was a large and flourishing city. It had so many canals and bridges that it was called "The Venice of the North." Busy merchants thronged its streets; there was a picturesque Jewish quarter; and ships, laden with treasure from every part of the world, sailed into its harbour.

Besides, Amsterdam was the home of many artists and literary men. So, in 1630, young Rembrandt determined that he would go there to live. He travelled all the way by canal, and on reaching the city, set up his first studio in a large warehouse. He went directly to work, and in 1632, he painted "The Lesson in Anatomy." This picture can appeal only to surgeons. However, it made a name for the young artist. This was partly because the faces of Dr. Tulp and the physicians to whom he was lecturing were, at once, recognised as perfect likenesses.

This picture aroused great enthusiasm. Pupils eagerly flocked to Rembrandt's studio. He arranged separate cells for them, for he knew that each one would do better work alone. He also became for a time the fashionable portrait-painter of Amster-

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dam. Indeed, so many rich merchants and fashionable ladies came as sitters that he found it difficult to accomplish all that he wished to do. He charged high prices for his portraits, and all that he did seemed to prosper; but his greatest happiness was just before him.

Rembrandt had a friend, Hendrick Van Uylenborch, who kept a shop where he sold engravings and bric-a-brac. This was the kind of shop in which Rembrandt always loved to linger.

Sometimes he would meet there Hendrick's cousin, Saskia Uylenborch, who, also, was very fond of looking at pictures.

Saskia was not pretty, but she was a winsome maiden, with a bright, expressive face and curly, auburn hair. Rembrandt was asked to paint her picture; and the more he looked into her merry eyes, the more attractive she seemed, and it was not long before she had won his heart.

She was a wealthy, aristocratic Friesland girl of twenty-one—and he a poor artist of twenty-eight—but then he was rapidly becoming famous.

In 1634, Rembrandt and Saskia were married. He bought a handsome house, and made of it a perfect museum. He filled it with antique furniture, armour, embroidered stuffs, costumes and jewels, with pictures and busts, and zoölogical specimens, and even the barbaric weapons of the North American Indians. For Rembrandt was deeply interested in such things, and bought everything that appealed to his taste in the shops, the Jewish quarter, and on the ships that brought curiosities from distant lands. A





SASKIA HOLDING A PINK



THE BANQUET OF THE ARQUEBUSIERS.  
*Van der Helst*

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high price never hindered him from buying treasures which he wished to possess.

And how he delighted to array Saskia in various costumes and beautiful jewels, and then have her pose for him! To know Rembrandt, one must become familiar with Rembrandt's wife; for her face appears so many times in the great picture-galleries. Now she is "Flora," again a Jewish bride, and yet again a princess.

In the Dresden Gallery, there is a very well-known picture, in which she sits upon Rembrandt's knee. She is richly dressed and her face wears a pleased look. Rembrandt is arrayed as a Cavalier, with velvet coat and ostrich plume. He laughs merrily, as he holds above Saskia's head a tall Venetian glass, full of foaming beer. This picture displays the warm brown tints that Rembrandt loved so well to paint.

What rich robes and laces and gleaming jewels are revealed in these pictures! Nothing was too good for Saskia! and she herself was the brightest picture in Rembrandt's life.

Besides painting Saskia, Rembrandt has left more pictures of himself than any other artist. He would array himself, as well as Saskia, in all kinds of costumes, with chains and earrings.

He was his own most willing model; and he would stand before a mirror, and there note and draw every kind of expression that he could reveal in his face; for every wrinkle was a study of light and shade.

He also took portraits of all sorts of people, for he wished to catch every variety of human expression;

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and he had always so great sympathy for the poor and oppressed, that many sad faces appear among his pictures. His beggars would fill a gallery by themselves. The Jewish ones in their tatters are very striking and picturesque. Tramps flocked to his door, and begged to be allowed to sit to him.

The faces of old men and women stamped with great character—how faithfully he reveals them!

One picture shows a stately old Dutch lady, with shrewd and kindly face. She is dressed in a gown of black silk, and bedight with stiff ruff and head-dress and many jewels.

Then there is another wrinkled dame, with shrunken skin, whose dark hood casts a shadow over her face. A dear, sad old face it is, filled with memories of the long-ago!

Her busy hands are folded now, for her work is done. Now she may rest!

Rembrandt always studied and painted hands, with the deepest sympathy and insight. Very often pathos and sorrow are revealed in them.

But a greater power than expression lay in his *chiaroscuro*, or management of light and shade. He concentrated a strong light upon the important object or action in the picture, while the rest of the picture is in a rich dark and often transparent shadow.

His pupils could not find out how he did this, no matter how closely they watched him. Once when he was working, one of them stood by him, anxious to learn his secret; but Rembrandt sent him off exclaiming, "Paint is unwholesome; it is not to be smelled at."

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Rembrandt was as famous an etcher as he was a painter; and through his work, he established a new School of engraving.

The following story is told to show how rapidly he worked with his etching-needle. His wealthy friend, Jan Six, often took him to his place in the country. One day as they sat down to luncheon there, Six discovered that there was no mustard on the table. So he sent his servant Hans to the neighbouring town to procure some. As he started, Rembrandt made the wager that he could engrave a picture, before the boy returned.

Six replied, "I wager that you cannot!" Rembrandt drew a copper-plate from his pocket, for he seldom went anywhere without carrying one. He seated himself in the window, took his etching-needle, and on the film of wax which covered one side of the plate, he traced the landscape which he saw before him.

As Hans entered the room, he handed the plate to his friend—he had won the wager!

Years passed along very quickly and happily to Rembrandt and to Saskia; but the artist's life, like his pictures, was to be made up not only of the brightest lights but of the deepest shadows.

It is not easy in art to please everybody; but surely a portrait-painter should try. As Rembrandt worked, he gradually grew more and more proud and moody and eccentric. He always sacrificed beauty to a strong expression, and would not be influenced by his sitters, who naturally wished to look their best.

Other Dutch painters at the time visited Italy, and

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when they returned, they adopted the fashion of the day. Rembrandt loved Italian pictures and sculpture, and it seemed strange that he never wished to visit the ideal land. By and by, the Dutch grew tired of his likenesses, and turned to more accommodating artists.

In 1642, Rembrandt painted his largest work called "The Night Watch," or "The Sortie of the Civic Guard."

In Holland, every town of any size possessed a guard composed of its most prominent citizens; and upon this, rested the responsibility of the order of the town.

Franz Banning Cock was, at this time, captain of the civic guard in Amsterdam; and he and his wealthy company asked Rembrandt to paint their portraits.

There are, in the picture, between twenty and thirty life-size figures. They are promptly responding to a sudden summons to action.

Rembrandt has chosen to represent the moment of disorder, as they are preparing to leave the guard-house, and fall into line.

Captain Cock is an aristocratic-looking man, dressed in dark coat and red sash. He stands in the foreground, giving orders. See how the shadow of his raised hand falls on the yellow coat of the lieutenant standing at his side! This shadow for its truthfulness is surely well worthy of the brush of "The King of Shadows."

The drummer is sounding his call—the dogs bark. The musketeer loads his gun, while a saucy boy with a powder-horn runs at his side. The ensign unfurls



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his flag. A gaily-dressed gypsy-like child, or little woman, with a cock slung at her side, slips in among the crowd. Guardsmen and pikemen are all making ready. This picture, full of action and splendid colouring, is touched by Rembrandt's enchanting light.

Indeed, as you enter to-day the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam, you can see how its wonderful *chiar-oscuro* has made it one of the world's master-pieces.

Sir Joshua Reynolds called it "The Night Watch"; but when, in the year 1889, it was cleansed from the dirt and smoke of centuries, it was proved that the scene was really represented as occurring in the day-time. But as one has well said, "It is neither the light of the sun nor of the moon; it is rather the light from the genius of Rembrandt."

This picture, at the time, did not add to Rembrandt's fame. The members of the guard were discontented. Each had promised to pay for his own portrait—so naturally each wished to be prominent. Rembrandt had dressed them in old costumes which he kept in his studio, and they were almost all in the shadow. Only those in the light ever paid their part.

We remember that Rembrandt had already lost favour. Van der Helst now became the fashionable portrait-painter in Amsterdam. But it did not much matter to Rembrandt; for at that time Saskia, the joy of his life, lay dying; and when he was parted from the wife whom for eight years he had tenderly loved, his happiest days were over. Life was very lonely now—his only consolation was in his work.



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It is said that he grew still more sad and moody; and that he often ate his simple meal of salted herring and bread and cheese, while sitting at his easel.

Rembrandt always loved to study his Bible, and we especially associate his holy pictures with this part of his life. He had never been in Palestine, and so he could not show the type of people that lived there; but he believed that the Bible story should be pictured by simple folks. He liked to paint Old Testament scenes, with their Oriental costumes and romantic localities.

He usually took for his models the Dutch Jews, feeling that these, more than any others, must be like those who appeared in Old Testament times, and to whom Jesus talked.

What a contrast to Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" is Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus!" This supper takes place on the Easter Sunday evening, after the crucifixion.

The room is bare. The two disciples, seated at the rude table, are just Dutch peasants. Rembrandt pictures the instant when they suddenly discover that their guest is the risen Lord! Astonishment is depicted upon their faces, as they look upon the transfigured countenance of the Christ of Nazareth! a face that in its pathos is one of the most significant in all art.

We cannot see the source of the radiance that touches all the faces, and falls with such distinctness upon the table-cloth, while all the rest of the room is in shadow.

Rembrandt etched and painted a great variety

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of subjects, and many artists since his day have tried to imitate him.

We do not know much about the later years of his life, except that he married once or twice again. Over all these years, there hangs a great shadow—struggling ones they must have been, for he painted so many sad faces.

Rembrandt was very ignorant about business. He had spent too lavishly, and he grew poorer and poorer. His house and all his rare pictures and curios, and the jewels that Saskia loved best, had to be sold to pay his debts. Still he worked on bravely, and one of his noblest pictures was painted in the year 1661. Some regard it the very best of his works. It is called "The Syndics of the Cloth Guild."

There were many wealthy *guilds* as well as *guards* in Holland. They were corporations of master-craftsmen. They owned fine halls for their meetings, the walls of which were adorned with pictures of the syndics themselves.

In Rembrandt's picture, the light is concentrated on a group of these syndics, who are assembled in an oak-panelled room. They wear dark coats, wide white collars, and broad-brimmed hats. A bare-headed servant stands in the background. The table, at which they are seated, is covered with a rich scarlet cloth, and upon it rests the ledger of the corporation. Evidently the syndics are going over their yearly accounts; but someone must be entering, for all are glancing upward.

The heads are noble and dignified. The expres-

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sions on the different faces are varied and masterly. All the portraits must be perfect, and we recall them long after seeing them.

When we think of Rembrandt's remarkable genius, which is felt throughout Holland more and more as the centuries go on, it is sad to relate that he died poor—but so it is. He had a short illness and was but sixty-two years old. According to the registry, his funeral expenses were less than ten dollars.

These are some of the titles that have been given to Holland's greatest painter:

“The Prince of Etchers.”

“The Shakespeare of Painting.”

“The King of Shadows.”

“The Painter of Painters.”

Which title do you think Rembrandt best deserves?

“A single sunbeam is enough to drive away many shadows.”

—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

### A GROUP OF DUTCH PAINTERS

NEAR Rembrandt's “Night Watch,” in the Amsterdam Museum, is another huge portrait-group, containing over thirty life-size figures. It is “The Banquet of the Arquebusiers.” This banquet was given in 1648, to celebrate the Peace of Munster.

The feast represents a brilliant gathering of captains, lieutenants, sergeants, musketeers, and guests. See the display of velvet and sashes and plumes! See the drum in the foreground, and the city flag at the back of the picture—and the two Dutch houses showing through the window!

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The guardsmen gathered about the table, chatting and feasting, have very striking faces and easy attitudes. Everyone is in good humour, and everyone is trying to look his best. This is most natural; for Van der Helst, the artist, allowed each to pose for himself. Do we wonder, then, that Van der Helst succeeded Rembrandt as the fashionable painter of Amsterdam?

Jovial Franz Hals must next be added to our group of Dutch portrait-painters; and he is becoming more famous as the centuries pass.

To know him *really*, we must visit quiet old Haarlem, a city which, like Leyden, is renowned for its siege.

It may be sleepy to-day—but what a merry life it must have known in the seventeenth century, when Franz Hals lived there. How he loved to walk the streets, or frequent the tavern or game-house, and tell his jokes, and then catch the expressions of his listeners! And no one else *could* catch a transient expression like Hals!

But he must have been a man of more character than is usually accorded to him; for only a clever man could have been elected to the offices that were given him in Haarlem. Only a firm hand could have painted his great corporation-pictures.

It is true that he died poor; but so have many other famous men.

Let us imagine ourselves to-day in the Haarlem Museum, and face, in turn, the eight groups of portraits that gaze down upon us from the walls. It is no wonder that it took Hals the fifty best years

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of his life to paint them. They contain great life-like figures, dressed in realistic clothes, and their speaking faces tell of the stirring scenes, in which they had a part. It almost seems as if any one of them might easily detach himself from his group, and come down and talk to us!

The last of the groups—and Hals painted it when he was eighty-four years old—is called “The Regents of a Hospital.” It represents five old ladies—and prim dames they are, indeed! What deep marks of character in both their faces and their hands! They look as if they could manage with thrift and economy the affairs of any benevolent institution!

As we have said, Hals could seize upon and portray a momentary glance; and this he did whenever he found a face that interested him.

How instantly he has caught and preserved for us the merry laugh of old Hille Bobbe, the Haarlem fish-wife. How easily he tells her story—and a careless reckless one it is—as she sits there holding in her withered hand a pewter mug of schnapps.

This is a genre picture, and Franz Hals was one of the first in Holland to paint such pictures. The word “genre” has such a general meaning that it is difficult to define it exactly. It may be a representation of dead game or fruit or flowers, or a snug interior with dresser and pots and kettles. But more often it is an every-day scene of every-day life. Sometimes it shows us a doctor or dentist, a music-lesson or a school of mischievous children, or a shop or tavern-scene, or a rural fête. Genre pictures are usu-

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ally small, and the anecdote is told in a simple, striking way.

So many genre pictures helped to make the "Golden Age" of Dutch art that it is difficult to select typical ones. Among the artists, Steen must be one of the most noted; for his pictures are found in the choicest collections. He has been called "The Laughing Philosopher of Dutch Art." He kept a tavern, and he himself was very fond of eating and drinking, and of a good story. His colouring is bright; his faces are full of expression; his festivities are very real; and his children very mischievous.

Then there is Gerard Dow, who fascinates us by his perfectly finished little pictures. Dow was, at one time, apprenticed to a glass-painter, who taught him to paint with careful detail and finish.

At another time, he was a pupil of Rembrandt; and from him, he caught a soft and glowing colour—as seen in his candle- and lantern-lights—and also the habit of painting his own portrait.

His pictures are usually less than two feet square; but his tiny figures fit very perfectly into them, and sometimes they are surrounded by an arched background.

His subjects are varied. One is a sick woman, to whom the doctor is ministering, and for whom a daughter is grieving. Another is a praying hermit; and still another an evening school, with a magical light falling upon the children's faces.

Dow is *great* because he *saw little things*; and if we examine his pictures with a magnifying-glass, we may know how *wonderfully* he saw them! He

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would work for five days on a lady's hand, one day for each finger!

Once, being complimented upon a broomstick which he had painted, he replied, "I have yet three days' work to do upon that broomstick!"

Poynter says that he delighted in depicting a broomstick or a woman scraping a carrot; but it was because he painted broomsticks and carrots as no one else could!

Van der Meer and Maes are also great favourites. The former has left a few rare pictures. They are generally of a street or an interior with a single figure.

Maes uses soft, glowing tints, which light up the one or two figures in his homely scenes. We may recall the familiar copy of his "Old Woman Spinning." How life-like she is, and how intent upon her work! and how naturally the light touches her wrinkled forehead, her hand of labour, and the bare rough walls!

Ter Borch admired aristocratic ladies, in handsomely decorated rooms. Probably this was because he knew just how to give the proper sheen to their white satin gowns!

Metsu, also, was very skilful in painting fabrics, and he, too, liked fine ladies; but his markets, filled with gay vegetables, fruit, and flowers, are especially attractive.

One Van Ostade was so successful with his *chiaroscuro* that he became "The Rembrandt of Genre Painters"; while his brother pictured, as no one else could, frozen canals, covered with merry skaters.

Kalf painted metal and porcelain pots and kettles;



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but his ideal subject was a neat kitchen with vegetables, various utensils, and crockery on a dresser.

D'Hondecoeter delighted in poultry-yards; and he devoted his time, also, to studying peacocks and turkeys and pigeons and swans. He holds a prominent place as a painter of poultry and living birds.

He is said to have owned one cock, so perfectly trained, that it would keep any position that its master wished, long enough to be painted.

Weenix reproduced life-size dead game, and his hares are remarkable.

Jan de Heem is called "The Titian of Flowers," because his brush reveals such natural buds and blossoms in bright, warm colours. His crystal flower-vases are very sparkling. Always look for beetles and dew-drops on de Heem's flowers!

Van der Helst, Hals, Steen, Dow, Van der Meer, Maes, Ter Borch, Metsu, Van Ostade, Kalf, Hondecoeter, Weenix, Jan de Heem—a goodly number of names, indeed, for one short chapter!

But when we shall visit in Holland the famous galleries at The Hague, Amsterdam, and Haarlem, and also collections of Dutch pictures in other cities, it will add greatly to our interest, if we are familiar with the characteristics of even thirteen of these painters.

We shall seek the portraits of Van der Helst and Hals. We may discover Steen's amusing story; or recognise Dow's little picture, by its arched background or charming lantern- or candle-light.

We may possibly find a Van der Meer, but surely one of Maes's homely interiors. We may study the

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lustrous fabrics worn by Ter Borch's or Metsu's richly-dressed ladies.

And then, leaving such aristocratic subjects, we may descend into Kalf's kitchen and catch the sheen on his pots and dishes. Then take a view of Hondecoeter's poultry-yard; and linger, at last, among Jan de Heem's bright flowers.

Whatever an artist *sees* always creeps into his pictures; and what a variety of things the *Dutch* artist saw!

"We are so made that we love

First, when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see."

—ROBERT BROWNING.

### LANDSCAPE AND MARINE PAINTERS

THE landscape-painters of Holland, in the seventeenth century, made the quaint little country seem very charming. Indeed, we may almost feel that real landscape-painting originated here; because the Dutch have always insisted on such a truthful imitation of nature.

The name of Jacob van Ruysdael usually stands first among these painters. He seems to have been a solitary Rambler who loved to wander away, and sit upon a hill, if he could find one, until he had absorbed into his mind every charm of the great plain spread out before him.

He might have thought this "Hollow Land," or Holland, monotonous, but he never did. Instead, he studied how best to diversify it in his pictures, with



HILLE BOBBE



THE AVENUE OF MIDDELHARNAIS.  
*Hobbema.*

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a castle or a giant windmill, with a little spire nestling among the trees, with bridges and canals and fishing-boats, and gentle rivers reflecting perfect shadows.

He liked to paint a solitary road, and tall trees with their dark green foliage reflected against the sky. Some think that he enjoyed painting trees and skies best of all.

Ruysdael loved sometimes to linger on the seashore, and there to study eagerly the rough waves and storm-tossed sky mirrored in them. He never could put people and animals into his pictures, but his artist friends always did that for him.

Ruysdael is sometimes called "The Melancholy Jacques of Landscape-Painting," because his skies are so often cold and grey. But this title seems hardly fair; for often a splendid gleam of sunshine breaks through a rift in his clouds, touches the trees and fields and rivers, and irradiates the whole scene.

Ruysdael had a friend or pupil named Hobbema. The poor man was never appreciated while he lived; but to-day it is difficult to buy one of his landscapes for any price.

His villages and roads and canals and windmills are always illumined by a golden light.

Our print, "The Avenue, Middleharnais," is a copy of one of his finest pictures. See the long straight road lined with poplar-trees, leading to the distant village, clustering about its little church. On the right, separated by a ditch from the road, is the most charming corner of the picture.

Examine this through a magnifying-glass, and see

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the exquisite nursery-garden, and in it the tiny horticulturist grafting his trees. Beyond this nursery are farm-buildings.

If we could only see the original picture, we would also enjoy the bright, blue sky, flecked with tiny, white clouds. It seems strange that for long, people passed Hobbema's pictures without discovering their beauties.

The greatest lover of light among all the Dutch painters was Cuyp. The people and sheep and cows that animate his bright fields and river-banks are usually enjoying either the cool freshness of a misty morning, or else the warm sunshine at mid-day. His pictures to-day are worth almost their weight in gold.

Wouvermans also painted landscapes most industriously; but more than these he delighted in the many-plumed Cavaliers and horses and dogs that he placed in them, and always in spirited action. Now he paints a picturesque hunt—now a cavalry charge! Always look for a white horse in Wouvermans's pictures—you will be almost sure to find one.

Speaking of animals, we introduce just here the famous animal of Holland, Paul Potter's "Bull." This picture always takes its place among the master-pieces of the world.

It is in the gallery at The Hague, and bears the date 1647; and if it were the only picture there, *to see it* would be worth a visit to the attractive capital of Holland.

The bull stands with head erect, and body quivering with life! He seems to breathe defiance as we look into his fiery eyes! The single hairs on the top



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of his head and his great horns are singularly life-like. His hide is marvellously painted. Indeed, examine him where you will, he is *a true bull!* He so fascinates us that, at first, we do not see the cow and three sheep that are near, and the shepherd who stands beside the tree. Another look, and we discover the great open meadow beyond, and the beautiful clouds above.

The story of Paul Potter's life is interesting as it seems to centre about this master-piece. It appears that, as a child, he was always studying the habits of cows and sheep, either in the farm-yard, in the grassy meadow, or standing in the quiet pool.

At fourteen, he was already a clever artist. He was sent to The Hague to study; and there fell in love with the pretty daughter of an architect with whom he lived. But the father would not give her to a young man who could paint only animals. When he was twenty-three years old, he painted this bull, originally intending it as the sign-board of a butcher's shop. It gained for him such fame that he won his bride; and at The Hague they established a most attractive home.

He continued to paint sheep and cows, and won for himself the proud title of "The Raphael of Animals."

And, like Raphael, his life was short, for he died when he was but twenty-nine years old.

We commenced our chapter with a simple landscape; then we studied landscapes with animals; and Paul Potter's "Bull" may be called an animal with a landscape.



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The Dutch also excelled in seascapes. Much of sea-girt little Holland had originally been wrested from the waves. And later, its brave captains had fought with England—the greatest sea power in the world. Truly, if Dutch art is a picture of Holland *free*, its seascapes should help to tell its story.

So Van de Velde, the younger, must have thought, when he gave his life to a study of the sea in its every mood; and through this study, he became the finest Dutch marine-painter.

He knew how to represent the effect of light and shadow over the water; the quiet river view; a calm sea, or raging waves; or perhaps a ship struggling in a storm.

The Dutch appreciated his power, and sometimes he was given a little vessel, in which to accompany a large fleet and paint a sea-fight. Sometimes he risked his life, by sailing between the battling ships, in order to see the action on both sides. He painted truthfully the victories of both the Dutch and the English, and so became very popular in Holland and in England.

Backhuysen was another famous marine-painter. He went to sea in all weathers to study old ocean, in its varying moods. And he pictured as perfectly every part of the rigging of the high Dutch ships as the sea upon which they sailed.

His colouring was so much colder than Van de Velde's that someone has said, "Backhuysen makes us fear the sea, while Van de Velde makes us love it."

And now our Dutch painters have told their stories, and there are many different ones for every

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separate subject—in portrait, genre, landscape, or marine view. Not what they *thought* but what they *saw*, they *painted*!

Looking at Dutch pictures will lead us to understand the word “realism”; for Dutch art is among the most realistic arts in the world. And every modern artist that has become a Realist has learned his best lessons from the seventeenth century Dutch painter.

In the eighteenth century, the art of Holland declined; but now a revival has begun. This revival is led by Josef Israels. Many with him are trying to recall Rembrandt's *chiaroscuro*.

They are studying the picturesque life of the fisher-folks, or are finding poetry in little home scenes. Some are painting animal pictures, full of character and sentiment, others are newly interpreting the beauties of the Dutch landscape and the fresh moist air and striking cloud effects that may always be seen in a level country.

What wonder if the twentieth century shall witness a second “Golden Age” of Dutch painting!

“A land that rides at anchor and is moored,  
In which they do not live but go aboard.”

—BUTLER.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land.”

—SCOTT.



## German Art



## IX

### NUREMBERG

FAR to the north of Italy, lies Germany; and German art forms as striking a contrast to that of Italy, as does its sterner climate and rugged country to the eternal sunshine and beautiful vine-clad hills of the southern land. Italian art was ideal; German art was realistic.

The Germans made stiff portrait statues; and while we admire the earnest, religious spirit which is revealed in them, we miss the grace and beauty which the southern sculptor gave to his work.

Then the Germans, with their wild forest fancies, loved to picture the weird and fantastic; and, also, to produce very striking effects, such as are seen in the martyrdom of saints, or in the Passion of Christ.

Both the Italians and the Germans were very religious; but while Italian art was always Roman Catholic, the German, in the sixteenth century, became Protestant.

There were but few German painters in the Middle Ages, but many cathedral-builders. As cathedrals must be decorated, there were always ready, guilds of glass-painters and stone-cutters, and also of carvers in wood and ivory.

Nuremberg, on the Pegnitz River, was the first

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famous art centre in Germany, and so we may rightly call it "The German Florence."

The town consisted at first of but a few huts of fishermen and wood-cutters, built around a five-sided tower, which rose from a bare rock in the German forest.

Later, the berg or castle was built. To this the emperor came, and here the feudal lord dwelt, surrounded by his retainers.

Then to Nuremberg was given the right to hold its own market, and to have its own coinage. It began to grow rich, and soon was able to fulfil its proud burgher motto:

"Nuremberg's hand  
Goes through every land."

It had many industries. The neighbouring banks of clay were converted into pottery; the first German paper-mill was built here; the first watches were made here, and from their shape were called "Nuremberg Eggs." Fine stoves and fire-arms were manufactured, and printing-presses were set up.

When the town became wealthy, it determined to buy its freedom. So it paid the German emperor a million dollars; and he, in return, gave it a charter, by which afterwards it could be ruled by a council of its own citizens.

Let us try to recall this old town, in all its mediæval dignity. It was shut in by ramparts, surrounded by three hundred and sixty-five towers. Its narrow streets were lined with curiously decorated



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houses, having high-perched tiled roofs, and quaint dormer-windows and turrets.

Above these, rose the spires of the churches of St. Lawrence and St. Sebald. There were to be seen the lordly rathhaus or town-hall, and picturesque bridges, and wondrous fountains ornamented with statues.

The most droll and unique of these is "The Little Gooseman's Fountain." It was made by Labenwolf, a pupil of Vischer. It is said that the sculptor took his design from the story of a poor lad, who came to Nuremberg, asking for work.

A farmer who took a fancy to him gave him two geese, with which to make a fortune.

Certain it is, that the little peasant holds a goose under each arm, with the water flowing from their mouths. What a drenching the boy must have received, in the centuries that have passed, since he first took his stand in the Nuremberg square!

Many other works of art, embodying strange fancies or homely sentiment, add to the mediæval charm of our "German Florence," and afford special delight to the traveller.

Some of these were wrought in wood and stone and bronze by a trio of master-craftsmen, who lived in the fifteenth, and the early part of the sixteenth century. The names of these designers were Veit Stoss, Adam Krafft, and Peter Vischer.

"Restless, graceless Veit Stoss" had, as his name implies, all kinds of wild adventures in both Cracow and Nuremberg; but he was a marvellous wood-carver.

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He sculptured so perfectly the figures on his altars and choir-stalls that "they only wanted speech to be alive."

His "Angel's Salutation" is a colossal work. It is curiously suspended from the ceiling in the choir of the old church of St. Lawrence.

The contrast between the tranquil and queenly Virgin who receives the salutation, and the angel flying towards her in garments agitated by quick motion, is very striking.

Adam Krafft was as famous a stone-cutter as was Veit Stoss a wood-carver. He had deep religious feeling, and it was easy for him to be industrious, for he worked as readily with his left hand as with his right. He seems to have had some secret, by which he more deftly gave expression to stone, by making it soft before he chiselled it.

Like Veit Stoss, his most noted work was carved for the church of St. Lawrence. This was a wondrous pyx or case to contain the sacred wafer. It is of snowy marble, rising sixty-five feet into the air, and growing more lace-like as it rises.

The artist and his workmen are supporting the beautiful creation which is called "The Miracle of German Art."

The Nurembergers so greatly admired his work that they allowed him more than the usual number of workmen. His stone-carvings are seen everywhere in the town.

His "Seven Stations" are seven stone pillars, which are placed at certain distances, on the road to St. John's Cemetery. On each one is pictured

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in relief a scene from the agony of our Lord, as he bore the Cross to Calvary. The Christ wears a patient, yet suffering expression. The other figures are not idealised; but are like the Nurembergers whom Krafft met every day. Of the seven pillars, but two are originals.

Peter Vischer was the third of the renowned trio. His family established in Nuremberg a bronze-casting foundry that became so well-known, that orders were sent to it from far and near.

Vischer, like Krafft, was a religious man, and was so absorbed in his work that sometimes he even *forgot to eat*.

His master-piece was the tomb of St. Sebald, on which he and his five sons worked for twelve years.

St. Sebald is Nuremberg's patron saint. His legend runs as follows:

He was the son of a Danish king; and from early boyhood seemed set apart for a holy mission. He had wealth and brilliant prospects; but he fled from all, vowing to devote his life to God. He spent years in the forest, in fasting and prayer.

Later, he travelled in Italy; and then wandered to Northern Germany, everywhere preaching and performing miracles. At last, he settled in a cell not far from Nuremberg; and from all parts of Franconia, people flocked to hear him preach.

Many legends are given of his miracles of charity. Once he mended a broken kettle by blessing it. Again, in winter, he found a poor family freezing. He commanded them to take the icicles from the roof of the hut, and with these he built a warm fire.

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It is told, also, how he once restored sight to a blind man, and it was in this wise: St. Sebald was ill, and longed for a bit of fish from the Pegnitz. But then, as now, there was a law in Nuremberg that the peasants could not fish without permission. One man, however, dared to evade the law. He caught a fish, and was carrying it to the worthy saint whom he loved, when he was seized by an officer, and blinded with a red-hot iron. But being taken to St. Sebald's couch, his sight was restored.

These legends are important, because they are among those that are pictured on the shrine. This stands in St. Sebald's church. The oaken sarcophagus which is said to hold the relics is covered with a case of bronze and silver, fashioned in richest Gothic architecture. The base rests upon snails. The canopy is supported by slender pillars. Each pillar bears the tall, graceful figure of one of the Apostles, holding his appropriate symbol.

St. Sebald stands at one end. The figure is dignified and the drapery effective. He wears a pilgrim's dress, with a staff, rosary and wallet, and he has a shell in his hat. In his hand he holds the model of a church.

At the other end, stands Peter Vischer. His pride in his art was intense; so he sculptured himself only as a plain, resolute German workman doing his work. He wears his apron and cap, and carries his hammer and chisel. The whole shrine is covered with ornaments. There are many children—some of them playing upon musical instruments; and upon the central dome, the Infant Christ appears.

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There is a fine copy of this tomb in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and it is worthy of careful study; for the original is one of the most perfect pieces of metal-work in the world.

Vischer said that he did it all for the glory of God, and for the honour of St. Sebald, the prince of heaven. He wished to have it paid for by voluntary contributions.

The Nurembergers were very grateful to the good old saint, for all the people that he had converted, and for the miracles that he had wrought.

They were grateful, also, to Vischer, for giving to their town such a rich treasure, yet they did not pay him well for his work. But his was a great reward in the fame that it had given him, as the master bronze-worker in Nuremberg.

The little inn is still shown, where the trio of fifteenth century workers used to meet, and with their friends, make merry over their beer.

Many other craftsmen worked there, and many other legends and fancies cluster about the life of the old town.

In the sixteenth century, a new spirit influenced its art history; for, at this time, Martin Luther, the Reformer, appeared in Germany. He and his followers *protested* against things that they did not like in the Roman Catholic Church; and for this they were called Protestants.

The Nurembergers approved of Luther and his belief; and so Nuremberg became a Protestant city, and its later art is a Protestant art.

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### ALBRECHT DÜRER

NUREMBERG, as we have found, holds many famous works of art. Its proudest boast, however, is that it was the birthplace and home of Albrecht Dürer, "The Father of Modern German Painting."

Two of the richest treasures which the town holds to-day are his house, used as an art-museum, and his fine statue, wrought by the noble sculptor, Rauch, and dedicated here on Easter Sunday, in 1828, the three-hundredth anniversary of his death. The story of Albrecht Dürer's life is a simple and quiet one.

As Nuremberg was an art centre, craftsmen, eager for fame, flocked to it from far and near. Among those who came were a Hungarian goldsmith and his wife. They settled here, and here in the year 1471, their famous son Albrecht was born. The boy had seventeen brothers and sisters, but he was the only one of the children to become famous.

He had a gentle, loving mother; and a very religious father, who used to tell his children every day that they must love God and be true to their neighbours.

He was such a splendid craftsman that he might have grown rich, if his family had not been so large.

Little Albrecht had beautiful eyes and soft, light hair. He had a lovable manner, and was always fearless and thoughtful. As a child, he had a very strong and earnest nature.

He was always eager to study, and was sent to

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school until he was old enough to learn the goldsmith's trade; and then he was put into his father's workshop. Here he designed in clay small figures which were to be wrought in metal.

Perhaps the lessons that he learned while doing this helped him later, in carving beautiful little figures in ivory and box-wood.

When Albrecht was not working, he was always drawing pictures; and after a time, he gained courage to tell his father that he wished to be a painter instead of a goldsmith. The elder Dürer was, at first, disappointed, but he yielded to his son's desire.

At this time, Woglemuth was the best painter and sculptor in Nuremberg, and when Albrecht was fifteen, he was apprenticed to him. Here, with other pupils, he worked happily for three years. He learned to rub colours, and also much about wood-engraving.

Then the tall, stately-looking youth left the studio, and passed out into a new world; for now his "wander years" lay just before him. In the next four years, Dürer travelled as a journeyman from place to place, always studying and working as he went.

But his father had been arranging a marriage for him, and in 1495, he recalled him to become a bridegroom. The bride was Agnes Frey, the pretty daughter of a wealthy citizen. As soon as they were married, the industrious young Dürer settled down very quietly to work.

When we think of the many things that he learned to do, we may well compare him with Leonardo da Vinci. For Dürer was a wood and ivory-carver, a



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sculptor, engraver, and painter; besides, he was a civil engineer, and he wrote both poetry and prose.

He worked for ten years at his various professions, and then decided to visit Italy. He wished to rest and to study Italian art.

So, in the year 1505, he started, making the whole journey on horseback; for this was one of the pleasantest ways to travel in the sixteenth century. In Italy, he spent two very happy years.

This was the "Golden Age" of Italian art, and he enjoyed the friendship of such men as Raphael, Titian, and Tintoretto. They were charmed with his personality, and from them he gained great inspiration.

Old Bellini, Titian's teacher, was yet living in Venice. He was fascinated with Dürer's work, and especially with his painting of hair. One day, after carefully studying the head of a man in one of Dürer's pictures, Bellini begged the brush with which Dürer had painted it; for he wished to try himself.

Dürer handed him a brush lying near him. Bellini tried but he could not succeed. Then Dürer took the brush, still wet with Bellini's colours, and with it quickly painted an exquisite lock of woman's hair. Dürer specially loved the gay, free life in Venice, the busy gondolas, and golden sunsets, the pipers and lute-players, and most of all—the appreciation shown him by the Venetians. Once he wrote home to Pirkheimer, his life-long friend, "Oh, how I shall freeze after this sunshine!"

But even so, although many inducements were offered him, nothing could tempt him to remain in

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Italy; for he was a patriotic German, and always loved his father-land. While on his journey home, he was taken ill, and on his recovery, painted a picture on the wall of the house where he had been detained, to show his gratitude for the kind care that had been given him.

Finally he reached Nuremberg, and again settled down to his work. He became such a prominent citizen that he was made a member of the Town Council. He moved into a fine house; and here we may imagine him busy with his painting and engraving, from morning till night.

We might find him in his workshop, surrounded by workmen and apprentices—some grinding colours, others preparing blocks for wood-carving; or perhaps in his studio, thinking out subjects for his works—for Dürer loved *to think*.

Among the pictures that he now made was the portrait of the Emperor Charlemagne, for the "Relic Chamber" of Nuremberg.

He represented him in his wonderful jewelled coronation-robe, bearing on one side the German coat-of-arms, and on the other that of France.

It was a kingly portrait, with which the great German painter honoured the one German Emperor, with whose name the word "great" is imperishably associated.

Dürer worked very rapidly. His smallest picture is in the Dresden Gallery. It is but little more than an inch in diameter; but upon it is exquisitely represented the whole scene of the Crucifixion.

It always took him a year to paint his larger pic-

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tures. One of the most interesting of these is an "Adoration of the Magi," which is now in Florence. Here the "Wise Men" represent very different races, one being an Ethiopian, or black man. They appear, with their gifts, in splendid, embroidered robes.

The fair-haired Nuremberg Mother is robed in blue, and she gazes lovingly upon her charming Babe.

This picture, in its minutest details, is wonderfully true to nature. The flowers and butterflies and beetles, and the stone-wall and mosses peeping from it, are very *real*.

Dürer's "Madonna" is usually a much-dressed, round-faced German Mother, holding a merry little German Boy.

Dürer's "Praying Hands" has always been noted, because two clasped hands form such a curious subject for a picture; and also because they express more perfectly than any other hands in art the spirit of prayer. It appears that, for years, a young friend had competed with him for a prize, and Dürer won it. The friend, in his disappointment, prayed fervently to be resigned. Dürer caught sight of the upraised hands and drew the picture.

"The Adoration of the Trinity" is considered among Dürer's finest paintings. The scene is laid almost wholly in the clouds. The dove, emblem of the Holy Spirit, hovers over all. Just below it, God the Father is presenting his crucified Son to the assembled hosts of adoring martyrs, and to heroes, kings, cardinals and people of every rank. Far below to the left, is a bit of lovely landscape; while to the right, Dürer stands holding a tablet.



ADORATION OF THE MAGI.  
*Dürer.*



HOLBEIN

"THE MADONNA OF THE BURGOMASTER MEYER." FROM THE  
PAINTING IN THE DARMSTADT GALLERY



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But Dürer is really more noted as an engraver than a painter. Indeed, he is "The Father of German Picture-books"; for he designed so many wood-cuts that he made it possible for the first time to illustrate books. When we think how much we enjoy an illustrated book to-day, we may realise how valuable such books must have been in his day.

And what kind of pictures did Dürer put into books? They were not beautiful—but very realistic. Some were religious, some showed grim and weird fancies, and some had a human touch.

Of Dürer's engravings made from wood-cuts, the most famous series represents "The Apocalypse," or scenes from the Book of Revelation, the life of the Virgin, and the history of the Passion of Christ.

His finest engraving on copper is called "The Knight, Death, and the Devil"; and it is one of the most fantastic engravings in the world. In front, a magnificent knight, in full armour, rides through a rocky pass. He carries a lance in his hand, and his good sword is at his side.

Grim death holds an hour-glass before him, and a terrible fiend just behind seems ready to claim his soul. The knight takes no heed of either, but with firm face and unflinching purpose *rides on!*

We are not quite sure what idea Dürer meant to convey by such a dreadful picture; but may not the knight be intended for a Christian hero of the day?

Dürer set up a printing-press in his house; and he was always well paid for the books which he painted and illustrated.

In 1512, the Emperor Maximilian visited Nurem-

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berg; and Dürer as member of the Council was one of those appointed to receive him.

"Kaiser Max," as the Nurembergers always called their pet Emperor, was very fond of the fine arts. He, at once, fell in love with Dürer, and wished him to do some work for him—we might add to glorify his life. Dürer was to make a "Triumphal Arch" in his honour. It was not to be fashioned in stone, like the arches given to the victorious Roman Emperors; but instead it was to be composed of engravings. Dürer made for this ninety-two separate blocks of wood-cuts. On these were represented Maximilian's genealogical tree, and the principal events of his life. All these were arranged in the form of an arch, nine feet wide and ten and a half high. It took Dürer three years to do this work, and he was never well paid.

While the artist worked, the Emperor often visited his studio; and as Dürer's pet cats often visited it at the same time, the expression arose, "A cat may look at a king."

Dürer made, also, for Maximilian exquisite sketches to illustrate his noted "Prayer Book." It was the custom then to illuminate the pages of a religious book with all kinds of fantastic things. So Dürer obeyed the fashion of the day when little foxes, monkeys, satyrs, Turks, North American Indians, and various grotesque things, were intertwined as ornaments with the most saintly subjects.

Maximilian also sat to Dürer for his portrait; and one day, to divert himself while he was sitting, he took a piece of charcoal and tried to sketch, but it



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kept breaking in his hand. He asked the artist why he could not succeed; and Dürer replied, "This is



KNIGHT, DEATH, AND THE DEVIL

—DÜRER.

my sceptre. Your Majesty has other and greater work to do."

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The Emperor granted Dürer a pension, but as he died soon after, Dürer was obliged to visit his grandson, the new Emperor, Charles V., to have it confirmed.

So, in the year 1520, he set out with his wife and her maid, in an old lumbering German coach, on a visit to the Netherlands.

Dürer was a most delightful traveller, for he was always enthusiastic over everything that he saw; and then he wrote such interesting letters describing his journeys.

He saw the new Emperor enter Antwerp, and the hundreds of two-storied arches arranged for the reception. Then he hurried on to see a whale that had been tossed upon the coast, but it had been washed away before his arrival. Of course, he was disappointed; but he finally attained his real purpose in going to the Netherlands; for his pension was confirmed, and besides this, he was appointed court-painter.

Dürer himself was everywhere received with the greatest honour, with feasting, and all kinds of gifts. In return, he very generously gave some of his most valuable works to the city.

On going home, he brought to his friends many curious mementos of the places he had visited. He seems to have had little to do with the new Emperor whom we remember as Titian's friend.

This journey gave him fresh inspiration; and he worked with renewed diligence the last eight years of his life.

He now painted the so-called "Four Tempera-

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ments," which are in Munich. These are two panel-pictures; on one are the full-sized figures of St. John and St. Peter; on the other, those of St. Paul and St. Mark. The four faces are said to express very decidedly the characteristics of these four Apostles. The figures of St. Paul and St. John are considered to be among Dürer's very finest productions.

Dürer had a genius for friendship. His dearest, life-long friend was Pirkheimer, a rich and influential citizen of Nuremberg, and he received many prominent men at his house.

Dürer greatly enjoyed his receptions, and through them gained much knowledge of the world, and an interest in religious things; and, also, in the new inventions and discoveries of the time, for this was a famous age in which he lived.

It was the age of Luther and Columbus and Raphael and Michael Angelo and Caxton—and Dürer, too, has his place in it as "The Artist of the Dawning Reformation."

During the last years of his life, Dürer was not very strong and he was sometimes sad; for he felt that he had never been very well paid for all his great works. He died of consumption, in the year 1528. His friend Pirkheimer pronounced his funeral oration, and honoured him by saying, "He united every virtue in his soul—genius, uprightness, purity, energy and prudence, gentleness and piety."

Later on, the two devoted friends rested side by side, in St. John's Cemetery; and upon Dürer's tomb is the inscription "Emigravit."

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## SELECTION FROM "NUREMBERG."

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow  
lands

Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the  
ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of  
art and song.

Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that  
round them throng.

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough  
and bold,

Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries  
old;

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world  
of art;

Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the  
common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved  
in stone,

By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy  
dust,

And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to  
age their trust;

Here, where Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent  
heart,

Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

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Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;  
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more  
fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has  
breathed its air!"

—LONGFELLOW.

### HANS HOLBEIN

NOT far from Nuremberg, famed as the home of  
Albrecht Dürer, is Augsburg—a city over which the  
wise Emperor Maximilian ruled—and which he often  
visited. It was on the direct route between Italy  
and the North, and its commerce was richer than that  
of any other German city.

Here, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, an  
important School of Art began with the Holbeins.  
The first Hans Holbein is called "Old Holbein,"  
and little is known about him.

The second, Hans Holbein the Elder, was himself  
a painter of beautiful religious pictures, still to be  
seen in Germany, and for a long time many of these  
were thought to be the work of his more famous son.

Hans Holbein the Younger was the most renowned  
of the family. He was born in 1495 or 1497, at  
Augsburg, then at the height of its greatness.

Hans Holbein the Elder was poor, and found it

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hard to support his family. So his two sons, Ambrose and Hans, had to begin work when very young and the father taught them his own art. When Hans was only fifteen, he was painting pictures and earning money. It is said that his first work was a sign-board for a school-master.

Who dreamed then that, in later life, he would win a name destined to live so long!

When he was about twenty-one, he and his brother went to Basle, in Switzerland. There they illustrated books, and made designs for the title-pages. Then, for a time, they left Basle, travelling from place to place, and working in studios, but in 1516, they returned home.

Many distinguished men lived at Basle, and here important writings were published. Erasmus, a great scholar, wrote a book named "The Praise of Folly," making fun of many things of his time, and for it Hans made illustrations. Afterwards, Erasmus and the painter were firm friends.

Holbein painted several portraits of Erasmus. In one of the most noted, he is dressed in a fur coat and doctor's hat. His hands are resting on a book, on which are some Greek words, telling of his difficult task in writing the commentaries on the Bible.

Holbein now painted other portraits, displaying his genius for the special work in which fame awaited him. In 1517, we find him at Lucerne, that charming Swiss city, now noted for Thorwaldsen's "Lion," carved in the solid rock. But, in a few years, he once more called Basle his home, became a citizen, a member of the Guild of Painters, and began his busy

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career. He ornamented houses, illustrated books, made designs for stained glass and silver-work, and engravings for woodcuts.

Now an important thing happened. In 1521, Martin Luther published his translation of the New Testament; and Holbein had the honour of making the title-page for the second edition, although the Pope had condemned the work. And after this, Holbein, in his pictures, showed himself an artist of the new faith of the Reformation.

Of his religious pictures, the most celebrated is "The Meyer Madonna." It was named for the Burgomaster, Jacob Meyer, for whom it was painted. There are two such pictures—nearly alike—one at Dresden, the other at Darmstadt, and art critics differ much as to which is the original.

The Burgomaster and his family are knèeling in worship before the Madonna. She stands in the centre, holding the Child Jesus. The Burgomaster is on the left; at his right, are his first and second wives—the former dressed in her burial clothes—and in front of him are his son and a little babe.

The Madonna with an expression of peace is gazing upon the family below. The Child raises His hand as if in blessing.

This is probably a votive picture, which means one made to fulfil a vow, in gratitude for mercy, or to avert some danger. Such pictures were often painted after escape from accident, or recovery from illness.

But Hans Holbein—though German in spirit and work—was soon to seek a new home and new patrons.



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He went to England, in 1526, taking a letter of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor of King Henry VIII. Sir Thomas received him with great favour, allowing him to make portraits of himself and his family; and they were such striking likenesses that they gave Holbein a wonderful reputation. Of these, there is told a well-known story. Sir Thomas would not attend the wedding of Anne Boleyn to King Henry VIII. and this was not forgiven by the Queen.

On the day of More's execution, she looked at one of his portraits painted by Holbein, and angrily exclaimed, "Ah, me! the man seems still to be alive!" Then seizing the picture, she flung it into the street; and it is said that eventually it was taken to Rome.

Holbein painted portraits of many of More's friends. In the Louvre, is one of Nicholas Kratzer, the astronomer of the King, surrounded by his instruments. In 1528 or '30, Holbein was again in Basle, finishing some frescoes for the Town Hall. But hard times and religious troubles hastened his return to England. On reaching there, More, disgraced, had lost his office and could not help the painter—but fortunately he had other friends.

He spent a little time with the German merchants at "The Steelyard," and painted some of their portraits. That of George Gyse, now in Berlin, is especially well-known. He is in his office, busy with affairs, and holds in his hand a letter just received. The steelyard, or scale for weighing money—the sign of the merchants' guild—hangs from a shelf above his head.

Ruskin thinks that this picture shows Holbein's greatest power in detail and finish. He writes—"the carnations in the glass vase by his side, the ball of gold chased with blue enamel suspended in the wall . . . the seal ring with its quartered bearings, all intensely there, and there in beauty of which no one could have dreamed that even flowers or gold were capable, far less parchment or steel. . . ."

And now for several years, we find Holbein constantly painting famous people in both portrait and miniature. He grew more and more popular. Royal patronage awaited him.

When King Henry VIII. was visiting More he had seen some of Holbein's pictures, and was offered whichever he liked, but the King asked that the painter be brought into his presence. He engaged him in his service, and told More that now he had secured the *artist*—he did not wish the *pictures*!

So, in 1532, we find Holbein honoured as the court-painter. The King gave him an apartment in the palace at Whitehall, a salary of two hundred florins, and the price of his pictures. In his long service, he painted his Majesty many times, and perhaps all his wives, except Catharine Parr. And these portraits, especially those at Hampton Court, are interesting memorials.

This anecdote shows the King's devotion to Holbein. One day a nobleman went to the studio, and insisted on going in. The artist said that, by the King's order, he was painting a lady's portrait.

The nobleman still insisted. Then Holbein, very angry, threw him downstairs, and hurried to tell the

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King what he had done. The King asked for the whole truth.

Soon the nobleman came to tell his story, and tried to excuse his rudeness. The King blamed him for his want of truth, and said, "You have not to do with Holbein—but with me; I tell you of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but of seven lords I cannot make one Holbein. Begone—and remember that if you ever attempt to avenge yourself, I shall look on any injury offered to the painter as done to myself."

And here we turn aside to tell an amusing anecdote of Holbein when he, too, went to visit an artist in his studio. Finding him absent, he painted a fly on a picture which was on an easel. The artist, on returning, saw the fly and tried to brush it off. He searched the city over for Holbein when he found him to be the culprit—but he had gone to England.

In 1538, the King sent Holbein to Brussels to make a portrait of his intended fourth wife—the Duchess of Milan. The law was, that no Basle citizen could enter the service of a foreign ruler without permission from the Council—so Holbein went home to get leave to remain in England. This was obtained, though the people tried hard to keep him at Basle.

Henry never married the Duchess—and the story goes that she sent the King word that she had but *one* head; if she had *two*, one of them should be at his Majesty's service.

Cromwell, the king's minister, ordered Holbein to paint another Duchess whom the King wished to marry—Anne of Cleves. He was delighted with the

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lovely portrait, but sorely vexed when he saw the Duchess herself. Holbein managed to escape the King's anger—but the unlucky Cromwell who had favoured the marriage lost his head—"because Anne was a Flanders mare, and not a beautiful Venus as painted by Holbein."

Holbein spent his last years in London. In 1543, the plague raged there, and we are told that early in October, Holbein made his will—and he died before the twenty-ninth of November; but few facts are known about his death and burial.

As a whole, his "way in the world" had brought him rank and friendship and success. But he knew much of worry and toil—his marriage was an unhappy one—and he spent many years of his life away from his native land.

If we wish especially to study him, we must go to Basle. Here are some of the most valued of his early portraits, in the gallery with his scenes from "The Passion of Christ." Here, too, in the museum, is the best portrait of Holbein himself, in red and black chalk, which represents him with regular features and with a look showing a cheerful spirit and much force of character.

At Basle, too, Holbein probably made his designs for "The Dance of Death." Some think that he himself cut them. Death, very grim and fierce, is calling to wild revelry all classes—kings, cardinals, peasants, peddlers, lovely women, and little children.

In the Middle Ages, artists liked to paint on this subject; so perhaps the idea was taken from some

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early Miracle Play, and Holbein was glad of a chance to unite pathos and humour.

But as a painter, Holbein's fame rests largely upon his rare power in portraiture. He puts into his pictures little imagination, but they are marked by vigour and individuality and naturalness of expression. His "clear outline" has become a proverb. As has been said, his heads were "so simply yet thoroughly and forcibly finished that he ranks in this respect with the renowned artists of any age or country."

An art critic has said that Holbein "stands next to and beside Dürer as the greatest of German painters"; and another that perhaps he is "even more typical of the Protestant artists of the Reformation."

Certain it is, that after Dürer and Holbein, few painters of distinction appear in German art, until the nineteenth century.

"The magic of a face."

—CAREW.

### LATER GERMAN ART

UNDER the influence of Dürer and Holbein, in the sixteenth century, Germany had already enjoyed one "Golden Age" of painting, while the native masters of England and France were just beginning to be known. But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there were few good painters in Germany.

Early, however, in the nineteenth, her glorious art began to revive; for now a Brotherhood of young

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painters determined to accomplish better things, and bound themselves together by a common purpose of religious enthusiasm.

They determined that they would not, like the French, introduce new forms; but they would go to Rome, and there, under the inspiration of the olden day, they would revive the spirit of the earlier masters. Their ideals should be Giotto, Fra Angelico, and other religious painters who lived before Raphael—a pre-Raphaelite art theirs might well be called.

So over the Alps they went, like so many painters before them, to study in the “Eternal City.” Some of them lived in an old convent, and in order to work in the religious spirit of the early masters, some that were Protestants became Roman Catholics.

And, then, to have their lives accord with their works, they lived as ascetics; and as simple lives required simple garments, they wore primitive costumes, and allowed their hair to flow over their shoulders. People called them “The Nazarites,” or “Long-haired Painters.”

And what of their work? They would paint only religious pictures, and in these they revealed the stiff forms, the symbolism, the pale colour, and the quaint drawing of the early painters of such subjects.

But the *soul* of the earlier pictures was wanting. Somehow *that* they could not reproduce!

Overbeck was the leader of the Pre-Raphaelites. He gave up his whole life to his principles; and the spirit of his work greatly influenced later art. His frescoes are very stiff and very religious; and he was always trying to become a modern Fra Angelico;

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but he was unable to attain to the simple holiness expressed in the work of "The Angelic Brother."

The Brotherhood did not last long. How *could* it, in a century so full of new theories! But it must always be honoured, because it did its part in reviving the great beautiful German art of to-day.

Cornelius was, for a time, one of the Brotherhood; but he was a man of too many ideas to be bound to one art subject, and he was glad when he received a call to return to Germany, as a professor in the Düsseldorf Art School.

Düsseldorf was then the home, not only of this School, but also of a famous picture-gallery, and here many German painters were educated.

But, like the Classical School of France, it was too conventional, and lost its influence as art became independent and romantic.

So it was easy for the music- and art-loving King Ludwig of Bavaria to induce architects, sculptors, and painters to come to his capital Munich, and to assist him in making it "a city beautiful." And it became "a little modern Rome"; for fine buildings were erected in the old classic style of architecture, and their walls were frescoed over, sometimes both without and within.

Cornelius was summoned here from Düsseldorf, and for a while, he was the leading decorator in Munich. His frescoes are immense, covering great walls of the public buildings; but his colouring was weak, his execution often coarse, and his faces lacked expression.

But only a famous master could have accomplished



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his work, for decorative art is very difficult. Indeed, some think that it requires more genius than any other. It is not like a picture that can be moved about at will; but, instead, it must be adapted to the spirit of the building in which it belongs; the figures must fit perfectly into the architectural wall-space, for which they are designed. Sometimes these figures represent persons; and sometimes ideas, each one absorbed in its own mood, and altogether making a harmonious whole.

Cornelius had grand conceptions on a great variety of subjects. Perhaps the frescoes that the patriotic Germans liked best were his scenes from their Epic poem—the “Nibelungenlied,” in which he pictures the bravery of the legendary heroes of “the Fatherland.”

Kaulbach was the favourite pupil of Cornelius. He is more popular than his master, for his works have in them much more charm and sentiment.

Kaulbach's desire was to paint on a variety of subjects and he succeeded. He is known for his simple love scenes, for his incidents taken from Shakespeare's plays, and more than all, for his great frescoes, representing poets, sages, heroes, and gods.

He was very fond of detail and of grouping; and could paint best on large canvases, which gave scope for his bold, sweeping outlines.

King Ludwig eagerly summoned Kaulbach to be his court-painter, and begged him to adorn Munich. He was called, also, to Berlin, by the King of Prussia, to decorate the grand stair-case of his new museum. And while the painter worked busily on his

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stupendous designs, it was always a pleasure to visit him in his studio, even though the guests were received by the painter seated high upon a scaffold, busy with his colours and with biscuits and beer at his side.

To realise what a great work Kaulbach has done, one should make a pilgrimage to Munich, or else linger with the crowd on the grand stair-case of the Berlin Museum. Standing here, we see before us his vast frescoes taken from historical subjects, from the Tower of Babel to the Reformation.

The boldest and weirdest of all is "The Spectre Battle." History tells us how the Romans and barbarian Huns fought for three days. The slaughter was immense and neither would yield. Then legend takes up the subject and describes the spectral figures of the slain, continuing forever the combat in the air. Kaulbach pictures the legend, and his spectres are fighting terrifically over the field of the slain.

"The Destruction of Jerusalem" is also here, and it may be seen, too, as an oil-painting in Munich.

This, also, is a historic, dramatic picture. In its upper part appear the reproving faces of the prophets who have warned the Jews, and who are now gazing down upon the destruction of their Holy City. Angels of vengeance are trumpeting in the air.

Titus, the Roman conqueror, rides in triumph over the ruins; while havoc and desolation are being wrought by his soldiers. The High Priest prepares to stab himself. The wandering Jew starts forth to wander forever, pursued by the furies.

But in one corner is a contrasting scene—calm and

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beautiful. For here a holy family, unmindful of the tumult, are peacefully leaving the city—so slowly that the ass even stops to graze.

Kaulbach's colouring may be weak, and sometimes he may be too dramatic but his conceptions are undoubtedly masterful. Through his influence and that of his successor Piloty, the stiff forms of the Nazarete painters were forgotten, in the brilliant and striking scenes which were now painted. Kaulbach is rightly named "The Morning Star of Modern German Painting."

### SOME FAMILIAR GERMAN PICTURES

IN closing our little sketch, we glance at the works of a few modern painters. Possibly these may give us some insight into the fashion of the German art of to-day.

And first there is Knaus, the Berlin genre painter, whose charming pictures appear like sunny spots among those of more serious masters. His attractive children are always telling a story—often humorous and sometimes pathetic.

Perhaps we are already familiar with his pictures. Which one do you think most pleasing? Among them are "The Rag Baby," "The Juggler," "The Thousand Anxieties," "The Card Players," and "Spring." It is in the last that the dainty little maiden is picking daisies.

Knaus also painted rustic scenes and "The Golden Wedding" which young and old alike enjoy. Indeed, as everyone loves a good story, he is always popular.

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He easily turned from these subjects, when, in 1876, the Empress of Russia asked him for a Madonna. This sacred subject has not been a common one in the nineteenth century, for no artist has been able to reproduce the fervour of the earlier masters.

But Knaus's Holy Mothers are very pleasing, and his Christ-Child and Joseph, and the little cherubs hovering in the air, recall Murillo and Raphael and Correggio—all three.

If one would enjoy more dramatic pictures, there are those of Max, "The Poet-Painter of Munich." He, too, is greatly liked in both Germany and America. There are rarely more than one or two figures in his compositions, and his power lies in reproducing a tragic moment with dash and boldness.

One of his most powerful works is "The Last Token." Here a beautiful young Christian martyr, surrounded by wild beasts, is left to perish in the arena. The tigers are fawning over her as they are preparing to spring upon her and tear her to pieces. But the maiden, for a moment, is diverted from her agony, for someone from above has thrown her a rose. Is it her lover? She leans helplessly against the wall and gazes upwards.

Again in his "Lion's Bride," Max has shown his vivid dramatic power. The incident taken from one of Uhland's poems is as follows: The beautiful daughter of the keeper of a menagerie is in the habit of entering the cage of a favourite lion to feed and caress it. It has grown very fond of her.

Now she is to be married, and just before the ceremony, she enters the cage in her bridal gown to bid



GABRIEL MAX  
LION'S BRIDE





H. HOFMANN  
THE CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

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her pet farewell. The king of beasts sees her gay attire, and by some strange instinct feels that she loves another, and in a fit of jealous rage, he strikes her down. He crouches beside her, in the picture, with one great paw on her prostrate form—with his ugly, green eyes he glares at her lover.

The latter, looking through the bars and seeing his lovely bride torn from him, is about to shoot the furious beast.

Max has also painted Madonnas, and in them he returned to the early style of perfect simplicity in dress. The faces are portraits, whether of peasant or princess we do not know; but they are very charming, and always irradiated by love.

One of the interesting sights of Munich to-day is a superb Roman villa and studio, beautifully decorated with antique marbles. These are pointed out as having belonged to Franz Lenbach, who from a simple Bavarian peasant became a real dictator in both the art and social world of Munich. Himself a faithful student of earlier art, his advice to young men was—"Study the old masters!"

He is most noted for his portraits of many prominent men and noble ladies. Indeed, he painted all kinds of people—from kings and princes to the grimy little chimney-sweep, whose face attracted him. For Lenbach was great enough to do the thing that he wished! Once when someone asked him his charge for a portrait, he replied, "That depends—from twenty thousand marks which I may ask, down to five thousand marks that I may be willing to pay, for an exceptionally interesting face!"



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He gave little thought to costume or detail, but very much to a careful study of expression—so every feature of his faces is pictured most vividly. Some think that his portrait of Pope Leo XIII. is the finest portrait of any Pope since Raphael painted Julius II.

But perhaps it is as the painter of Bismarck that we know him best—Bismarck whom Lenbach has called, "The greatest Roman of them all!" However, the "Iron Chancellor" always proved a difficult subject, for he never cared to be immortalised, either by portrait or statue.

Indeed, he used to say when in his walks at Kissingen he was obliged to pass his own statue—"It disturbs me when I stand as it were beside myself."

But Lenbach was fortunate in being a great favourite of the Bismarck family, and he often enjoyed their charming hospitality. With his brushes and colours he would gather with the others around the evening lamp, and then often catch an expression and work it up while Bismarck was absorbed in other things. So his portraits are very life-like and famous, too.

One of the favourite pictures in nineteenth century German art is "The Christ in the Temple," painted by the Dresden artist, Heinrich Hofmann. The Jewish Rabbis of old stood face to face with the real Christ; we look only upon the picture, and to many it is the one best loved.

Hofmann painted only when the inspiration was upon him. What a beautiful one must have guided his brush as he touched this face!

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The wonderful boy, now twelve years old, stands in the Temple among the Doctors—"Both hearing them and asking them questions." His face is strong and thoughtful, and yet of ideal beauty. His graceful figure is robed in a simple white tunic, in striking contrast to the costly robes of the Rabbis about Him.

His earnest questions seem to amaze his listeners. What variety of sentiment is expressed in their countenances! Does a new light flash upon them as they listen to the words of Him who spake as never man spake? How naturally the profound philosopher at the left absently strokes his beard as he listens. The patriarch leans heavily upon his staff. Does his look express curiosity or criticism? Surely it is a fair-minded thinker with a speaking face that stands beside Him. At the right, sits an expounder of the law—his book open before him. We wonder to what passage the Christ-Child is pointing.

We see copies of the picture everywhere, but we may never realise its full beauty, until we stand before the original—in its rich, dark colouring—in Dresden.

This is but the merest glimpse into the modern art world; but even this must reveal to us the dramatic power, the religious spirit, the famous portraits, the lovely children, and the soul shining through them all. And there are hosts of painters and many art subjects.

Among the landscape-painters, Achenbach ranks very high, and we may travel with him from the wild Norwegian coast to sunny Capri. And as to

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animals, Verboeckhoven's sheep, Schreyer's Arab horses, and Voltz's cattle—are world-famed.

We know how the German government, in past centuries, has had various capital cities; and German art, like its politics, has had many centres.

Among them are Nuremberg, Augsburg, Dresden, with its lovely gallery, Düsseldorf, and Munich. But now Berlin has become the splendid capital of united Germany, and it is now becoming its art centre. Its school is strong, and its Royal Academy holds annual exhibitions and awards prizes.

Dresden and Munich have so long been famous that perhaps they may dispute with Berlin the honour of claiming the best art. But it is in all these cities that we study the lives and the works of the great German masters of to-day.

English Art



## X

### EARLY ENGLISH PAINTING

ENGLISH tradition tells us that, in the eighth century, the Venerable Bede, in the quiet gloom of his monastery, taught the monks to illuminate manuscripts; and missals and prayer-books belonging to a little later age are still to be seen to-day. Some of them are illuminated in rare designs and in gorgeous colouring.

In these manuscripts is traced the beginning of English art.

It is found, too, in the rich colours emblazoned on the windows of the early cathedrals, in the decorations on the walls of castles and palaces, and also in the miniature-painting of later mediæval days.

Apart from these examples, English art can boast of no early history. But the English were great travellers; and as time passed on, they became interested in the works of art which they saw in other countries, and sometimes foreign painters visited England.

In the sixteenth century, Henry VIII. called the German Holbein to his court, and Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth also welcomed foreign artists.

But it was in the reign of Charles I., in the seventeenth century, that the most splendid liberality in art was displayed; for the king loved art for its own sake. We remember that he knighted both Rubens and Van Dyck, and that the latter, by his

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magic brush, immortalised both the king and his court.

Sir Peter Lely, a German, was court-painter to Charles II. He so flattered the court ladies that not one of them was satisfied, until he had transferred her charms to canvas. So the silly, sleepy-eyed beauties of Hampton Court are to-day as familiar as the more stately dames of the earlier day.

Lely painted Cromwell, too; but as the Protector told him that he would not pay, if he dared to flatter him, Cromwell's face is covered with wrinkles and warts.

Sir Peter Lely was succeeded by Sir Godfrey Kneller, who painted several crowned heads.

And with the foreign artists came a great demand in England for foreign works of art, many of which were brought into the country. It was the fashion for these pictures to be in very dark colouring; and often more was paid for one because it was nearly black, than because it was executed by a master.

Just about this time, a noted *English* artist, Sir James Thornhill, appeared. He decorated the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral, and advanced some excellent rules for art. He was followed by his son-in-law, Hogarth, who, in the eighteenth century, became the first English interpreter of English life.

Hogarth was tired of foreign artists and foreign pictures; and determined that he would tell his story as an Englishman. He was a merry little man, and wherever he went spent much time in studying faces. When he saw one that interested him, he would pre-



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serve it with a few rapid lines on paper—if he had any—if not, on his thumb-nail. Later, he would introduce it into some group.

Hogarth lived in a frivolous age; and the things that he saw in London homes and London streets were the faults and follies which lay hidden beneath the polish of social life. His pictures display a wonderful study of character. They are spirited, often humorous, and marvellous in detail. Each one bears its own moral.

English painting really began with Hogarth; but it developed so rapidly that even in the eighteenth century, it claimed a foremost place.

“An Artist is one who knows how to see, and who makes us see with him.”

### SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

PORTRAIT-PAINTING had been thus far the favourite art in England, and now appeared Sir Joshua Reynolds, often called “The Van Dyck of the Eighteenth Century.”

He was born in the year 1723, in Plympton, Devonshire. His father was master of the grammar-school there, and when in time little Joshua became his pupil, he determined to give him a classical education, and afterwards to fit him for the medical profession. But to his disappointment Joshua cared very little about good lessons, but very much about defaced Latin exercises, and whitewashed walls decorated by means of burnt sticks.

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When the boy was twelve years old, he made his first portrait. It appears that one Sunday, while the Rev. Mr. Smart was preaching, Joshua, growing tired of the sermon, sketched on his thumb-nail the features of the preacher. The service over, he hurried away to an old boat-house on the beach; and here, taking for his canvas a bit of a sail, he painted upon it with common ship-paint the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Smart.

His "classical education" was soon abandoned; and at the age of seventeen, young Reynolds was sent to London to study art, under a fashionable teacher named Hudson. After working for two or three years, he returned to Devonshire, where he set up for himself as a portrait-painter.

Reynolds had a brave young friend, Captain Keppel, who was in command of a war-ship; and in 1649, he invited the artist to go with him to the Mediterranean Sea. This seemed to Reynolds the golden opportunity of his life and so it proved.

How keenly he enjoyed the voyage over the blue sea, stopping at various ports, and painting the portraits of the officers. On reaching Italy, he left the ship, and remained for three years to study art.

Then he returned to England; and such a change had taken place in his ideas of form and colour that he came at once into the front rank of English portrait-painters.

Poor Hudson could paint heads well enough—but he was never known to place one properly on the shoulders! When he looked at one of Reynolds's por-

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traits, and saw how he had departed from the style in which he had taught him, he exclaimed sadly, "Why, Reynolds, you don't paint so well as when you left England!"

Captain Keppel had often described to Reynolds his shipwreck off the coast of France, which took place when he was but twenty-one years old, and Reynolds had determined to represent the scene. And now, on his return, it was one of his first achievements.

The action takes place just after the shipwreck. The young captain is upon a rocky coast; the waves curl about his feet, as he steps forward to issue an order for the safety of his crew. This animated scene made such a sensation in England that its appearance proved the real beginning of Reynolds's fame and fortune.

Reynolds never cared much for his fellow-artists. But instead, we always associate him with a celebrated club which was presided over by the brightest literary men of the day. Dr. Johnson, was its centre, while Garrick, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Burke, Reynolds, and other men of note, were prominent members. We know these men by their writings; and we know their faces, too, because Reynolds has preserved them for us.

Dr. Johnson was first attracted to Reynolds, by hearing him make a remark which showed that he was in the habit of thinking for himself; and a life-long friendship at once sprang up between the great lexicographer and the young painter.

Reynolds lived plainly in London, until the year

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This was intended to be an art-school for students, with an annual exhibition for the sale of pictures.

It was to be presided over by distinguished literary and artistic men of the day. Reynolds was the first president; Goldsmith, the professor of ancient history, and Dr. Johnson, of ancient literature. For twenty years, Reynolds was closely associated with the Royal Academy; and during this time, he sent two hundred and forty-four pictures to its different exhibitions.

In 1769, he was knighted by King George III., and now every year seemed to add to his fame and influence. He had already been known for years as the fashionable portrait-painter of London, even from the time when he had first exhibited his picture of Captain Keppel.

Another of his most admired early works was the portrait of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, in her bridesmaid dress, at the marriage of George III. Her costume is of gleaming white and silver. She is about to adorn a statue of Hymen with a wreath, and in order to heighten her charms, the wreath is being handed to her by a negress.

Sir Joshua had a special gift for the portrayal of children, luring them to interest with toys and tricks. He revealed very naturally their sweet, innocent charm. His little people are simply dressed, though most of them are really lords and ladies.

Among them, curly-haired "Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick" appears, clasping a bunch of grapes. "Red-haired Robinetta," with a robin perched upon her shoulder, assumes a most graceful attitude. The pose



ANGELS' HEADS.

REYNOLDS,





PORTRAIT OF LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN.

*Reynolds.*

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of sweet "Simplicity" is also perfect. Simple, of course, as her name implies—but how dignified!

In striking contrast to these well-poised maidens, the baby Duchess of Gloucester rolls upon the green-sward with her fluffy dog. What a round chubby face hers is, circled by the neat, frilled cap!

"Little Miss Bowles" sits on the edge of the wood, hugging her dog. She gazes so gleefully out of the canvas that we are sure the artist is winning her by some merry story. Then there is the sweet timid little "Strawberry Girl." Sir Joshua loved her best of all—perhaps because she was his favourite little niece Offy; or because he felt that this picture was one of the best which he ever painted.

This turbaned little maid steals shyly along, her hands folded demurely on her breast. Her red lips and the strawberries in her pottle form a pretty contrast to the tawny brown shades of the background.

In looking at "The Angels' Heads," we perhaps do not realise at first that all the heads belong to just *one* little maiden—the golden-haired daughter of Lord William Gordon. She was so fascinating that Sir Joshua could not decide to paint her in any one position; so he finally grouped five different views of her face, added wings, and five graceful little cherubs, in most delicate colouring, appear upon the canvas.

How charming a child's play-room would be simply hung with prints copied from Sir Joshua's children!

When he was painting the great portrait-group of the Marlborough family, little Lady Anne, aged



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four, was brought in, and clinging to her nurse she cried, "I won't be painted!" In order to comfort her, Sir Joshua put into the hand of her sister, Lady Charlotte, a gigantic classic mask, and this appears in the stately scene.

Beside his children, some of his family groups are greatly admired. One of the most superb of these is "Lady Cockburn and her Children." When it was uncovered at the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, in 1774, the painters saluted the graceful lady by clapping their hands.

Lady Cockburn is seated in a portico, playing with her three frolicsome boys. At their back is a fluttering red curtain, and at the side, in gorgeous feathers, appears Sir Joshua's favourite macaw; for it was a fashion in those days to introduce a bird into a portrait.

At this time, Mrs. Siddons was the finest actress in London. Someone had called her "The Tragic Muse," and in this character, Sir Joshua painted her portrait.

When he first led the lady to her throne-like chair he said to her, "Ascend your undisputed throne—bestow on me some idea of 'the Tragic Muse'!" "Upon which," as she says, "I walked up the steps and seated myself!"

In the portrait, she looks as if she were gazing off into space and seeking an inspiration. Crime and Remorse stand behind her.

Like other portrait-painters, Sir Joshua often found his suggestion in the figures which Michael Angelo painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel,

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and in his "Mrs. Siddons" he probably recalled the figure of Isaiah.

When he finished, he inscribed his name upon the gown of "The Tragic Muse," and complimented her by saying, "I could not lose the opportunity of sending my name down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

"Little Miss Bowles," "The Angels' Heads," "Lady Cockburn," and "Mrs. Siddons," are to-day among the best preserved of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures. Among his sitters were many noble lords and ladies, in dark rich colouring—rivals in beauty and elegance.

He excelled also in other kinds of pictures but they show less talent.

Sir Joshua had hosts of friends. Garrick, the actor, Burke, the orator, and Ramsay, the poet-painter, were among his most frequent guests. To him, Goldsmith dedicated his "Deserted Village."

It is a simple touching dedication, closing with the following words: "You can gain nothing from my admiration as I am ignorant of your art, but I must be indulged in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than any other man. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you."

It is said that, on the day before Dr. Johnson died, he made of Sir Joshua three requests: To forgive him thirty pounds which he had lent him; not to paint on Sunday; and to read the Scriptures daily. Sir Joshua promised and *remembered* his promises.

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Sir Joshua never cared much for the society of women; but for the artist, Angelica Kauffmann, he seemed, at one time, to feel a tender attachment. She sat to him as "Miss Angel," and she said of him, "Sir Joshua is one of my kindest friends; as a proof of his admiration for me, he has asked me to sit for my picture, and in return I am to paint his!"

Besides painting, Sir Joshua wrote valuable discourses on art, which were read before the Royal Academy. The last one ended with a noble panegyric on Michael Angelo, "the mighty one," whom he had worshipped throughout his own career, and he closed as follows: "I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of Michael Angelo."

Sir Joshua when a young man in Italy had caught a cold which resulted in deafness, and for many years he was obliged to use an ear-trumpet. Although this was hard, he always felt that it gave him *one* advantage: for whenever he did not enjoy the conversation, he simply dropped his trumpet and *took snuff!*

As he grew older, his sight troubled him, until, losing entirely the use of one eye, he feared lest he should be totally blind. Added to these troubles, a slight shock of paralysis saddened his last days.

He died in the year 1792. His funeral was one of the most magnificent seen in England in the eighteenth century; and he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren.

When Goldsmith died, he left an unfinished epitaph which he had dedicated to Reynolds. It is a true word-picture of the "Prince of Portrait-paint-

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ers," written by the hand of a loving friend. It runs in this wise:

" Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,  
He has not left a wiser, nor better behind;  
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,  
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;  
Still born to improve us in every part,  
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart,  
To coxcombs averse; yet most civilly steering,  
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of  
hearing,  
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

### GAINSBOROUGH AND CONSTABLE

THERE is an amusing story told of a young artist, who, while drawing a pear-tree, discovered a man's head concealed among the branches; and before the thief could escape, the boy had sketched his face into the picture. When the picture was exhibited, the man was recognised, and also the talent of the boy who had so suddenly brought him into notice.

Whether this "Tom Pear-tree" sketch is traditional or not, it is certainly very characteristic of young Thomas Gainsborough, of whom it is told, for he was always drawing landscapes and faces.

He was born in Sudbury, in the county of Suffolk, in the year 1727. As a boy he did not care for school; *his* study was the book of nature, which he always kept wide-open before him.

Whenever he had a holiday, he spent it in sketch-

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ing the bushes and hedge-rows and clumps of trees in the neighbourhood—he knew them every one.

His family consulted together and it was determined that the youth had talent, and must be sent to London to study art. So to London he went; but after an absence of three years, he returned to enjoy the fresh fields and meadows that lay about his home.

Just here, another story appears—a bit doubtful like “Tom Pear-tree,” but they go well together. One day, while Gainsborough was quietly sketching in the woods, a lovely maiden stepped suddenly from behind a thicket, right into his *picture* and into his *heart*.

But however it all happened, he *did* fall in love, and was married when he was but nineteen years old to a girl a year younger than himself. The youthful pair went to live at Ipswich, and here Gainsborough painted landscapes and portraits, but for very small fees. After remaining at Ipswich for fifteen years, he was advised by a good friend named Thicknesse to remove to Bath, and here better fortune awaited him.

For Bath was, at this time, the most fashionable watering-place in England. Wealthy people came here to amuse themselves and to drink medicinal water, and they had always plenty of time to sit for their portraits. Gainsborough became at once successful, and the celebrities that flocked to the famous resort appeared one by one upon his canvases.

Moreover, in the wealthy homes in Bath, he found pictures by Titian and Van Dyck, and Rembrandt and Murillo. These he was allowed to copy, and in

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doing this, naturally he improved his style. Of these painters Van Dyck was always his favourite.

Gainsborough was of a very social disposition, and music was the passion of his life. The Bath musicians became his best friends, and taught him to play upon different instruments.

While he was living in Bath, the Royal Academy was formed in London, and he began to send pictures to its annual exhibitions and sales. Wiltshire, the carrier who took these up to London, was so fond of Gainsborough that he would take no pay for the carriage except "a little picture"; and the "little pictures" that Gainsborough gave him would be to-day worth many thousands of pounds.

Indeed, Gainsborough was always recklessly generous with his work. He sometimes gave a picture in return for a very small kindness, perhaps for a favourite air on a fiddle, or free admission to a theatre, or an invitation to dine.

Finally, in the year 1774, he determined to remove with his family to London, and here he became a rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Indeed, some wealthy people sat to them both.

Political strife, at this time, ran very high. Sir Joshua was a Whig, and Gainsborough, a Tory; and as the King, George III., belonged to the Tory party, Gainsborough was called to court to paint the royal family. They became so fond of him that, notwithstanding court etiquette, he was admitted to the palace at any hour.

It was thought that he was the only one who could make old Queen Charlotte look beautiful.

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The king said to him one day, "Doubtless portraiture is a tantalising art—no pleasing your sitters, hey! All wanting to be Venuses and Adonises, hey! Well, Mr. Gainsborough, since you have taken to portraiture, I suppose everyone wants your landscapes, hey! Is it not so?" "Entirely so, your Majesty," was Gainsborough's courtly reply.

Naturally the honours paid Gainsborough by the royal family gave him added popularity. However, he refused to be patronised.

One day he heard a nobleman asking at his door whether "that fellow" Gainsborough had finished his likeness. Imagine the nobleman's surprise, on entering the studio, to see Gainsborough furiously dash a brushful of paint across the face on the canvas, and to hear him exclaim, "Where is that fellow now!"

Gainsborough lost by this act one hundred guineas.

Many other stories prove that he was impulsive, easily irritated, and sometimes rough in manner; yet he was really a generous and kind-hearted man.

When he was weary of working on portraits in the city, he hastened away to the country, and gave himself up to sketching the landscapes he loved. Once he found a wild, handsome, little barefooted boy named Jack Hill who appears in some of his pictures. He adopted the boy, but Jack could not bear the confinement of city life and ran away.

Gainsborough lived happily, and during his last years very quietly with his family, and he died in 1788.

It is difficult to know just where to place him in



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art; for some honour him more as a portrait-painter, and others as a landscape-painter. As the former, his spirit is gentle and poetic, and he puts much soul into his faces. His colouring is soft and cool, in contrast to that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which is rich and warm. His textures are carefully painted, and a real lustre is seen on his ribbons and gems. But his work is unequal; for unless he felt in perfect touch with his sitters he never painted them well.

One of his most successful portraits is that of the Hon. Mrs. Graham. She was but nineteen when she sat to Gainsborough, and died when she was thirty-five years old. Her husband was inconsolable. He could not look at the life-like portrait, and he had the end of the room where it hung walled up.

Half a century later, in making repairs, the picture was discovered, fresh and brilliant, and by its side were the little blue slippers that the lady had worn when she was painted. This portrait is now in the National Gallery, in Edinburgh.

One of Gainsborough's best-known portraits is that of the Duchess of Devonshire, who was, at this time, a queen in society. Although the costumes of Van Dyck's day were going out of fashion, hers is very picturesque. Her hair is curled and powdered after the manner of the day, and her large hat is ornamented with ostrich plumes.

The story is told of some noble ladies who searched London in vain to find plumes as long as those worn by the Duchess. In despair, they appealed to an undertaker, and in pity for them he sold the feathers which had been upon his hearse.

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Gainsborough was very fond of painting boys, and among his pictures are a "Pink Boy" and a "Blue Boy." The latter, Master Buttall, is a dark-haired youth of about fifteen. A harmonious blue colouring pervades the whole picture. It is in London in possession of a member of the Grosvenor family—the present Duke of Westminster.

Sir Joshua Reynolds had a theory that blue and green should not be much used in a picture. Gainsborough was very fond of both colours, and perhaps he painted this charming boy to refute Sir Joshua's idea.

He was very fond of the drama; and it was a delight to him to receive Mrs. Siddons as a sitter the same year that she sat to Sir Joshua. The picture shows the marked contrast in the style of the two artists.

Sir Joshua represented her as "The Tragic Muse"; Gainsborough, as the lady paying a visit. One picture is superb and dramatic—the other graceful and harmonious.

Garrick, the famous actor, was constantly sitting for his pictures to the different artists of the day. Gainsborough was very fond of him, and he was greatly pleased when Mrs. Garrick told him that he had painted the very best likeness of her Davy. This was, indeed, a compliment, for Garrick's expression was most difficult to catch. He was such a mimic, that even when sitting he was always changing his countenance, either squinting or laughing, or bloating or withering his features.

There were many other portrait-painters at this



“THE BLUE BOY.”

GAINSBOROUGH

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE GROSVENOR  
GALLERY, LONDON



THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE.  
*Turner.*

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time—as Lawrence, Ramsay, Opie, Raeburn, Hoppner—and all stimulated the growth of English art.

Landscapes were not fashionable at this time. Gainsborough hung the hall leading to his studio with rows of landscape pictures. But as his sitters passed by, they scarcely even glanced at them.

“People won’t buy ’em, you know,” he once said, “I’m a landscape-painter, and yet they come to me for portraits.” But to-day Gainsborough is honoured as the first real interpreter of English rural scenery and English genre.

He saw beauty in the simplest thing—a sunny nook, a winding lane, a hay-cart, or a thatched cottage. His charm of colour was seen in a dewy morning or in a golden sunset; and his landscapes are enlivened with horses and cattle, rustic lads and lasses, and sometimes just a solitary labourer. He seemed to see nature as a whole rather than in detail; so perhaps to-day he would be called an Impressionist.

John Constable was Gainsborough’s successor as a landscape-painter; and as his birthplace is but fourteen miles distant, both looked out upon the same quiet, lovely scenery.

Constable was but twelve years old when Gainsborough died. He was a miller’s son, and for a time was “a handsome young miller” himself.

His study, too, was in the open air, and he drew his earliest inspiration from the beauties of the Staur River, upon which his father’s mill was located. He loved as a child to loiter upon its banks. “These

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scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful," he said, and he showed his gratitude when later he became a painter; for he laid his finest scenes upon the banks of this river, and about the picturesque old mill which he always loved to recall.

He understood its construction so perfectly that his brother once said of him, "When I look at a mill painted by John, I know that it will *go round*." As a miller, he must have watched the clouds and the changes in the weather, always looking for the right wind to make the sail whiz.

In thus watching, he learned to paint the clouds; and often he made studies of these alone, dating each sketch, and noting upon it the time of day and the direction of the wind.

In his landscapes, we may almost see their movement and the trees shaken by the breezes. An artist, in looking at some of his pictures representing showery weather, once said, "Constable makes me call for my great-coat and umbrella."

Constable, like Gainsborough, enjoyed simple things—a corn-field, a village, a river, a dreary meadow, the hornless cattle of Suffolk, and like Wouwermans, he often introduced a white horse. In those days, many invented stiff figures to put into their landscapes; but Constable often waited until someone passed by and so went naturally into the picture.

He did for the cultivated landscape of England what Gainsborough had done for the rural scenery. His detail is more perfect than that of Gainsborough; his trees are greener, his skies are bluer, and nature



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as he shows her seems living. Because of this, he has ever since been called "The Father of English Landscape."

If Gainsborough was an Impressionist, surely Constable was a Realist.

Constable was a great admirer of Claude, "The Prince and Poet of French Landscape" and the French greatly admired Constable and bought his pictures.

It was not until after he had been presented with two medals in Paris that he was admitted in London to full membership in the Royal Academy. Indeed, he was never fully appreciated in his own country.

His house was filled with his pictures, and he gave free exhibitions of them, but he could not easily sell them. He was always so anxious about money matters that a friend once said to him, "Whatever you do, Constable, get rid of anxiety." He died in the year 1837, and fifty years later, his pictures were bequeathed by his family to the English nation.

Landscape-painting has made great progress since the days of Gainsborough and Constable.

How wonderfully the modern painter has interpreted the charms of nature all the world over! But the pictures of these old masters—though, in comparison with modern works, they seem stiff and faded and cracked—have had great influence on the later art.

The English must always gratefully recall that little corner of Suffolk, whose quiet charms inspired



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Gainsborough and Constable to make landscape-painting known in England.

“The poem hangs on the berry-bush  
When comes the poet's eye;  
The street begins to masquerade,  
When Shakespeare passes by.”

—WM. C. GANNETT.

### TURNER

TURNING away from the fresh Suffolk meadows, our next point of interest is a narrow dingy house, in narrow dingy Maiden Lane, in London. Here the Turner family lived, and the front room on the ground floor was the barber-shop of the father, William Turner.

The family was small. It consisted of the cheery, loquacious little father, and his wife, a woman of most unreasonable temper—and Billy, their son, who was born in 1774. We have little to do with the mother, for very early in Billy's life she became insane and was sent away to an asylum.

William Turner, the father, had a good business, not only in shaving, but in dressing hair, and in making and curling and powdering the wigs of the gentry of his day.

Billy and his father were inseparable companions; and in this connection a pleasant story is told of the little fellow when he was but five or six years of age.

One day he accompanied his father to the home of a rich silver-smith. While the barber was powdering the wig of his grand patron, the boy, seated

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in a high chair, was absorbed in gazing at the figure of a rampant lion, mounted upon a silver salver. The child was silent on the way home; but when he appeared at the tea-table, he exhibited a large sheet of paper, on which he had drawn from memory a very fair copy of the lion.

Unlike other parents of whom we have read, William Turner was wild with delight, for he knew now that sometime Billy would be a painter. And what a true prophet he proved! for Turner stands to-day as a great English landscape-painter.

As the years went on, Billy was allowed to associate with the sailors, wandering all day at his own sweet will along the banks of the Thames, and under London Bridge; and in and out among the shipping. Perhaps this was not a good life for a little boy; but he loved the river, he studied all about the ships, and he sat and watched the play of light and shadow over the sails and over the water, on sunny and on misty days, always drawing the things he saw.

Presently in the barber-shop, among the wigs and frizzes, appeared little sketches with a small price marked on each one. When William was ten years old, his father sent him to a school at Brentford, and he boarded in the family of his uncle who was a butcher. Here, in the country, he found great delight in wandering in the open fields, and sketching birds and trees and flowers upon the leaves of his books.

If one might put into a single gallery all the exercise-books, defaced by various young artists of whom we have been reading, what a unique collec-

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tion of specimens of youthful genius that gallery would contain! And Turner's pictures would surely be among the best; for two of his drawings were exhibited in the Royal Academy when he was but twelve years old.

After Brentford, he was sent to school at Margate, a beautiful village in the breezy county of Kent. Here, for the first time, he saw the sea. He found a keen fascination in watching and sketching sunshine and cliffs and water. Here, too, as a bright, enthusiastic lad, he fell in love with the sister of a classmate. He also struggled with Latin exercises, and learned some of the history and mythology which he afterwards embodied in his pictures. Margate was a delight to the boy, and very often, in later years, he came back to pass a holiday here.

All this time, the brave, merry little barber up in London was earning money as fast as he could, to give William a fine education. "For William is to be a painter, you know," was always his reply to his patrons when they asked about his son's future.

On William's return from Margate, he tried to study perspective; but he was very dull at this—he never could understand about exact figures like circles and triangles. So his teacher suggested that his father should not waste any more money on art; but, instead, should try to make of William either a cobbler or a tailor. He next attempted to study architecture; but his teacher in this kindly advised his father to place him in the school of the Royal Academy. This was where he really belonged, and after he entered it, all went well.

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And in the Royal Academy his art-life really commenced, for his masters at once recognised his genius. He later became a member, then an associate; and during his whole life, he was devoted to the best interests of the Academy.

Tom Girtin, the artist, who was one of the originators of a fine School of water-colour painting in England, was the friend of his youth. In the country, they sketched together; and in the city, they earned small sums of money by colouring pictures for fruit-sellers, and by putting skies and foregrounds into architectural pictures. Girtin died when he was but twenty-seven. Turner greatly mourned his loss; but recognising his genius he said, "Had Tom Girtin lived, I should have starved!"

Later in life, Turner had other close friends. Among them were Moore and Rogers, the poets, and Chantrey, the famous sculptor. At one time he had the good fortune to be a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and to copy portraits in his studio; but Sir Joshua died before the young artist could become much interested in his style.

When he was eighteen years old, he began to make the pedestrian excursions which all his life he heartily enjoyed. He was a stout, clumsy little fellow, and he never cared how he looked. He wore an ill-fitting suit, and his luggage tied up in a handkerchief was slung over his shoulder on a cane. Sometimes he carried a small valise, and an old umbrella, the handle of which could be converted into a fishing-rod, for Turner dearly loved both hunting and fishing.

He usually walked from twenty to twenty-five miles

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a day, and on his tramps nothing escaped his attention. Whatever he specially liked, he sketched; and then, afterwards, aided by his wonderful memory, he filled it in and a picture appeared. His sketch-book was always a curiosity, for it contained such a variety of things. He even jotted down his expenses, and the local gossip which he heard.

He travelled first over England, and later over other countries, always looking for picturesque scenery. He preferred to travel alone, and because of this has been called "The Great Hermit of Nature."

It was on his return from one of these expeditions that he found that the girl to whom he was betrothed was engaged to another; and somehow the knowledge of this seemed to change his whole character from a happy hopefulness, to a morose and miserly disposition. Indeed, from this time, his two purposes seemed to be—to paint and to lay up money.

For some years, Turner taught drawing. He had always excellent illustrations but he was too impatient with stupid pupils, and too blunt and rude to suit fashionable ones.

Then, in 1808, he was made professor of perspective in the Royal Academy, and for thirty years he held the position. At first, he delivered lectures on the subject but they were not successful. His sentences were confused and tedious, and he spoke in a mumbling tone. Once he mounted the platform, and after fumbling in his pocket, he exclaimed in consternation, "Gentlemen, I've been and left my lecture in the hackney-coach!"

After living in different places in London, the

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last forty years of Turner's life were spent in a cheerless house in Queen Anne Street. The roof leaked—the doors were shaky. Dust and cobwebs and dampness abounded, and tailless Manx cats roamed everywhere at will. But this house was full of sketches, proofs of engravings, and rare paintings.

The huge, powdered wigs had now gone out of fashion, and the barber lived with his son. He took charge of the affairs of the frugal household, and he always prepared the canvases and later varnished them. "Father begins and finishes all my pictures," Turner said.

Turner had, also, for fifteen years a country home at Twickenham. Here he lived a rural life. He had a boat and a gig and an old horse. He was devoted to birds, and the boys nicknamed him "Old Blackbirdy," because he protected their nests. He kept in the house models of full-rigged ships, and in his jungle of a garden he raised aquatic plants, to put into his pictures.

But he finally sold the place—perhaps because his friends had found him out, and he was too miserly to entertain very often; but the reason that he gave was, "Dad was always working in the garden and catching cold." The two were devoted to each other, and it goes without saying that the barber was truly proud of his painter son. Turner mourned very deeply when, in 1830, his father died.

Now let us see what kind of pictures this eccentric genius was painting that made him so famous. His earlier works were usually in water-colours and his later ones in oils. He worked very rapidly, and

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his touch was clear and firm. He never cared much for correct form—but for colour—the glories of sea and sky—and brilliant atmospheric effects.

Sometimes he would use a sponge, with which he could quickly produce foam or an aërial effect. Sometimes with his thumb-nail he would tear up a sea! No one has ever painted like him, and no other landscape-painter has left such a variety of scenes.

Gainsborough and Constable made one little corner of Suffolk immortal; but to know Turner, we must travel over Europe; among the beauties of England, Scotland, and the Rhine, with their stately cathedrals and ruined castles; among the noble rivers of France; and over the Alps with their glaciers bathed in rosy light.

We must realise, too, the fallen grandeur of Greece and Rome, and of Venice and Carthage. We must admire and wonder at the majesty of the ocean and the splendour of the sky.

Turner never made an exact reproduction of a scene, but he painted it in a poetic and visionary spirit. His pictures are difficult to understand; for it is not possible for others to look at them from his point of view, and no other painter has ever provoked such discussion as to his merits. Some call his works vague and meaningless—mere daubs and splashes of colour; while others try hard to catch Turner's impression. "Nothing but daubs!" exclaimed a noble lord; but later, catching the true effect, he added, "Painting, so it is!"

A lady once said to him, "I find, Mr. Turner, that in copying one of your paintings, touches of



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red, blue, and yellow appear all through the work." To which Turner replied, "Well, don't you see that yourself in nature? Because if you don't, Heaven help you!"

Once, after painting a summer evening, he thought that the picture needed a dark spot in front by way of contrast; so he cut out a dog from black paper and stuck it on. That paper dog still appears in the picture!

Another time he painted "A Snow-storm at Sea." Some critics called the picture "Soap-suds and White-wash." Turner, who had been for hours lashed to the mast of a ship in order to catch the proper effect, was naturally much hurt by the criticism. "What would they have!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what they think a storm is like. I wish they'd been in it!"

Ruskin was a great admirer of Turner, and in his "History of Modern Painters" he has taught others to see his pictures aright. He feels that only the keenest light or a magnifying-glass can reveal all their excellences.

The picture upon which Ruskin would stake the painter's immortality is "The Slave Ship." This is now in Boston. It represents a ship labouring in a terrible storm at sea. The ocean is heaving in two ridges—the sunset splendour falls upon the trough between them. The slave-traders are throwing overboard the dead and dying slaves, and their manacles float upon the water. Cold, dark night is gathering.

Turner was very fond of his own pictures, and sometimes after selling one he would go about dejectedly saying, "I've lost one of my children." The

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one that he loved best of all was his "Old Téméraire." This he would never sell, and at his death it was bequeathed to the nation.

Many years before he painted it, he had gone down to Portsmouth one day to see Nelson's fleet come in, after the glorious victory of Trafalgar. The "Téméraire" was pointed out to him—a battle-ship that had very proudly borne the English flag, for during the battle, it had run in between two French frigates and captured them both.

And now between thirty and forty years later, he lingered one afternoon on the banks of the Thames. As he looked over the water, he saw the grand old hulk being towed down the River by a noisy little tug to be broken up at Deptford. "There's a fine subject!" he exclaimed as he looked at the heroic ship that had known many glorious years; and in his thought he compared it to "a battle-scarred warrior borne to the grave."

Then he painted the picture. The glow of the setting sun irradiates the scene and bids farewell to the old ship. Twilight is coming on, and the new moon has just risen in its pearly light. It is a pathetic picture—a magnificent bit of dramatic-painting. It was in such pictures rather than in words that Turner was eloquent, and he has sometimes been named "The Master of Sunsets and Waves."

As he grew older, his style became weaker and his touch more extravagant. His later pictures are greatly faded and cracked.

Apart from his paintings, Turner illustrated several books, and established a new School of English

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Engraving. He also wrote a book of studies—"Liber Studiorum," it is called. This is a roll of engravings, representing scenes in various parts of the world. They illustrate the principles of composition as applied to landscape-painting, and they are of the utmost value to art-students.

Turner would have liked to become President of the Royal Academy, but he was not fitted for such a position. The king did not care for him, and so he was never knighted.

However, he grew very rich from the sale of his paintings and engravings. To-day his pictures sell for fabulous prices.

He worked faithfully for sixty years, exhibiting pictures at forty-five of the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy; but to that of the year 1851, no pictures were sent, and it was found that the artist had disappeared, leaving orders that no one was to be admitted to his house, in Queen Anne Street.

Turner's health was failing, so his friends were naturally very anxious. After a time, his old house-keeper, by following a clue, traced him to a little cottage at Chelsea, by the Thames. Here, very ill, he was living under an assumed name.

The faithful woman summoned his friends. They found that he was fast sinking, and he died here in a small room, overlooking the river that was his first love.

Many celebrated men attended his funeral, and at his own request, he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near Sir Joshua Reynolds.

How strangely his life contrasted with the splen-

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dour of his works! On opening his will, it was found that the money which he had so carefully hoarded was to be called "Turner's Fund," and used to assist poor artists in obtaining an education. So let us now, in justice, call Turner a *generous* rather than a *miserly* man!

But the will, like his conversation, was confused and uncertain, and it was disputed by his family. So a large part of the money that had been saved for charity was divided among relatives, for whom the painter had never cared. His pictures, however, he left to the nation; and an annuity was retained by the Royal Academy to assist six poor artists.

To visit Turner's shrine, we must enter the National Gallery in London, and pause before the pictures which this "Prince and Poet of English Landscape-Painting" has bequeathed to his country. It is the most valuable collection that England had ever received from one of her painters.

"Ye mariners of England,  
That guard our native seas;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze!  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe!  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow."

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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### NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH ART

THE English are so fond of their own art that their best pictures and best painters seldom leave their country; while, as we know, during the past century, very many beautiful French pictures have found their way to America. So naturally, we are much more familiar with the French than with the English art of the nineteenth century.

But there is, at least, one English painter whom everybody knows and loves, and that is Sir Edwin Landseer—"The Animal Story-teller of the Victorian Era." From palace to cottage, both in England and America, his pictures, or the excellent prints taken from them, are everywhere seen.

Landseer's father was an engraver and art-critic, and his gifted son was born in 1802. When little Edwin was hardly more than a baby boy, his father would give him a pencil and a piece of paper, and tell him to draw something that he saw—perhaps a bird or an animal out on Hampstead Heath. For the father believed that nature was the best school for his boy, and his eyes his best teacher.

There have been carefully preserved in the South Kensington Museum some little sketches of animals, upon which is written "E. Landseer, five years old." So Edwin began *to look* almost as soon as he began *to live*.

Wherever animals were kept in London, the Landseer children were to be found—little Edwin, pencil in hand, sketching dogs and horses, and tigers

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and lions;—indeed everything in the menagerie interested him.

And from a boy, he was both industrious and successful; he won medals, his first picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy when he was but thirteen, and for nearly fifty years afterwards, his work appeared at nearly every exhibition.

He made his home with his sister, in St. John's Wood, just out of London. Here he kept his pets and filled his studio with their pictures, and here he entertained the brilliant men and women of his day.

Landseer was gay and witty, and so desirable as a guest that people would sometimes be invited to dine, with this inducement, "I know you'll come, for Landseer will be there!" Many anecdotes are told of him, among which the following is often quoted. The brilliant divine Sydney Smith, on being asked to allow Landseer to paint his portrait, replied, "Is thy servant a *dog* that he should do this thing?"

Landseer always laughed when he told the following story: He was one day presented to the King of Portugal when the latter said, "Mr. Landseer, I am delighted to make your acquaintance—I am so fond of beasts."

One of his dearest friends was Sir Walter Scott. Landseer never tired of reading Scott's novels, and the great author never grew weary of Landseer's pictures. Indeed, Landseer has been called, "The Sir Walter Scott of the Animal World."

He was a special favourite with Queen Victoria, who conferred knighthood upon him, and commanded him to paint her portrait, that of Prince

Albert, and their children; as well as the pet animals belonging to the royal family.

Landseer never married. Among the ladies whom he admired was Rosa Bonheur, and he always spoke of her as "The Poet-Painter of Animals." He was once elected President of the Royal Academy, but he declined the honour.

As he grew older, he would sometimes speak of his "worn-out old pencil." His last years were sad and suffering ones. He died in 1873, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Landseer's first, last, and strongest love was for his dogs; and what almost human expression he put into their faces! It was expression not colouring that he was always trying to reveal. And how his dogs loved him, and how many things they would do for him! It is told of one of these pets that, if his master lingered too long at his easel, he would bring his hat and lay it at his feet.

Landseer knew every kind of dog, large and small—except a *chained* one—he never believed in having that kind. He most delighted to picture a dog's devotion to his master.

Among his paintings are "Dignity and Impudence," "Alexander and Diogenes," "High and Low Life."

At the annual exhibition, in 1865, appeared "The Connoisseurs." In this, Landseer is seated sketching, while two beautiful dogs are looking over his shoulders and judging of his work. This he presented to the Prince of Wales—now the King of England.



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART

"The Distinguished Member of the Humane Society" represents a great Newfoundland dog, sitting on the end of a pier, at high-tide. The sky is stormy—flecked with a few gulls. But the dog, like all his species, is ready to assist in any emergency. Landseer had met this dog, Paul Pry, carrying a basket of flowers, and had asked permission to paint it, and did so, as it lay upon a table in his studio.

Everybody who had dogs and could afford it begged Landseer to paint them, and some of them would have regular appointments for weeks in advance.

When Landseer first went to Scotland, a new world opened before him; for there he found the graceful deer, in the solitude of its highland home, and there he painted, in a variety of attitudes, "the monarch of the glen."

Someone has said, "No one ever painted a dog or monkey so well as Landseer and no one ever approached him in the painting of deer."

Landseer was a sculptor, as anyone will know who visits Trafalgar Square, in London, and sees his four great lions at the foot of the Nelson Monument. "The king of beasts" always had a great fascination for him.

Just at the outset of our art study, it would seem easier to linger with Landseer than try to discover the motives of the more serious painters of England, whose pictures we may not always understand; but we must add at least the names of a few who are perhaps greater, though not so popular as Sir Edwin Landseer.



LANDSEER

“A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY”  
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



E. BURNE-JONES  
WORSHIP OF MAGI

## ENGLISH ART

More than all else, modern English art is noted for soul power; for its figure-painters have tried to express every kind of sentiment which man may feel.

Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, led the way in the earlier art of the Victorian Era.

Like the old Greeks, he loved beauty of form, and this he has shown in many classical paintings.

The first that gave him fame shows us that joyous procession, which, centuries before, had carried Cimabue's "Madonna" through the streets of Florence. Its size first attracted attention, then its subject and lovely colouring. It seemed almost to predict in England a revival of early Italian art—but how unlike the "Nazarite" one in Rome!

Cimabue, with his boy pupil Giotto, leads the procession, and we recognise Dante, among the noble Florentines that follow them. Queen Victoria was so charmed with this picture that she bought it for the walls of the Royal Academy.

And Leighton did *another* thing that may live longer than his pictures. He gave to the poor of London a little art-gallery, and covered its walls with priceless pictures.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema also revived classic art, but of a different kind. He was a native of Holland, but England became his adopted country. His scenes are usually laid in Egypt, Greece, and Italy.

Wherever art is loved, Alma-Tadema is popular, with his old marble halls and balconies. He does not people them with ancient scenes as other artists have

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done, but instead he portrays some modern incident. His treatment of marble and bronze and still-life is very perfect.

What a striking contrast to Alma-Tadema's pictures are those painted by the Pre-Raphaelites, a little Brotherhood that appeared in England about the middle of the nineteenth century. Following Ruskin's ideas, they determined to make a revolution in painting. In the words of Keats, their motto might have been, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."

It would take volumes to describe their many kinds of work—the detail with which they painted a leaf or a pebble, the tall and gaunt figures, the tawny colouring, the stiff landscapes, and the house decoration and furniture. Indeed, for a little, Pre-Raphaelitism was so fashionable that even dress and ornament were governed by its rules. Besides, it brought about a craze in London for blue china, ecclesiastical brasses, old furniture and armour.

Three of the principal members were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Holman Hunt, and Sir John Everett Millais.

Rossetti gave his life to the new theories. Among the pictures that illustrate the romantic mysticism of his style is "The Blessed Damozel." The incident is founded upon one of his own poems. "The Damozel," surrounded by a group of reunited lovers, leans from the gold bars of heaven while her own mourning lover stands upon the earth below, gazing upward.

Hunt is styled "The Painter of the Christ," and his "Christ the Light of the World" is very famous.

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Here the crowned Saviour stands in His long, seamless robe and jewelled mantle. He carries a lantern, and knocks at the door of a human soul, which has long been closed and barred against Him. What a difference between this realistic picture and Raphael's idealistic one!

Millais remained but for a very short time with the Brotherhood, and he later became very popular for his pictures of men and women and lovely children, whom he painted just as he saw them in everyday life.

The Pre-Raphaelite School did not last long, but its influence has been very marked on later English art.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones was fascinated by Rossetti's pictures. He is called "The Painter of the Golden Age," because of his exquisite charm of colouring. He loved decorative art, and made many designs for stained-glass windows. His subjects were taken from the Bible, and from romantic and classic literature.

His drawing of the human form is masterly, and his tall, dignified figures often seem to be gazing far away into space as in a trance.

Our print, "The Visit of the Wise Men to the Christ-Child," is taken from a picture in Birmingham. From a snowy, winter landscape, three reverent wise men are slowly approaching, in gorgeous robes of harmonious colours. But as they come nearer to the Holy Family, they will reach a country of green trees and blossoming flowers—the roses and lilies that Burne-Jones painted so exquisitely.



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For the artist has followed the legend that at the coming of the Christ-Child, dreary winter forsook the earth, and trees and flowers burst into sudden bloom.

What a contrast is here seen between grandeur and simplicity, between the stately Magi, and the devout Mother and her serious Babe. Every inch of the great canvas is covered with minute details.

The "Poet-Painter," George Frederick Watts, is less romantic and more spiritual in his conception than Burne-Jones. His figures are symbolic of beautiful aspirations, and over them his graceful draperies flow in marvellous folds, and they are surrounded by a charmed atmosphere. He has tried by these ideal pictures to make the world better.

In one of the most famous of these Love as an immortal youth is trying to lead Life up to the rocky summit of earthly pilgrimage.

Watts has striven in his portraits to reveal the soul of the men and women whom he has painted. He has done much decorative work. His colouring is always soft rather than rich. His sculptures are exquisite, and at his death he bequeathed many of his works to his country.

We have mentioned just a few of the leaders among the noted English painters of the nineteenth century. As we grow wiser in the study of art, we may find great delight in reading more about their lives as well as those of many other masters of the modern age.

There are, in England, many magnificent private



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collections of pictures, and in London frequent exhibitions. The National Gallery holds many of the choicest works of the old masters, and the Royal Academy is constantly becoming a larger centre of artistic usefulness.



## French Art



## XI

### EARLY FRENCH ART

IN the sixteenth century, Italy and Germany enjoyed a "Golden Age" of painting; in the seventeenth, Spain had its Velasquez and Murillo. In the eighteenth, art had declined in all these countries; but that of England came to the front with its portrait- and landscape-painters. France, however, waited until the nineteenth century to take a first rank in painting.

Yet from the earliest centuries, France had been very artistic in spirit, and the taste for rich gowns and decorations which is so characteristic of the French to-day was shown many hundreds of years ago. Even in the fourth century, wealthy Gauls wore costumes ornamented with landscapes and animals, and religious vestments were embroidered with Scriptural scenes.

Charlemagne, in the ninth century, would have done very much for the art of his empire, if his great wars had not kept him so busy. However, he ornamented his cathedral and palace at Aix-la-Chapelle; and it is thought that he gave the order that the interiors of all churches should be covered with holy pictures, so that the ignorant might understand the Bible stories. And the walls were painted from that time, until Gothic architecture left no clear wall-space for pictures.

Then the story was wrought in the stained-glass

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windows that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were brought to such perfection, especially in the cathedrals of Rheims and Chartres.

It was an early custom to make these windows memorial gifts. Often upon the upper part would be traced the holy story, while the donors would be pictured kneeling reverently below. The contrast is sometimes very striking, between these two scenes.

In France, as in the other countries, the mediæval monk in his scriptorium beautifully illuminated manuscripts; and furniture has also been preserved which is carefully decorated with figures of saints and angels. Indeed, the French, from the beginning of their history, liked decoration of any kind.

To illustrate this art-love, a story is told of good King René of Anjou, who lived in the fifteenth century. He was one day painting a partridge when he was told of the loss of his kingdom of Naples. He said nothing, but quietly continued his work.

The sixteenth century is always called "The Age of the Renaissance," or revival in art, and it was ushered in by Francis I., "King of the Gentlemen." Clouet was his painter, and his dignified portraits of kings and queens are to be seen in Paris to-day.

The art of sunny Italy lured King Francis as it had so many others, and he summoned Italian painters to decorate his splendid palace at Fontainebleau, and to establish there a School of art.

He began, also, to make there a royal collection of pictures—seven of Raphael's were brought and four of Leonardo da Vinci's; and because he could not transport "The Last Supper" from Florence to

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Fontainebleau, he brought the old Leonardo himself, and tenderly cared for him until his death.

Art now became more and more fashionable. Early in the seventeenth century, Louis XIII. and his nobles took lessons from the court-painter, Vouet, whom they were always loading with honours. Indeed, a whole regiment of painters followed in Vouet's footsteps.

Paris grew more and more beautiful, and we remember that it was in the reign of Louis XIII. that the Queen Mother Marie de' Medici summoned the Flemish painter Rubens to decorate her Luxembourg Palace.

Louis XIV. next appears, and he was a "Grand Monarque," in art and literature, as well as in war. His dictator was LeBrun. Beside being a fair architect, engraver, and painter, he knew how best to flatter his King—so he was in every way well fitted for the office.

The King appointed LeBrun director of the Gobelins. These were workshops for tapestries, furniture, jewellery, mosaics, *marqueterie*, and bronzes. For these LeBrun either made designs himself, and obliged everyone to follow his models; or insisted that the designs of others must be approved by him, before they could be accepted.

Through his influence, Louis, in 1648, founded a French Academy of painting and sculpture.

LeBrun superintended the decoration of Louis's splendid palace at Versailles, and many pictures were added to the royal collection; at such great cost that one of the court-ladies said, "I pity the kingdom!"



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The vain King spent hours in LeBrun's studio watching him at work, and he was delighted with the great compositions which, in both pictures and tapestry, represented him so perfectly as "Le Grand Monarque." To show his appreciation, he presented to LeBrun his miniature surrounded by diamonds.

But the court grew tired of the dictator. They liked better the painters that gave them flattering likenesses. So Le Brun finally lost favour, and retired to the Gobelins where he died.

Apart from the court art of the age, there are two famous landscape-painters who spent most of their life in Rome.

Landscape-art was at first much more admired by the French than by the English; perhaps because the former were always so easily interested in new things.

Poussin, who was born in 1594, belonged to a poor but noble family. After many hardships, he drifted to Rome, where he became a celebrated painter. He composed his landscapes, not from one scene but from many different ones.

In these, he represented by stately classic figures some historical or mythological incident. These figures were so cold and stiff that they have sometimes been compared to walking Greek statues. His style is called "Poussinesque." That he was intellectual is shown by the subjects which he chose to represent in his pictures.

While Poussin was living in Rome, Louis XIII., hearing of his fame, "and wishing to adorn himself with the talent of the absent artist," begged him to

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return and to work for him in Paris. He offered him a large salary, and palatial apartments were especially arranged in the Louvre; indeed Poussin said that everything was ready on his arrival—"even to a tun of old wine."

He established in Paris a School of Fine Arts which has since become very famous, and he tried to win favour at court; but he loved simple things and did not enjoy the gilded life there, with its gayety and intrigue. On pretence of returning to Italy to bring his wife, he left Paris, and never could be persuaded to go back. The last and best years of his life were spent in Rome.

As an illustration of his simple habits, it is told that one evening in Rome a cardinal paid him a visit. On his departure, as Poussin lighted him to the door, the cardinal said, "I pity you, M. Poussin, that you have not a single servant"; "and I," replied the painter, "pity *you* because you have so *many*!"

Poussin's paintings are found in many galleries. Perhaps his "Deluge" is considered his best.

Claude Lorraine, who was born in 1600, also lived his artistic life in Rome. The two painters, however, do not seem to have been friends. Claude was originally a poor little peasant who delighted in looking at pictures. He is said to have been apprenticed to a pastry-cook, who dismissed him because one day an ornamented dessert which he was carrying home was stolen from him, while he was gazing into a window full of pictures.

This story, however, like others that are told of him is a little uncertain; for he associated so little

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with the artists of his day that it is rather difficult to get at the real facts of his life.

But, like Poussin, he in some way reached Rome, and here he became a servant in the house of the painter Tassi. Tassi grew interested in him and taught him to draw. His best teacher, however, was the one to whom he gave his life-long affection—and that was nature.

He often rose before the sun and spent the whole day a-field—perhaps just watching one stone or tree that he might study its changing colour, as the light or shade touched it at different hours.

Like Poussin, he rarely painted from a single landscape, but would combine the bits from various scenes. Those that he selected from the Campagna outside of Rome were picturesque.

His landscapes usually have in the foreground a large open space, stretching far away into the distance, and often stately buildings are introduced on one side. The incidents in his pictures are taken from legends and Latin poems, from the Bible and history; but their meaning is somewhat obscure, and the figures are too small and stiff. He could not paint them well himself and often other artists put them in for him. He used to say that he *sold* his landscapes and *gave away* the figures!

The thing for which Claude stands unrivalled is his aerial perspective. Even Ruskin who does not admire his works had to acknowledge that "Claude was the first artist to put the sun in the sky."

His special charm for us is always the warm glow of light that is over the hills and valleys and seas

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that he painted. Indeed, even the name "Claude" always suggests a sunny landscape!

Claude's works were greatly admired, and were easily sold in Spain, Germany, France, and Italy. He had one picture that he would not sell, even though Pope Urban VIII. promised to cover it with gold pieces in payment; but the once poor little peasant was now a rich man.

Claude, however, had his troubles; for his paintings met with such favour that he had many imitators who used his name in selling their pictures. He worked very slowly, always finishing every detail with the greatest care.

One day Bourdon, who was called "The Wandering Jew of Painting" appeared in his studio and Claude showed him a landscape which it would take him two weeks to finish. Bourdon, who was noted for copying the works of other people very correctly, looked critically at Claude's picture, went home, and in eight days exhibited a finished landscape which was hailed as a "Claude." On hearing this, Claude was enraged; but Bourdon managed to escape from Rome before the real artist could expose him.

To prevent this kind of imitation, or perhaps to preserve a record of his works, Claude kept a book which he named "Liber Veritatis." In this he made sketches of all the pictures that he ever painted, and at his death they amounted to six volumes.

All of us may not see nature exactly as Claude saw it, but if we look through a Claude-glass we may have some idea of the light which this "Prince and Poet of French Landscape-Painters" tried to reveal.

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In our brief glance into early French painting, we have recalled the work of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, ushered in by King Francis I. and the seventeenth century, so full of decorative and landscape art.

“ Is this a time to be cloudy and sad  
When our Mother Nature laughs around,  
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,  
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?”  
—BRYANT.

### EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND REVOLUTIONARY ART

THAT was a stately court of Louis XIV., “ Le Grand Monarque,” and its art, like the court, was pompous and statuesque. The change was very welcome when, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the gay thoughtless Louis XV. succeeded to the throne.

There was no money in the treasury, it is true, for Louis XIV. with his wars and palace-building had exhausted it all; the poor peasants had already been sorely taxed, and they had endured it with wonderful patience. But all this mattered little—heavier taxes must be levied upon them, even to the point of misery and starvation; for the luxurious courtiers who would not work must have money to spend on court pleasures.

Their motto was, “ After us the deluge!”

Merry rustic fêtes were held, where lords and ladies flirted and danced with a charming grace.

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Pantomimes were exhibited, and light Italian comedy was all the rage. Court-life now had become merely a gay revel. And the painters watched the merry pageants, and through their pictures, we, too, may imagine what they were like.

Watteau was the one who best caught the spirit of these "Fêtes Galantes" or "Fêtes Champêtres," as they were called, and his pictures done in delicate tints are little scenes of beauty. Here tiny, graceful, frolicsome lords and ladies, arrayed in gay costumes of silks and satins, with hoops and powder and patches, lounge or dance or coquette. They gesticulate as if they were acting a comedy; and Watteau was always very successful in revealing their motions. His pictures became so much the rage that people began to walk and dress and dance "*à la Watteau*."

Perhaps one of his best works is "The Embarkation for the Island of Cythera," which is in the Louvre. Cythera is an island dedicated to Venus; and on a sunny day, many are preparing to sail to its shores. A gilded barge is before us; some of the pleasure-seekers are already aboard—some are hurrying to reach the barge—and some are being urged to go. Merriest of all, are the little Cupids that are surrounding the statue of Venus, or clinging to the masts, hovering in mid-air, or flying in and out among the lovers.

And what of Watteau himself, and what of his sad life, so far removed from the gay frolic seen in his pictures! Alas, when he painted the "Embarkation for Cythera," he was dying of consumption.

Watteau was born in 1684. He was a penniless



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boy who was constantly drawing, and as the gay figures which always attracted him in the fair or the pantomime would never stand still—he learned to sketch them in motion.

As a young man, he drifted to Paris, and there, lonely and hungry, he finally was employed by a dauber. This man kept a number of pupils to assist him in quickly manufacturing pictures to be sold to country-dealers. Some of these pupils painted landscapes, some flowers, some the heads and others the bodies and draperies of virgins and saints. The dauber specially liked Watteau, for he could do all these parts equally well. So he gave him three francs a week and soup every day.

Poor Watteau was obliged to produce so many pictures of St. Nicholas that he declared he could do them even with his eyes closed. In some way, after a time, he managed to escape from this drudgery, and later he came into touch with real artists. He worked very hard, and was never satisfied with his pictures. Indeed, his whole life was unrestful and irritating, and much of it was passed in obscure lodgings. But he was never strong, and he died when but thirty-seven years old.

Perhaps we may call this the "Painters' " as well as the "Poets' Age"—when we recall that it was the age, at which both Raphael and Watteau died.

Among the other artists of the day, one reproduced very perfectly the flowing wigs which were then in vogue; another gave his best services to the watch-cases and enormous fans, decorating them with Venuses, Cupids, and nymphs; another painted chil-





L'EMBARQUEMENT POUR L'ÎLE DE CYTHÈRE.

*Watteau.*



DAVID

"THE CORONATION OF JOSEPHINE." FROM THE PAINTING IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

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dren exquisitely—still another interiors and domestic scenes.

Greuze was a fine colourist; and perhaps he is most noted for his heads of young girls. A note of regret is often expressed in their faces, and the reason for this sometimes appears in the picture.

Claude Joseph Vernet, who belonged to a family of artists, was the best marine-painter of the period, and Louis XV. employed him to paint all the sea-ports of France. Vernet could well represent the sea, in all its varied moods of storm and sunshine.

It is told of him that he was once on a ship that encountered a terrible storm in the Mediterranean. Everyone else on board was terribly frightened. But during four hours, Vernet was lashed to the mast, like Turner, that he might study the power of winds and waves. He was tossed about—he was drenched with sea-water—but later he painted from memory many wonderful pictures of the scene.

Vernet's works, like Watteau's, became the fashion and were always in great demand.

In the year 1774, the reign of the weak and wicked Louis XV. at last came to an end, and the amiable Louis XVI. ascended the throne.

The beautiful and witty young artist Madame Lebrun was a great favourite at his court, and she painted the best portraits of Marie Antoinette and her ladies. She greatly disliked the powdered hair and the fancy costumes of the day, and tried very hard to induce the ladies to wear a simpler and more classical style of dress.

We are familiar with her graceful portraits of her

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pretty daughter and herself. She remained in Paris, until she was alarmed by the threatened French Revolution. After this, many years of her long life were spent in travelling in different countries. She was everywhere received with great honour, and she remained always a portrait-painter.

And now, early in the reign of Louis XVI., the promised "Deluge" broke over the land; for the people were almost mad with misery, and they were forced to revolt from the oppression of the court.

With the beginning of the French Revolution, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, a new chapter of art-making opens before us, for art was now to be inspired by war and patriotism.

David is the most noted painter of this Revolutionary Age. He has sometimes been called the first painter of modern French art. He loved to study the lives of the old Romans, and so he devoted himself to the painting of classical subjects, the figures in which were even more cold and statuesque than those of Poussin.

When he was appointed to be "Minister of Fine Arts" in Paris, he tried to make the members of the convention dress in old Roman costumes, and to have their fêtes resemble those of the ancients. Even French heroism was to imitate that of "The brave days of old."

But David broke away from his classic spirit when he was called upon to paint the portraits of the Revolutionary leaders. They were living men; and he has shown their faces to us as full of spirit, and fired by the intensity of the times.

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And then there came into David's life an ever-memorable day, in which Napoleon entered his studio, and the artist begged leave to paint his portrait. Napoleon did not wish an exact likeness, but a portrait that would arouse the admiration of his soldiers.

David dismissed his pupils and fell to work. The picture proved a success, and at once he came under the magic spell of the "Little Corporal." Later, he was appointed painter to the imperial court.

The finest thing that David ever did was his colossal "Coronation," and this is indeed the greatest art work of the imperial period. For it he received \$21,000—a large sum for a single picture in those days. David worked upon it for four years. When he had finished, he invited the Emperor to inspect it. Napoleon went, accompanied by Josephine, his ministers and his generals—a dignified procession led by a band of music. For long, Napoleon stood before the great canvas, examining its every detail.

He saw himself attired in a white satin tunic and long crimson mantle, already crowned, and placing a crown upon the head of Josephine who kneels before him on a velvet cushion. Pope Pius VII. is seated behind the Emperor, and there are gathered to witness the scene prelates, cardinals, and generals, court lords and ladies, and ambassadors, among whom is seen the American Minister.

After gazing at the brilliant ceremonial, Napoleon finally turned to the artist and complimented him in a few words; and then added "David, I salute you!" and David replied, "I receive the salutation!"



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Later, when Napoleon lost power and was sent to St. Helena, David, because he believed in the Empire, was also banished. He retired to Brussels where he spent the rest of his life. Here he returned to his early classical style in painting. His numerous pupils were devoted to him, and many of the nineteenth century artists worked in his studio.

Apart from his interest in David, Napoleon was in every way a devoted patron of art. He ordered other artists to illustrate in painting and sculpture the most glorious events of the French Revolution. For centuries, kings and nobles had made valuable collections for different palaces; but in the year 1793, the Louvre, which had been a neglected old palace of the kings, was made the principal art-museum in Paris.

Pictures, statues, furniture, and bric-a-brac of all kinds were brought here, and a sum of money was set apart with which yearly to add to the collection.

When we think of the miles of treasures that it now contains it is interesting to recall the five hundred and thirty-seven pictures which it at first held, when it was opened to the public on two days of every week.

Art prizes had before this been given, and if a young artist gained "le Prix de Rome," it enabled him to study for years in that city. But now, in 1802, Napoleon established "The Legion of Honour"; and it was accounted a very great distinction to receive the cross which entitled one to membership.

But Napoleon did another thing not so honourable. He robbed his conquered cities of their rarest

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art-treasures, pictures and statues and bronzes. These, carefully packed, were brought to decorate Paris and especially the Louvre.

Among them were the "bronze horses" from St. Mark's, the "Apollo Belvedere," Titian's "Christ and the Tribute Money," and Raphael's "Transfiguration."

Indeed, it was suggested to bring Raphael's "Stanze."

And now, for a time, Paris, instead of Rome, became the centre of art, and people flocked from every country to enjoy its world-famed treasures.

But when Napoleon fell, the allies decided that these stolen works of art must be returned at once to their owners. You may perhaps remember how the Italian sculptor Canova aided in their restoration.

Thus we see that French art has thus far, even to the close of the French Revolution, belonged almost exclusively to the court. And if we are familiar with the varied and exciting history of France, we may readily follow its art story.

"At his easel, eager-eyed,  
A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch  
Gathers upon his canvas and life glows."

—BRYANT.

THE FONTAINEBLEAU-BARBIZON PAINTERS: ROUSSEAU, DIAZ, TROYON, JACQUE, COROT

THE grand old forest of Fontainebleau was a hunting-ground belonging to the early kings of France. It has low-lying hills, wild gorges, little lakes and pools, and to these there are now added charming



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roads leading in every direction. The stately palace belonging to the French kings stands in its centre.

This is not a "forest primeval," but instead it is always full of air and life and light. On the edge of the forest, thirty-four miles from Paris, lies the tiny picturesque hamlet of Barbizon—its single peasant street lined with grey stone houses, and having a cow-gate at one end.

Early in the nineteenth century, this quiet, sleepy hamlet suddenly awoke to fame as the gathering-place of "The Men of 1830." These men were artists who wished to study nature as it really exists. The French had grown very tired of classical landscapes, with their stiff foliage and temples and shepherds and nymphs. Artists had hailed the beauties of the fresh Dutch landscapes, and of those painted by the English Constable.

So Classicism must now give way to Naturalism. For natural landscapes were becoming more and more the fashion, and quaint picturesque Barbizon attracted the devotees of this new school of painting. They chose the village as their head-quarters, and from here they could go to seek their forest haunts. A thrifty peasant fitted up an inn, which was sometimes so crowded that artists were obliged to sleep on the tables and the straw in the barn.

Among these artists were Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon, Jacque, Corot, and Millet, and together they enjoyed very happy fellowship. Some made their homes here, and the rest returned from time to time for fresh inspiration.

Rousseau, "The Poet of the Foliage," lived here

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for nineteen years. He was the only son of a successful tailor, and was born in Paris in 1812. When he was but fourteen years old, he began his study of art under a master. He was a great traveller, and in his earlier years, delighted in savage mountain scenery. He sketched, in the Alps and Pyrenees, the dizzy precipices, the wild gorges, and the foaming torrents of the mountains; and in his fondness for nature, he would often roam all night in the forests and among the hills. Instead of the russet trees and brown grasses which were used in the classic landscapes, his foliage was vivid green and often red and yellow.

The jury in Paris that always decided what works should be selected for the annual exhibitions thought Rousseau's pictures too dramatic. His style seemed such a revolution against classic landscape, that his pictures were not accepted. Because the wise jury did not look upon them kindly it was, of course, very hard to sell them. So for many years of his life, Rousseau struggled against opposition.

He finally determined to give up mountain scenery, and went to Barbizon, where in time he came under the tranquil charm of the Forest—not as a whole—but as made up of individual trees in which he saw different characteristics; and he learned to love them almost as much as if they were human beings.

His treatment of foliage is very charming. His dark green leaves are so distinctly separated and clearly defined against a sky which is always in harmony with his trees, and his atmospheric effects are very true. He loved also to paint the infinite details

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of little things in nature—the twigs and pebbles—the heaths and grasses and mosses. Indeed, if one is familiar with the different trees and the tiny plant life that belong to the Forest, he may recognise by name the various forms which Rousseau has put into his pictures. He always wished that he might be rich enough to devote his whole life to *just one* picture. He was never willing to go to Italy, fearing that study there would destroy his individuality.

After many years his talent was recognised, and in 1852 he was decorated with the cross of “The Legion of Honour.” During the rest of his life, favours were at times showered upon him—and again his work was met by hostile criticism.

Rousseau's closest friendship in Barbizon was with Millet, and when the latter was very poor, he encouraged him in many practical ways.

His home life was not a bright one, for his child wife was for many years a nervous invalid, and his naturally sad temper became more melancholy as he grew older, and he died in 1875.

Rousseau is now acknowledged as “The Father of Modern French Landscape,” and his art has had an immense influence, not only on the later art of France but of all the world.

The Spanish Diaz was one of Rousseau's best friends and pupils. Diaz was fascinated with his master and used to follow him everywhere in the forest, to watch him paint and to study from his manner. Poor Diaz! One of his legs was a wooden stick, but he never let his “drumstick,” as he called it, overrule his merry and kindly disposition.

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Diaz cared little for drawing; but he was a rare observer of nature and always saw and felt the power of sunlight; and we may feel this with him as it glints through the darkest green of his forest trees, often irradiating everything in his pictures.

Troyon was an intimate friend of Diaz. *His* work was to immortalise the oxen and sheep and dogs of the region. Paul Potter's pictures gave him his first interest in the study of animals; and wherever he travelled, he was found in the fields, early and late, learning their habits. And to-day he is known as one of the best interpreters of sheep and oxen. Dogs were always his companions, and as they played with their master, they seemed to him to show an almost human intelligence, and this he has truthfully revealed.

Troyon's pictures are easy to recognise with their clear blue sky, the deep greens of the foliage, and the sunshine playing very naturally about his life-like oxen and sheep. Sometimes he had forty canvases in preparation at the same time.

Jacque's sheep are usually grazing in the Barbizon meadow, or pressing into the sheep-fold. But he is better known for his smaller animals. He is sometimes styled "The Raphael of Pigs"; and his cocks and hens are very famous as they are seen in the barn or poultry-yard, where all the implements are also very real. A far-away twilight sky seems often to belong to Jacque's pictures. Not far away from Barbizon, at By, lived another painter, Rosa Bonheur, and her fascination alike for art and for animals made her life a most interesting study.

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However, the three most noted painters of the Fontainebleau-Barbizon School are Rousseau, Corot, and Millet, and Corot appears like a ray of sunshine between the other two.

Corot was of a frank, jovial disposition. He delighted in *just being alive*, and his life is in perfect harmony with his serene, sunny landscapes.

Like many another French painter, he, too, came of peasant stock, and he was always proud of the "brave folk," from whom he was descended.

Corot's parents were court-milliners, and he was born in Paris, in 1796. He admired his father, but he always held his mother in perfect reverence, calling her "*la belle femme*." His parents, in return, always treated him as if he were a small boy.

Corot went to school and college, and then his father wished to make a tradesman of him; though he unwillingly gave up his desire when he found that his son had a taste for art. He allowed him a small yearly pension with which to study, and so Corot began to paint—and he *always* painted.

He was devoted to gay, bright Paris; but he loved even better the summer home not far distant at Ville d'Avray. Here he was close to nature—he could talk to the birds, and sketch the lake and the trees swaying upon its banks.

For fifteen years of his life, he strove to paint classical landscapes. During this time he went to Rome to study. He made here many warm friends, for everybody liked him, though they sometimes laughed at his pictures. But all the same, he worked

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bravely on, with always a song either in his heart or on his lips.

He studied Claude and then Constable; but all the time he was learning to interpret nature, more and more, in his own individual way.

It was many years before his works were honoured. Sometimes as he thought about the criticisms of the jury, he would say with a smile, "They will come to it in time." Notwithstanding this, he was so great a favourite personally that his pictures were often admitted to the Salon; but no one would pause to examine them, and often he would stand himself before one of his own works, in order to attract the attention of passers-by.

Indeed, Corot sold hardly a picture before he was forty, and he was nearly sixty before he won the desired recognition. How little he realised how much his pictures would be admired in our century, and what great prices they would bring.

Corot never remained very long at Barbizon; but he was always returning there, and there it was that he came under Rousseau's influence. His landscapes, however, are very unlike those of that artist. While Rousseau insisted on well-defined foliage and perfect detail, Corot's foliage is an indistinct mass, put in with a few well-directed strokes. He aimed at general effect and may be called an Impressionist painter.

He always felt that Rousseau greatly surpassed him. He compared him to an eagle, and said of himself, "I am only a skylark, sending forth little songs in my grey clouds." His soft, silvery land-



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scapes are full of mist and sunshine, and everything seems to tremble in the air.

His nature is very fresh, for he loved to paint spring and summer scenes; indeed, he never would attempt winter ones. In the springtime, he would say, "I have a rendezvous with nature, with the buds which begin to burst with the new foliage, and with my little birds perching curiously on the end of a branch to look at my work!"

But Corot has preserved somewhat of the old spirit; for he loved to people his forests with fabled nymphs and druids. Yet the landscapes are so modern, and the little figures are so gracefully dancing and playing under the trees, that one fails to discover the remnant of the earlier classical style. Sometimes again he introduces modern figures. A lyrical spirit seems to pervade his works, and he has been called "The Mozart of Landscape."

Corot was a picturesque figure in the forest; he was arrayed in a large blue blouse, and his laughing face was seen under a cap of striped cotton. He usually had a pipe in his mouth, and he carried a great cotton umbrella. He was often out to watch the sunrise, and many books tell us how beautifully he has described it. He would work all day and as the shadows fell he would exclaim, "Well—I must stop now—for my Heavenly Father has put out my lamp."

During the siege of Paris, in the Franco-Prussian War, Corot remained in the city, assisting very much in the ambulance work.

He was never married. His personality was charming and everybody loved him. Of his artist



J. B. C. COROT  
LANDSCAPE





JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET  
THE GLEANERS

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friends, perhaps the dearest was Daubigny, who is so famous for his quiet landscapes with rivers. In his latter years Corot became "Père Corot" to his friends whom he called "mes enfants"; and because they did not feel that he had been enough honoured for his charming works, they gave him a gold medal which he received with radiant happiness.

He was always generous in giving, but he did not consider this a virtue; for he said that he had more than he needed while others lacked. One New Year's day, walking down the street, he met an old beggar. Corot gave him a piece of silver and went on for a few steps. Then, suddenly turning, he hurried after the man, and put ten silver pieces into his hand, saying, "To-day all the world receives presents, so you must have yours, too!"

Corot's favourite book was "The Imitation of Christ," and there are many things in his life that go to show that it taught him how to live. He died in 1875. Shortly before his death, he seemed to see on the wall before him a beautiful vision, and as he moved his hands towards it he exclaimed, "I have never seen so lovely a landscape!"

"The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearled:  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world!"

—BROWNING.

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### JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, THE PEASANT-PAINTER

ON the rough and dangerous coast of Normandy, in Northwestern France, lies the little hamlet of Gruchy. It is in a pleasant country, although the waves dash always against its granite cliffs.

Here, in the year 1814, the painter Jean François Millet was born. His parents were sturdy, pious, peasant folk, always toiling early and late in the field, in order to raise enough to support their little family. And while the parents worked out-of-doors, the strong-spirited old grandmother presided over the household. François, her pet grandchild, was named for her favourite saint. She used to tell him stories of St. Francis, of his deeds of charity, and of his love for everything that God had made. Sometimes she would rouse the child in the morning with, "Wake up, my little François, the birds have long been singing the glory of our good God!" And long years after, when painting his grandmother's portrait, Millet exclaimed, "I want to paint her soul!"

A good priest uncle was often a member of the Millet household, and he assisted in the boy's education; so that when only twelve years old, François enjoyed reading both Virgil and the Latin Testament. Indeed, throughout life, these were two of his favourite books.

François worked on the farm and studied and sketched; the woods and fields attracted him, the thunder and ocean awed him. The prints in the old family Bible were the only pictures that he saw, and

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these he copied on rainy days. He drew pictures on everything—the walls and the floor—and even upon his sabots or wooden shoes.

One day when he was about eighteen years old, as he was returning from mass, he was struck by a figure on the road before him. It was that of an aged peasant, leaning heavily upon his staff as he plodded along. Taking a bit of charcoal from his pocket, François sketched the figure on a stone wall near by.

The neighbours recognised the likeness, and complimented François on what he had done. The father, too, was delighted with the sketch. Already he had thought much about his son's career, for he was himself an artist at heart, but had been obliged to give his life to work in the fields. Perhaps his old ambition for himself might now be realised in François! He would take him to Cherbourg where there were art masters, and see whether his son had talent.

François was delighted with the prospect, and he went with his father, carrying some of his sketches. The master was charmed with them and agreed to take him as a pupil. So François bade good-bye to his home and went to Cherbourg to study art.

He worked here until he was recalled by his father's death. Then he felt it his duty to return home and to assist on the farm. But his brave mother and grandmother insisted that he should go back to Cherbourg and "stick to his art"—and he went and worked harder than ever.

His different masters did not understand his style;

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but one of them was so greatly impressed by his originality that he actually interested the mayor and council of the town in Millet, and they gave him money to go to Paris. Now he returned to Gruchy to bid his family farewell. His grandmother sewed all her earnings into his belt, and presented him with a prayer-book as her parting gift.

It was on a cold, snowy night in January, 1837, that our young peasant arrived in Paris. It seemed noisy and lonesome, and he was bewildered by the sights and sounds. He sought a little inn, and the very next morning started out to find the Louvre. He was so afraid of being laughed at that he would not ask the way, and for long he wandered hither and thither.

But when he *did* find the famous gallery, a great world opened before him, and he consecrated himself anew to his art study. He spent days here, just standing before the pictures that he liked best. These were his companions—so he had no need to speak to anyone. Some of the masters of whom he was always most fond were Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, and Poussin.

Millet knew that he must enter a studio—he had come to Paris for *that*. But he kept putting off the evil day, for he was afraid of examinations and of meeting other young men. However, he finally decided to become a pupil of Delaroche, for he liked his pictures and knew that he was a popular teacher.

The city-bred students were interested in the arrival of the huge, awkward peasant, with his bushy hair, big hands and feet, with his accent and rough



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clothes. They made fun of him and nicknamed him "the man of the woods." What could *he* ever learn about *art*! But when he shook his fist at them, they were silenced!

Millet remained for about two years in this studio—but everything seemed artificial to him—he was sure that he could never paint the pretty pictures that the Parisians liked. Delaroche was kind to him, but he did not understand him. Indeed, Millet was too original to learn much from any master.

After leaving Delaroche's studio, Millet and a friend set up for themselves. Hard years of struggle followed. They painted signs and portraits and mythological scenes. Sometimes these were sold for very small sums, and sometimes they were not sold at all.

In the year 1841, Millet went home to Normandy; and although he was not able even to support himself, he now married and returned to Paris, taking his delicate wife. She lived but a little over two years, but in 1845 he married again. This time it was the brave, helpful "Mère Millet" who always greatly assisted her husband. Often, for weeks together, she would wear the rough peasant-dress so as to be ready at his call to pose for him. But as time passed, and with a growing family to support, the struggle became harder. It was sad to see the children hungry, and sometimes the father would sell his pictures for just enough to secure bread and shoes for them.

In the Revolution of 1848, Millet, like many another man, had to shoulder his musket. What could he do with his art in war time when it was



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dangerous even to be seen in a field with a pencil! Besides the political troubles, cholera threatened, and he finally decided to leave Paris with his family.

His friend Jacque had told him of an artist colony living in a little hamlet not far away, the name of which ended in "Zon," and together they sought the place. Then, later, he took his family there. They travelled in a cart as far as the highway. Then mounting his two little girls upon his shoulders, he trudged ahead. His wife followed with the baby and a servant, with a basket of provisions, brought up the rear.

Thus the strange procession entered the little hamlet of Barbizon, destined to be Millet's home for the rest of his life. He loved his Barbizon days. "Better a thatched cottage here than a palace in Paris," he once said. Here he found his subject in the French peasant—the peasant that for all the centuries had been seen in the fields—but who had ever thought of painting him? And how did Millet do it?

He pictured him patiently doing his work, perhaps ploughing or sowing or reaping, binding sheaves, or cutting wood in the forest. He revealed his large fine figure, his knotty, working hands, his superb strength.

Millet never saw the gay side of life but rather the struggle, he left the sunlight for Breton! There were rarely more than three figures in his pictures; there was no unnecessary detail; he needed only a field and a peasant! Sometimes as in "The Man with a Hoe" his pictures were so realistic that he was accused of being a Socialist; but he replied, "I

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have never dreamed of being a leader in any cause—I am a peasant—only a peasant.”

His pictures are really little sermons a-field, but they are sermons drawn from a patient life of toil; this was the poetry that Millet saw every day. One of his best works is “The Sower,” who strides along with rhythmic tread flinging the grain into the furrows. “The Angelus” is perhaps Millet’s masterpiece. We are familiar with the scene. The man has dropped his fork, with which he has been turning aside the soil to uncover the potatoes which his wife gathers into her basket. He stands with uncovered head, and his wife folds her hands before her. For they hear the Angelus, the sunset call to prayer as it rings out from the distant tower of Chailly church and under the mellow evening sky. Both are reverently pausing a moment in silent prayer.

Millet was always retouching his pictures, and he worked over “The Angelus” until, as he said, he could hear the bell! And sound is always a hard thing to represent.

Millet was very poor when he finished “The Angelus” and he sold it for a few hundred francs. Since his death, however, it has brought eight hundred thousand francs, or one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Indeed, since his death others of his single works have sold for enough to have made the peasant-painter rich.

Perhaps no other of Millet’s pictures gives us a better idea of the deep, earnest feeling which he expressed in his toiling peasants than “The Gleaners,”

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now in the Louvre. It was exhibited at the Salon of 1857, and its soft harmonious colouring has made it a great favourite. Three gaunt women are before us, in green and red and drab coarse homespun garments. They wear the peasant sabots, and their close bonnet-caps are drawn down over their eyes to protect them from the glaring sun of an August day.

The graceful girlish figure on the left stoops easily while the bowed back of the one on the right reveals a life of drudgery.

The wheat field is large—the sky is beautiful—the harvest is plentiful. In the distance we see stacks of golden grain. Stray ears have been left by the harvesters that the poor may glean them as in the Bible days. The three peasants are absorbed in their work and they will bear away many golden sheaves.

Millet sold "The Gleaners" for two thousand francs or four hundred dollars; but later, after his death, it brought three hundred thousand francs or sixty thousand dollars.

Millet's peasants form a striking contrast to those of the other French peasant painter, Jules Breton. Breton's life was happy and successful for his art was so pleasing that his pictures everywhere won admiration. Many of his scenes are laid in Brittany. His graceful peasants belong in the sunlight. They, too, may glean or gather weeds but they never seem really to toil and struggle.

From curé to humblest worker, whether blessing the grain, gossiping, spinning, or listening to the song of the lark, the story tells very simply the graceful sentiment of Breton life.

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Millet's life struggle continued for many years, and yet surrounded by a wife and nine merry children there must have been many happy days. Then he enjoyed a beautiful friendship with Rousseau and Diaz and others of the Barbizon colony. Although most plain and simple, the Millet home presided over by "Mère Millet" was always a hospitable one.

But at last the brave patient waiting was rewarded. The peasant was recognised as an art subject and in 1868 Millet received the beautiful white cross of the "Legion of Honour," and he was so complimented and feasted in Paris that he was glad to slip away to his home.

Now he and his wife travelled a little. They saw for the first time the glorious Alps, and as they looked it is said that Millet exclaimed sadly, "They are beyond my power to paint!"

In 1870, the Franco-Prussian War laid waste the country about Paris; the Fontainebleau-Barbizon colony was scattered; the Millet family went to Normandy and after a time returned to Barbizon. But Millet's health was broken now, and in 1875 he died—all too soon it seemed, after he had obtained recognition. By his own request he had a simple peasant funeral. His neighbours carried the coffin, and his wife and children walked behind to the cemetery, near the little Chailly church, whose spire we see in "The Angelus." Here he was laid by the side of his loved friend Rousseau.

As we have said, the Barbizon colony was scattered by the war. But Rousseau's home, Millet's studio, and many other places associated with the Bohemian

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artists yet remain. Indeed, there are constant reminders of them in the woods and in the little hamlet.

The peasants sow and reap and glean as in the days of Millet; Troyon's oxen and sheep are still standing in the meadow; Jacque's poultry are feeding in the barnyard. The leaves on Rousseau's grand old trees are trembling in the forest; Corot's misty morning is as fresh and soft as ever; while Diaz's ruddy sunsets still penetrate the branches; and the peasant pauses daily as the Angelus from the Chailly church calls him to silent prayer.

On a rock near the cow-gate is a bronze plaque which was placed there in 1885. Upon it in relief appear the heads of Rousseau and Millet—"The Father of Modern French Landscape" and the "Peasant-Painter." It is too soon yet to judge if their work shall be immortal.

"Not what I have, but what I do is my kingdom."

—CARLYLE.

"Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded."

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

### A GLIMPSE INTO MODERN FRENCH PAINTING

THE story of the French painter of to-day would be a charming study. We have already seen in our glimpse into the Barbizon School that he is no longer governed by the powers that be, but is independent

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and very original, and has made his researches in many different directions.

In a closing chapter, let us glance at the lives of a few masters, who, with, Rousseau, Corot, and Millet, have assisted in opening the way into the great beautiful world of modern French art. One of their number, Harpignies, yet lives, and his long life has been full of honours. For his poetic landscapes with their clear blue skies, and straggling trees, are very famous.

Early in the nineteenth century, the Romantic School appeared. This grew out of the spirit of agitation caused by the French Revolution; and, also, by the Romantic literature which, at this time, had become very fashionable. Everybody read Goethe and Schiller, Dante and Shakespeare, Scott and Byron, Shelley, and Keats, and other writers of romance. As the artist read, so he pictured dramatic incidents from the works of these authors.

The finest Romantic picture, however, was founded upon a true incident—the account given by the survivors of a naval disaster which took place in 1816. The bark “Medusa” had run aground and had been abandoned; and later her boats had cut adrift from a rudely constructed raft which they had been towing, and for days it floated helplessly about, with some of the passengers clinging to it.

The great thrilling picture, now in the Louvre, is called “The Raft of the Medusa.” It represents the moment when a sail has just been discovered in the distance. We see the dead and dying—the latter dragging themselves to the edge of the frail structure;



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while a negro, supported by his companions, has been raised upon a hog'shead, and is waving a signal of distress.

It was the imagination of Géricault that seized upon this dramatic incident. We give prominence to this picture, because from the time that it was exhibited in the Salon of 1819, new life and pathos have been seen in French art, contrasting very strongly with the cold, stiff forms of the earlier Classical School.

Delacroix with Géricault led the way in the Romantic movement. He is one of the finest colourists of the nineteenth century; he drew many of his sombre, Romantic subjects from his favourite authors—Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe.

Oriental scenes also appeal to the French painter, who always loves light and colour. He has become a great traveller, and in the gorgeous East, with its brilliant skies, gay costumes, and mosques, and bazaars, many scenes have been laid.

Gérôme, the painter and sculptor, was a popular Orientalist, though others have perhaps shown more sentiment.

Besides being a great student of history and archæology, he showed extensive knowledge of Eastern life in his architecture, costumes, and groupings. Although Paris was his home, he was constantly *en route*, always looking for new scenes to paint.

Perhaps the ones that will be best remembered are those which he has drawn from the history of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

In these, everything turns upon a single moment,



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and often one of great intensity as in the gladiatorial contest, when life or death hangs upon the decree "thumbs up!" or "thumbs down!"

Gérôme's detail and finish are very perfect, but in these he does not compare with Meissonier, who had a wonderfully trained hand. Some have called him "The Great Little Painter"; others speak of his works as "Great Pictures on Tiny Canvases."

Meissonier admired Dutch genre pictures, and in a way painted a little like Ter Borch or Dow.

His works became very popular; and to-day they sell for fabulous prices, though the subject represented may be the tiniest smoker, or book-worm, or chess-player.

Not liking the quiet dress of his own day, Meissonier arranged his little figures in a picturesque eighteenth-century costume, with laces and velvets and ruffles and knee-breeches and wigs. The minuteness of his workmanship is remarkable—he would often spend ten days over a shoebuckle.

The following description shows his style: "In a vignette an inch and a half square is represented a room, upon the walls of which are seen two prints whose subjects are plainly discernible, one as the English Doctor thinking of the Pariah, the other, the Pariah thinking of the English Doctor, and between these prints hanging to a nail are the pipes of both, and a ticket attached by two pins says they are from Meissonier's collection."

During the Franco-Prussian War, the Emperor Napoleon III. made Meissonier one of his military painters, and the latter won great fame by his "Sol-

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ferino." In this, the faces of the Emperor and his officers, though not larger than a pea, are perfect likenesses. Meissonier's critics were surprised, for they never thought that he could turn from his tiny pictures to works of even such magnitude.

But as Meissonier loved to paint victory rather than defeat, he took most of his military subjects from episodes in the wars of Napoleon I. Of such pictures, his largest is "The Cavalry Charge at Friedland, in 1807." This is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

In reading the description of this incident, Meissonier found that the cavalry charged through a rye-field; and as no farmer would sacrifice his field for art, the painter was obliged to *buy* one. Then when he had properly studied his bearings, he hired a troop to make a charge through it. But just the night before this was to take place, the rye was beaten down by a severe storm.

Not discouraged, however, Meissonier bought a second field, and this is the one on which the scene is laid. The Emperor sits calmly on horseback, and his troops sweep onward in review before him. The grouping and action are life-like. Each horseman is a study, and also each horse, from head to hoof.

Examine Meissonier's pictures with a magnifying-glass—only so will you understand what he saw in the art world. He has had followers, and he gave great impulse to both genre and military pictures, but no one has ever reproduced his touch.

His loved pupil, Detaille, worked with his master until the day when Meissonier said of his work, "It

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is well, now you can walk alone!" Detaille made endless studies of soldiers and horses. He fought in the Franco-Prussian War, and sketched as he fought. However, the most dramatic episodes of this war were pictured by his friend, De Neuville.

In striking contrast to Meissonier, are the Realistic or Impressionist painters who thought that *detail killed art*. They were strongly influenced by Velasquez, Ruskin, and Turner. Their idea was to reproduce upon the canvas just the vivid impression which the eye might catch by a single glance at any object seen in the light. They claimed that this is a more natural way to look than to allow the eye to wander from object to object, seeking detail.

Manet was the founder of the Impressionists, and he filled his pictures with air and light. One of his favourite studies was that of values. These represent the different effects of light as seen on the same object when placed at different distances from the eye.

Manet's figures are very flat, and his colouring is in one broad tone, with little thought of shading. For much of his life, Manet met with bitter opposition; and not until after the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie dared to admire his work, was it admitted to the Salon.

One of his pictures in the Metropolitan Museum well illustrates his style. This is "The Boy with a Sword." The little fellow's neat-featured face is round, plain in colouring, with two dark spots introduced for eyes. His jacket, also, has little shading, But see how alive he is! and how perfectly he stands out in the room!

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Monet is perhaps the best known of the Impressionist painters. He revelled in nature in all its moods, and he has tried to prove that it possesses more bright colours than one would believe. His streets with masses of people, his landscapes, seas, fruits and flowers, are quivering in the sunlight. He paints in little dots of colour, which are so blended by the eye that the motion may be revealed. If one as he looks stands at the right place from which to view the picture and then is able to blend the colours in a harmonious way, he will know how to admire what Monet and other Impressionists have done. Whatever may be their future influence on art, many lessons have already been learned from them.

There are other Schools, and other leaders, of whom we may not pause to speak.

Paris is to-day a fascinating capital; and its Minister of Fine Arts is almost as important as its Minister of Foreign Affairs. It has many collections, but the Louvre, with its miles of pictures, still holds first rank for the works of dead artists, while the Luxembourg exhibits those of living ones. The Salon has its yearly reception in May and June, and awards prizes as in the olden days; and artistic travellers gather from all parts of the world to enjoy these annual exhibitions.

There are hosts of brilliant French painters. Which ones, at the end of the twentieth century, will take foremost rank?

“A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.”

—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.





